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Albert B. Cummins

Governor of Iowa

Dedication of Monuments

ERECTED BY THE STATE OF IOWA

Commemorating the death, suffering and valor of Her Soldiers on the Battlefields of Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Shiloh, and in the Confederate Prison at Andersonville

NOVEMBER TWELFTH TO TWENTY-SIXTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX

Compiled by
Alonzo Abernethy, for the Committee

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BY

W. C. HAYWARD, Secretary of State

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LETTER OF TRANSMITTAL

To His Excellency,
ALBERT B. CUMMINS,
Governor of Iowa.

SIR: In compliance with the provisions of chapter 190, Acts of the Thirty-first General Assembly, the undersigned secretaries of the various commissions authorized by the general assemblies of Iowa to erect monuments and memorials in honor of the Iowa troops who participated in the siege at Vicksburg, the battles of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Shiloh, and those who were confined in the Confederate military prison at Andersonville, have the honor to herewith submit a report of the ceremonies at the dedication of the monuments erected by the several commissions.

Very respectfully,

HENRY H. ROOD,
Secretary Iowa Vicksburg Park Monument Commission.

DANIEL C. BISHARD,
Secretary Iowa Andersonville Prison Monument Commission.

ALONZO ABERNETHY,
Secretary Iowa Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge Monument Commission.

JOHN HAYES,
Secretary Iowa Shiloh Battlefield Monument Commission.

INTRODUCTION

The dedication of Iowa monuments on southern battlefields has been completed and their final transfer made to the care of the general government. The governor and commissioners have finished the task assigned, and found it a pleasant mission. They were courteously met and cordially treated by southern officials, who joined heartily, as occasion offered, in the ceremonies. They gave abundant assurance of their loyalty to the Union and their love of the old flag. For these evidences of a re-united people all hearts may well rejoice.

The occasion, however, as one battlefield after another was visited, proved one of pathetic reminiscence. It brought out in bold relief the limitations and shortcomings of human nature. It illustrated the colossal blunder of introducing African slavery into the American colonies. Although three hundred thousand slaves had been imported before Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, the institution had been opposed by eminent men in America from the beginning. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin, Jay, and Hamilton, regarded it as an evil, inconsistent with the Declaration of Independence, and the spirit of Christianity, Jefferson even going so far as to say: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just." They had fled from one form of bondage in the old world, only to institute a worse form in the new. Eleven years later the public conscience of the nation foreshadowed the extinction of both slavery and the slave trade by the exclusion of slavery from the Northwest Territory in the ordinance of 1787, and the prohibition of the slave trade in the constitution.

Before the end of another eleven years, however, the institution was encouraged and defended. It had become profitable. It tended to promote the development of the country and to

foster a class in ease and luxury. It spread over the south, and both prospered. Human nature made the succeeding history inevitable.

Slavery had become a national and serious issue when Henry Clay devised the Missouri compromise in 1820.

Before California was admitted in 1850 the great leaders of the nation, Webster and Calhoun, Clay and Hayne, Chase and Toombs, Seward and Hunter, Sumner and Jefferson Davis, all had foreseen the impending struggle, the irrepressible conflict, and were scanning the horizon of the future with unrest and concern.

Slavery had divided and antagonized the American people before Stephen A. Douglas invented the doctrine of popular sovereignty in 1854, to settle the Kansas-Nebraska imbroglio regarding the extension of slavery.

Before Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated, so able a man even as Alexander H. Stephens, who had already accepted the vice-presidency of the Southern Confederacy, in a public speech at Savannah, Georgia, February 21, 1861, made the following declaration:

"The prevailing idea entertained by Jefferson and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old constitution was that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature, that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, politically. Our new government (the Southern Confederacy), is founded upon exactly the opposite idea, its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery —subordination to the superior race—is the natural and normal condition."

Slavery had blinded the conscience of half a nation of American citizens; and slavery declared war when Beauregard fired on Fort Sumter, although the south still contends, as in 1861, that their people were patriotically defending their homes and the rights they held sacred.

Dr. Channing was right when he wrote Daniel Webster that slavery was the calamity of the south, not its crime; that the north should share the burden of putting an end to it. The

north did finally share in the burden, although not in the way suggested. It was only ended, if indeed the burden is yet ended, when the whole land was strewn with its wreckage.

During the long, dark years of this mournful history, some other factors contributed powerful aid, notably the doctrine of states rights. Our forefathers had sought with passionate longing for escape from the wrongs and oppressions which had imbedded their fangs so relentlessly into all their past history. Every form of authority was hateful to them, and the doctrine of states rights was a natural result. The theory of states rights as first enunciated by Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, proved later inadequate to the exigencies of the government, and was undergoing modification or abandonment, when later it was found to be a bulwark—the bulwark—of slavery; and the civil war was the logical result.

These companion errors, slavery and states rights, had to be expiated in tears and blood, and north and south alike had to share in the burden of their obliteration. Thank God, slavery has vanished and the bulwark is no longer needed. We can all join in Grant's final prayer, "Let us have peace," a peace that shall abide and abide forever.

The monuments we have dedicated, "emphasize in enduring form that the American people once had a cause of war, having its root in the very origin of the Republic, which they settled by an appeal to the sword without dishonor to either side. They mutely bear witness that it is impossible for another Ireland, or another Poland, to exist in America. They give expression to a national epic, the grandest and the noblest in the annals of time."*

By the census of 1860 Iowa had a population of six hundred and seventy-five thousand, of which number one hundred and sixteen thousand were subject to military duty, that is able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. Our state, though not yet fifteen years old when the battle of Bull Run was fought, sent seventy-five thousand volunteers to fight the battle for the Union, more than one-fifth of whom were in their graves before the surrender at Appomattox. Iowa boys deserted the farm and the school, hastened to the front and led

*Col. Josiah Patterson, national Shiloh commission, "Ohio at Shiloh," page 199.

the assault, shoulder to shoulder with the boys of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and other neighboring states, on nearly every western battlefield of the war from Wilson's Creek, Missouri, in 1861, to Atlanta, Georgia, in 1864. Their casualties in killed, wounded and missing at Shiloh, Vicksburg and Chattanooga, three typical battlefields of the west, all under the matchless leadership of that matchless leader, Ulysses S. Grant, aggregated the appalling sum of 4,646; six hundred and fifty-six of this number surrendered their lives in these heroic struggles.

If we include Iowa's "victims of the barbarities at Andersonville" we must add the two hundred and fourteen sons of Iowa whose headstones stand in the adjoining national cemetery, in the midst of which is erected the beautiful Iowa monument, crowned with its pathetic mourner. There in the short space of thirteen months, from March 1, 1864, to April 1, 1865, 12,912 weary souls took their flight, while their wasted and uncovered bodies were thrown into shallow ditches outside—practically one thousand deaths per month. There were but forty-five deaths less among the 52,160 prisoners at Andersonville, than there were among the 175,811 Confederate prisoners in the twelve most noted Union prisons of the north, during the same period.

Congress has established national military parks on five of the great battlefields of the war, two in the east, Gettysburg and Antietam, and three in the west, Chickamauga and Chattanooga, Shiloh and Vicksburg.

Chickamauga and Chattanooga park was established in 1890, and contains 7,000 acres. Shiloh park, embracing 3,600 acres, was established in 1895 by a bill introduced by Iowa's brilliant congressman, David B. Henderson. The Vicksburg park, with an area of about 1,300 acres, was authorized in 1899. The government has expended large sums of money in improving and beautifying these parks; has macadamized the old roads which passed through the fields when the battles were fought and established extensive new ones throughout the parks and leading to them. It has placed thereon many markers, monuments and cannon, and invited states—north and south—to place memorials for their respective organiza-

tions. Many northern states have already erected memorials in these parks, as have also a number of southern states.

Since 1894 our state has appropriated money to mark the positions of Iowa regiments and place suitable memorial monuments and tablets on three of these historic fields of heroism and carnage and to erect a monument in the cemetery at Andersonville. Commissions were appointed and authorized to execute this work.

The appropriations for the expense of the work were as follows:

Two for Shiloh, the first in 1896 and a second in 1902; total appropriation, $50,870.28. Two for Vicksburg, the first in 1900, and the second in 1902; total appropriation, $152,000.00. Two at Chattanooga, the first in 1894, and the second in 1902; total appropriation, $36,500.00. One at Andersonville, in 1904; appropriation $10,000.00. The total appropriations aggregate $249,370.28.

The work of these commissions had been done, and well done, when the Thirty-first General Assembly in 1906 provided for a joint dedication of Iowa's beautiful and imposing memorials by the several commissions on a single trip, their acceptance by the state through its governor, and their final transfer by him to the secretary of war. To pay the expenses of the commissioners and an Iowa military band an appropriation of $7,500 was made.

Captain J. F. Merry, the genial general immigration agent of the Illinois Central railroad, chairman of the Vicksburg commission, arranged a round trip itinerary for the Iowa special train to convey the governor and members of his staff, the commissioners and speakers. The low rate of one cent a mile was secured and advertised from all Iowa points to each of the four dedications and return. Also a one and a half cent rate for the round trip including the four dedications for all who desired to take it, and especially for members of the governor's and commissioners' families, though never limited to them. For the convenience and comfort of these, a train of sleepers and diners was made up and named the "Governor's Special."

The special left Des Moines for Chicago at nine o'clock Monday night, November 12th, and on Tuesday morning at ten o'clock left Chicago on its journey through the south.

PERSONNEL OF THE OFFICIAL PARTY.

Governor and Mrs. A. B. Cummins,
General and Mrs. W. H. Thrift, Des Moines,
Colonel and Mrs. G. E. Logan, Des Moines,
Colonel and Mrs. H. B. Hedge, Des Moines,
Colonel and Mrs. A. A. Penquite, Colfax,
Colonel Chas. E. Mitchell, Marion,
Major Geo. M. Parker, Sac City,
Secretary and Mrs. W. B. Martin, Des Moines,
Treasurer G. S. Gilbertson, Forest City,
Judge G. S. Robinson, Sioux City,
Hon. and Mrs. Chas. Aldrich, Boone,
Hon. H. W. Byers, Harlan,
Mr. and Mrs. T. E. McCurdy, Hazelton,
Senator John Hughes, Williamsburg,
Senator and Mrs. S. H. Harper, Ottumwa,
Senator and Mrs. M. W. Harmon, Independence,
Hon. W. V. Wilcox, Des Moines,
Judge Jesse Miller, Des Moines,
Hon. B. Murphy, Vinton,
Hon. G. H. Ragsdale, Des Moines,
John Briar, Des Moines,
Edwin P. Peterson, Des Moines,
Wm. Coalson, Des Moines,
Captain and Mrs. J. F. Merry, Manchester,
Judge L. C. Blanchard, Oskaloosa,
Senator J. A. Fitchpatrick, Nevada,
Hon. and Mrs. E. J. C. Bealer, Cedar Rapids,
David A. Haggard, Algona,
Hon. W. O. Mitchell, Kansas City, Mo.
W. H. C. Jacques, Ottumwa,
Colonel H. H. Rood, Mt. Vernon,
Captain J. H. Dean, Des Moines,
Colonel Chas. A. Clark, Cedar Rapids,

Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie, Des Moines,
Major S. H. M. Byers, Des Moines,
Captain and Mrs. J. A. Brewer, Des Moines,
Secretary Daniel C. Bishard, Altoona,
Mr. and Mrs. M. V. B. Evans, Beaman,
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Tompkins, Clear Lake,
Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Hedrix, Allerton,
Captain J. A. Young, Washington,
Colonel Alonzo Abernethy, Osage,
Dr. T. C. Alexander, Oakland,
Captain E. B. Bascom, Lansing,
Colonel A. J. Miller, Oxford,
Hon. Mahlon Head, Jefferson,
Miss Rena Head, Jefferson,
Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Spencer, Randolph,
Major J. D. Fegan, Clinton,
Captain Frank Critz, Riverside,
Superintendent S. B. Humbert, Cedar Falls,
Mr. Elliott Frazier, Morning Sun,
Major R. D. Cramer, Memphis, Mo.,
E. E. Alexander, Oakland,
H. S. Young, Winfield,
Colonel W. B. Bell, Washington,
Mrs. Hervey Bell, Washington,
Miss Cora Bell, Washington,
Colonel and Mrs. Geo. W. Crosley, Webster City,
Captain and Mrs. John Hayes, Red Oak,
Miss Mary F. Hayes, Red Oak,
Colonel G. L. Godfrey, Des Moines,
Judge R. G. Reiniger, Charles City,
Captain Geo. W. Morgridge, Muscatine,
Captain and Mrs. C. W. Kepler, Mt. Vernon,
Captain and Mrs. Daniel Matson, Mediapolis,
James W. Carson, Woodburn,
Mr. and Mrs. Asa Turner, Farrar,
General James B. Weaver, Colfax,
Hon. N. E. Kendall, Albia,

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Alger, Villisca,
W. H. H. Asbury, Ottumwa,
S. W. Baker, Des Moines,
A. Biggs, Anita,
W. S. Browning, Winfield,
J. F. G. Cold, Gladbrook,
John G. Farmer, Cedar Rapids,
Mr. and Mrs. Finlayson, Grundy Center,
Spencer Frink, Tipton,
Mr. and Mrs. John M. Grimm, Cedar Rapids,
Donald Grimm, Cedar Rapids,
Miss Anna Grimm, Cedar Rapids,
Miss Anna Smouse, Cedar Rapids,
Mrs. O. F. Higbee, Mediapolis,
F. M. Hubbell, Des Moines,
Mrs. W. G. Kiefer, Hazelton,
Andrew Macumber, Winterset,
W. H. Miller, Tipton,
G. W. Miller, Independence,
Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Moore, Wellman,
H. W. Parker, Des Moines,
John Rath, Ackley,
A. C. Reeder, Tipton,
J. A. Reeder, Tipton,
Frank Rieman, Altoona,
C. W. Reynolds, Grundy Center,
J. G. Rounds, Des Moines,
S. H. Rounds, Cedar Falls,
E. A. Sherman, Cedar Rapids,
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Snyder, Cedar Falls,
H. L. Spencer, Oskaloosa,
T. P. Spilman, Ottumwa,
H. D. Thompson, Des Moines,
J. F. Traer, Vinton,
C. L. Watrous, Des Moines,
Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Willcox, Wellman,
W. G. Wood, Albia,
W. A. Wood, Ottumwa.

Band.

Geo. W. Landers, Leader, William Bashaw, S. M. Haley, William Beckman, Paul Schaeffer, J. E. Wilkinson, I. S. Shaffer, Forest Hammans, J. H. Grill, G. O. Riggs, W. A. Howland, C. M. Anderson, C. S. Crouthers, Charles Spayde, C. F. Pixley, Robert Dalziel, A. F. Whitney, William Dalziel, B. E. Reddig, John Dalziel, Wesley Rees, Charles Fuller, Elbert Peyton.

VICKSBURG

INTRODUCTORY

Captain J. F. Merry, chairman of the commission, proceeded to Vicksburg four days in advance of the date fixed for the dedication of the Iowa monuments in order to complete the necessary preparations for that event. The official train arrived somewhat late on the morning of November fourteenth, and was met by Chairman Merry with a large number of carriages and other vehicles prepared to take the entire party on a drive through the national cemetery and along the investment lines. This enabled the visitors to see the beautiful cemetery, the monument erected therein in memory of the Twenty-fifth and Thirty-first Iowa; and beyond, the monuments of other commands, including those of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois. The drive ended at the Baldwin's Ferry road and the whole party returned to the city.

During the afternoon many took vehicles and visited special points upon the line of investment where their own commands had been engaged.

As soon as the date for the dedication was fixed, the mayor and board of aldermen of Vicksburg, for themselves and for the citizens of Vicksburg, arranged to tender a reception in honor of Governor and Mrs. Vardaman, the members of the governor's staff and party; in honor of Governor and Mrs. Cummins, the members of his staff and party; in honor of Major General Grenville M. Dodge; and in honor of the Iowa Vicksburg park monument commission, the members of their party and friends. To this reception the citizens of Vicksburg and all northern visitors were cordially invited. The reception took place at eight o'clock in the evening, and proved a thoroughly delightful affair, the absence of Governor Vardaman on official business being the only flaw in the pleasure of the occasion. Throughout the evening music was furnished by the Fifty-fifth regimental band and punch was served by Vicksburg's charming women.

The morning of the fifteenth was spent in sight-seeing and in

visiting the national military park. In addition to those who came on the official train about one hundred and fifty survivors of the campaign and siege, together with their families, were present in the city to witness and take part in the dedicatory exercises.

The procession to the park formed at one o'clock, headed by Captain D. A. Campbell, marshal of the day, and his aid, Captain R. E. Walne. Next came the Iowa Band in a float. Following came carriages containing Governors Vardaman and Cummins, General Stephen D. Lee, Colonel Charles A. Clark, the members of Governor Vardaman's staff and the staff of Governor Cummins; Captain W. T. Rigby, chairman of the national park commission; Colonel J. G. Everest, one of the national park commissioners; General John Kountz, secretary and historian of the national park commission; Major B. W. Griffith; General John W. Noble; General Grenville M. Dodge; General J. B. Weaver; the members of the Iowa commission, and many other prominent men and women. The procession was a long one, although it contained no military organizations.

The trains carried hundreds of visitors to the scene of the dedication, and when the hour for the ceremonies arrived, there were two thousand or more people gathered about the pavilion which had been erected for the occasion. The platform was decorated in the national colors and provided with seats for the invited guests. In front and to the left of the platform was seated a chorus of one hundred Vicksburg school-children.

The fact that Captain J. F. Merry, chairman of the Iowa Vicksburg commission, was the father of the Vicksburg national military park, and that Captain W. T. Rigby, chairman of the national Vicksburg park commission, was also a gallant Iowa soldier and most efficient executive officer, predisposed the citizens of Vicksburg to extend a hearty and cordial greeting to the representatives of the state who had come to dedicate their monuments upon this notable field. From the beginning to the close of the visit of the Iowa party, the citizens of Vicksburg extended to them an hospitable welcome as was attested by the profusely decorated homes all along the route of the procession to the state memorial.

IOWA MEMORIAL AT VICKSBURG

Exercises at the Dedication of the Iowa State Monument at Vicksburg, Mississippi, November 15, 1906

1:30 P. M.

Governor's Salute . . . . Warren Light Artillery
of Vicksburg

Call to Order . . . . . Captain J. F. Merry
Chairman of the Commission

Invocation . . . . . Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie
of Des Moines, Iowa

"Almighty God, who art over all men and over all nations, the Everlasting Truth and Righteousness and Fatherhood and Love: Accept, we beseech thee, our supplications, and grant us, we beseech thee, answers to our requests, teaching us how and what we ought to ask. Give us, we beseech thee, the spirit of reverent, obedient children, whose desire is to honor thee and thy truth, thy wisdom and thy law, helping us to understand the lessons that are written there for our instruction, so that we may avoid those things which might destroy harmony among us.

"Bless us, we pray thee, as we meet here on this patriotic occasion. May we come with no spirit of vindictiveness, but with a spirit of brotherhood and good citizenship and love for our common country. We pray thee that we may have the spirit of peace and mutual regard, and that throughout our nation, in the days to come, there may be still that common respect and sacred confidence which shall hold us sacredly together. We remember the days of conflict and struggle, when there was so much misunderstanding and opposition and bitterness. We pray that thou wilt teach us, as a people, and guide us on to that prosperity for which we hope. May we fulfill our part. May we do it well.

"We remember those who fell here. We cannot hallow nor consecrate this ground. We can only dedicate to the memory of the brave dead these monuments, which shall testify to their fidelity, their courage, their self-sacrifice, their loyalty to the principles in which they believed.

"And now, while they rest so quietly about us, we pray that the great peace by which nations are blest may also fall upon us, and may be our permanent and blessed possession.

"Hear us, help us and bless us. Bless us as a nation. Bless the president of the United States and those who are associated with him. Bless all of this convocation, these school children, those who bear middle life's burdens, and those of us who are advanced in years. Accept our thanks for thy multiplied goodness. Hear us and bless us, and save the United States of America, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band

Secretary's Report . . . . Henry Harrison Rood
Secretary of the Commission

Governor Cummins:

During the Twenty-ninth General Assembly, in 1902, the state of Iowa, ever generous toward the men who served in her commands during the civil war, appropriated one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to erect monuments and tablets in the Vicksburg national military park, to commemorate the services of the thirty-two organizations which served in the campaign and siege of Vicksburg, March 29—July 4, 1863.

The act provided for the appointment of nine commissioners by the governor of the state to carry out its provisions. Acting by this authority you appointed on this commission the following persons: John F. Merry, Lucien C. Blanchard, Joseph A. Fitchpatrick, Elmer J. C. Bealer, David A. Haggard, William O. Mitchell, William H. C. Jacques, James H. Dean and Henry H. Rood.

They met at Des Moines, May 21, 1902, and organized, electing Captain John F. Merry chairman, and Henry H. Rood secretary.

They present on this occasion a partial and condensed report, reserving until the completion and acceptance of all the monuments and tablets a full report to be made to you, and through you to the legislature of the state.

In explanation of the dedication of the completed monuments and tablets before the entire number has been finished and accepted, they state that they yielded to the pressure of their comrades for this earlier date because the passing years are thinning their ranks so rapidly that many of them would by death or the infirmities of age be prevented from attending. They were actuated also by the fact that dedication at this date would make it possible for the state in one general itinerary to dedicate her monuments on this and other fields at the same time.

This commission entered upon its duties impressed with the responsibility of its position. The wise expenditure of the large appropriation, the selection of such designs as would be approved by the state at large and by the survivors of those who served here, and fitly honor the gallant spirits who died here, appealed profoundly to the minds and hearts of its members.

They looked also beyond the present to that time, now alas too near, when all who took part in the great struggle for the possession or defense of this stronghold shall have passed away, and sought to place here such memorials as would appeal powerfully to succeeding generations of a great, united and expanding country.

In October, 1902, the full commission visited Washington, Richmond and Gettysburg, to study examples of memorial art to be seen there, and later a sub-committee visited New York and Boston for the same purpose, and to interview sculptors and select one for the state memorial.

These investigations resulted in the selection of Henry Hudson Kitson, of Quincy, Massachusetts, as the sculptor, and the suggestion to him by the commission of the general features of the state memorial. He cordially approved of the general features of the design as giving an excellent opportunity to unite the skill of the architect, and the art of the sculptor. Mr. Kitson selected Mr. Guy Lowell, of Boston, as the archi-

tect, and the present structure was finally decided upon and a contract was made with Mr. Kitson for its erection at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. This contract was dated May 20, 1904, and because of the large amount of bronze work in the bas-reliefs and equestrian statue, he asked for four years' time for its completion. This will allow him until May 28, 1908, to complete the work.

The study of the many questions involved in the discharge of these duties, the selection and development of designs and their working out under the hands of architect, sculptor and workman has been an experience of absorbing interest, and has presented many and grave problems for decision; the final result is left to a thoughtful and discriminating people.

It is our duty to say, Governor Cummins, that during this period you have given to the work of the commission intelligent and earnest sympathy and support.

The commission, and especially the secretary, is under great obligations to Captain W. T. Rigby, chairman of the Vicksburg national military park commission, who from the time of the appointment of this commission up to the present has given them freely of his time and effort. His thorough knowledge of the park and of the history of the commands engaged here has enabled him to give us advice and information of very great value, and we take this opportunity to thank him therefor.

After competitive investigation the contract for the thirteen battery, regimental and brigade monuments was let to Mr. Edmund H. Prior of Postville, Iowa, for the sum of twenty-eight thousand five hundred dollars; later five hundred dollars was added to increase the size of the Third Iowa infantry monument, it being the only single regimental monument.

Mr. Prior submitted designs which harmonized fully with the design for the state memorial, giving the same style of architecture to all the monuments, and making the effect of the whole series harmonious and pleasing. Bronze tablets attached to these smaller monuments, give the names of the commanding officers, the losses sustained by each command, the number of the battery or regiment, its brigade, division

and corps, forming a complete battle history for the campaign of each.

These thirteen monuments have been accepted by the commission. The excellence of the material used, the beauty of the workmanship, and the accuracy of the setting has had the full approval of the commission.

To further mark the positions and history of the Iowa troops, a contract for fifty-nine bronze tablets, to be set on substantial granite posts, was awarded after competition in design and price to the Gorham Manufacturing company of Providence, Rhode Island, for seven thousand five hundred dollars. These mark camps, skirmish lines, the most advanced positions in assaults, and greatly aid in making the series of monuments and tablets give a full history of each command in the campaign.

The fine proportions and exquisite beauty of these tablets will, it is believed, please all who examine them. The material used throughout in all the monuments and tablets is granite (Barre), and United States standard bronze; the one the most indestructible material known to builders, the other equally enduring, lends itself under the hands of the skilled artist to forms of beauty and inspiration.

The inscription on the state memorial is:

"Iowa's Memorial to Her Soldiers Who Served in the Campaign and Siege of Vicksburg, March 29-
July 4, 1863."

Between the stately doric columns of the state memorial six massive bronze tablets, four feet six inches by five feet six inches in size will be placed, depicting scenes in the progress of the campaign:—Grand Gulf (naval), Port Gibson, Jackson, Champion Hill, Black River Bridge, Assault May twenty-second. When completed this noble structure of Greek architecture, in its simplicity, its dignity and strength will fitly typify the American soldier of 1861-65.

The six great bronze bas-reliefs present a series of pictures of the soldier in the supreme moment of battle; of such strength,

beauty and power, as will make them (we believe) famous in the world of art; fairly pulsating with intense energy and action, they will convey to later generations a clear conception of the heroism of the period, and of the dress, accoutrements and arms, of the men who, on these seamed and rugged hills, grappled in fierce conflict.

It is the hope of this commission that here, in this national park, which now and for centuries to come will be the point of greatest historic interest upon the shores of the Father of Waters, the state of Iowa has erected a memorial which will appeal to the spirit of unity, of patriotism and of culture of a united and happy people.

Music, "America" . . . Vicksburg School Children

Unveiling of Monument . Miss Grace Kendrick Rigby
Miss Elnora Stanton
Miss Fenton Mitchie
Miss Preston McNeily

National Salute . . . . . Warren Light Artillery
of Vicksburg

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Nearer, My God, to Thee" "Dixie"

Presentation to Governor of Iowa, Captain J. F. Merry
Chairman of the Commission

Governor Cummins, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Some years after the memorable and amicable conference between General Ulysses S. Grant and General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox, when the question of establishing commemorative battlefield parks was being discussed, General Grant was heard to say that if any one of the events of the civil war was more worthy of commemoration than another, it was the campaign and siege of Vicksburg. No one acquainted with General Grant would charge him with selfish motives in giving expression to such sentiments simply because Vicksburg was the place where he won his first great renown. It was simply because he was acquainted with every detail of that terrible conflict and appreciated then what so many have since, that the bravery

BRIGADE MONUMENT ERECTED AT VICKSBURG

and the valor of every soldier who participated in the campaign and siege of Vicksburg, whether he wore the blue or the gray, was entitled to everlasting remembrance. Engaged in that campaign were 227 Confederate and 260 Federal organizations, 32 of which were composed of men enlisted from the prairie homes of the new but intensely patriotic state of Iowa. We do not claim that Iowa soldiers were superior to all others, but we do insist upon this and all other occasions that they were the equal of any, and nowhere during the civil war was their bravery more conspicuous than in the assault on Vicksburg, May 22, 1863. Since that day of carnage, Iowa has increased in population until today it has more than 2,000,000 of the happiest and most prosperous people on the face of the earth. Its commercial, industrial, educational and agricultural development has been phenomenal, but amid all these material changes the people of Iowa have never forgotten the part her troops had in making it possible for the Father of Waters to flow unvexed to the sea; and when the question of suitably commemorating their part in the battles that in 1863 waged over these black walnut hills and through these seemingly bottomless valleys, there was throughout Iowa but one sentiment, and that decidedly favorable to it. To the Hon. E. J. C. Bealer, a member of the Iowa legislature and now a member of the Vicksburg monument commission, is due the credit of introducing in the Iowa legislature during the session of 1902 a bill for the appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to be expended in the construction of an Iowa state memorial, of Iowa regimental and battery monuments, and Iowa markers in the national military park at Vicksburg. That such a measure should have passed both houses without a dissenting voice and was promptly signed by His Excellency the Governor, who is with us on this occasion, indicates Iowa's loyalty to and her continued interest in her volunteer soldiers of the civil war. The commission appointed and charged with the patriotic duty of expending so large an amount of money realized to the fullest extent the responsibility this placed upon them. Mistakes may have been made, but if so they are trivial, and only such as are common to monument commissions every-

where. We are especially proud of our state memorial, the original conception of which was from the brain of our respected secretary, Colonel H. H. Rood. We confidently believe that when completed, Iowa will enjoy the distinction of having at Vicksburg the most artistic and beautiful commemorative memorial ever constructed in any park in any country—showing clearly that the commission made no mistake in the selection of Mr. Henry Hudson Kitson as its artist.

Our thirteen brigade, regimental and battery monuments bearing the inscription of Iowa's thirty-two commands engaged here in 1863, and our fifty-nine regimental and battery markers, unlike others in this or any other park, are beautiful and suggestive.

And now, as chairman of the Iowa Vicksburg monument commission, it becomes my duty and is my pleasure to present to you, Governor Cummins, for dedication, this beautiful but incomplete state memorial, and to present to you for dedication and for transfer to the United States the thirteen monuments and the fifty-nine markers to which I have referred.

Governor Cummins was introduced by Captain J. F. Merry in the following words:

"It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Governor Cummins of Iowa. He was not old enough to have a part in the civil war, but from the very moment that he was first inaugurated as governor, throughout the five years of his administration, he has never failed to do every thing in his power for the veterans of Iowa."

Acceptance and Presentation to the United States Government . . . . . Albert B. Cummins
Governor of Iowa

Governor Vardaman, Mr. President and members of the Vicksburg monument commission, men of the war, both north and south, ladies and gentlemen:

Speaking in behalf of the state of Iowa, I acknowledge with

deep gratitude the exceeding kindness and boundless hospitality of the people of Mississippi, and the gracious courtesy of the distinguished governor of the commonwealth, and the mayor of Vicksburg. We have been royally received, and the memory of the cordial welcome we have experienced will endure so long as the recollection of this visit continues. I beg to assure you, Governor, that if in the future, any company of men and women from your state shall find their way within the borders of Iowa, our homes and our hearts will open wide their doors for friends from Mississippi.

The duty of reciting the story of the tragedy which, forty-three years ago, was enacted here and especially the honorable part which the sons of Iowa played in the mighty drama of the nation's life, is assigned to one far better equipped than I to relate its joys and its sorrows, its lights and its shadows, its glories and its significance. There is no memory vivid enough to recall the scene; there is no tongue eloquent enough to paint the picture upon which the eye rested during those vital days of the civil war. Words only mar the vision which these old men see when their eyelids fall, and their consciousness is illuminated only by the light of recollection, as it gleams through nearly half a century of time. If only they were here, I would stand mute in the presence of memories so patriotic, so profound, and so pathetic.

In 1861, Iowa had a population of but little more than a half million souls. From the beginning to the end of the civil war, she sent nearly eighty thousand of her young men to the defense of their country. The war had barely passed its midway stage, on the fourth day of July, 1863, and yet in the siege of Vicksburg and the battles which are grouped in that event, she had twenty-eight regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and two batteries. Of these, four hundred and twenty-two heroic spirits here surrendered their lives; eighteen hundred and sixteen were wounded; and one hundred and ninety-five were captured. It is to commemorate the courage and the virtues of these soldiers, the dead and the living, that a grateful state has here erected and now dedicates to their immortal fame, these monuments. So long as granite can endure, and

bronze withstand the corroding touch of time, they will tell to succeeding generations the affection which Iowa feels for her heroes in the mightiest struggle known in the history of mankind.

I do not forget that I am speaking in the presence of men and the sons and brothers of men, who upon this blood-stained field opposed, with a courage never surpassed, the very men in whose honor I am here; but I remember that I am speaking to chivalrous southern men, whose hearts beat with loyalty to the Union and love for the old flag; who would fight for the one and die for the other as bravely and as willingly as patriots always fight and die for their country. Therefore, I know that candor without bitterness and free speech without prejudice can give no offense to them, and that I may venture without fear of embarrassment upon the expression of sentiments to which I must give voice if I would be honest with myself.

The war of 1861 was fought, not to determine the status of the negro, but to establish the permanence of the Union. From the beginning of the Republic to the end of the war, a long line of distinguished statesmen (and they were not confined to the south) believed—honestly believed—that when any state adjudged for herself that she had sufficient cause to withdraw from the Union, she might do so in peace, and in harmony with the constitution. On the other hand, an equally long line of renowned leaders believed—honestly believed—that there could be no peaceful disintegration of the Republic. It was inevitable from the first that, some time, the issue thus presented must be settled. In the very nature of things, there was but one arbiter for such a question. The battlefield was the only court that could render judgment upon an issue so vital and so fundamental.

It is not for me to debate the abstract justice involved in these differences of opinion. They were tried out in that last dreadful resort of passionate humanity, the perils of the camp, the fatigue of the march, and the awful shock of battle. The end came at last, after the north had called into the service more than two million seven hundred thousand men, and the south more than a million; after the lives of eight hundred

thousand of the gallant children of the Republic had been laid upon the altar of war, and twice the number had been smitten with wounds. With this sacrifice complete, the issue was decided once and forever, and history has approved the judgment and has engraved upon her eternal pages the award of mortal conflict. The Union is indestructible, unless overthrown by successful revolution. With this decision, the country, north and south, is, I believe, content. With it has come a greatness and a glory of free institutions of which the south is not less proud than the north. It has given to the American name a lustre brighter than any other the world around. It has given to the American nation a place in the forefront of the march of civilization. It has given to the American citizen a dignity unequalled among the people of the earth. It has given to the flag of our country the most exalted station among all the emblems of sovereignty blown by the breeze or kissed by the sun. The integrity of the Union is priceless, and its inexhaustible blessings are treasured as lovingly and shared as perfectly by the people of the south as they are by the people of the north.

In the region from which I come, there remains not a shadow of ill-feeling, not a vestige of bitterness, and we look upon the star that shines for Mississippi, in the azure field of Old Glory, with the same pride that fills our hearts when we see the radiance of the star that blazes for Massachusetts. We sing "The Star Spangled Banner," and then the strains of "Dixie" rise melodiously into the air.

I have touched this subject, not for the purpose of dwelling upon it, but in order to make a distinction which I think ought to be made upon such an occasion. These monuments are not reared to commemorate an event; they are not reared in memory of a cause; they are not reared as evidences of a victory. They are reared to commemorate the worth of the individual soldier, and upon the same ground on which they stand as everlasting tributes to the courage and heroism of Iowa soldiers, there will stand the monuments built to do like honor to like courage and heroism of the soldiers of the Confederate army. Side by side, the monuments of the north and of the south will lift their heads through all the ages, in loving com-

panionship, sacred to the memories of men who were willing to suffer and die for the thing which they believed to be right. In the judgment day of history, as well as in the judgment day of eternity, the motives of humanity are the tests of honor and salvation. Before these august tribunals, Grant and Lee, Sherman and Johnston, Sheridan and Jackson, and all the other noble spirits of the war, will stand as valiant commanders and followers who tried to do their duty, as God gave them light to see their duty; and they will enter together the hallowed land reserved for those who live faithfully and die nobly.

The greatness of a nation may depend upon the accident of strength and numbers, but the greatness of a man is not subject to the caprice of fortune. We have journeyed hither, therefore, not so much to rejoice in the triumph of the war, as to testify our appreciation and prove our gratitude for the courageous loyalty, the high character, the valorous deeds of the men who here bravely endured the extreme test of human purpose. We come to weave a garland about the memory of those who have gone beyond the river and to reverently salute those who are still in the land of the living. We, who enjoy the heritage of a citizenship bequeathed to us through their prowess in arms, can well pause a moment to pronounce a benediction upon the dead and sing praises in the ears of the living. What they did here, is written in the imperishable annals of the world and has become part of the civilization of mankind. In building these monuments, we contribute nothing to their fame, but we greatly add to our own power to serve our country with the same fidelity that distinguished them.

Mr. President and gentlemen of the commission, I accept for our beloved state these monuments which you have erected, with care so loving, and supervision so scrupulous. You have performed the duty assigned to you with the utmost credit to yourselves and to the highest honor of your state. It has been, indeed with you, a labor of love, and you have carved into this granite and engraved upon this bronze the holiest affections of your hearts and the most sacred memories of your lives. I can only say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servants."

GRAND GULF
Bas-relief on Iowa memorial at Vicksburg

As the governor of Iowa, I now dedicate these monuments to the holy purpose for which they have been established, to the honor of Iowa's soldiers in the battles and siege of Vicksburg. I dedicate them as evidences of a patriotism so pure and true that succeeding generations may, as they pause to look upon them, learn how faithful, lovers of their country ought to be.

And now, my dear friend, General Dodge, commissioned by the government of the United States to receive these monuments which Iowa has built for her soldiers engaged in the siege and battles of Vicksburg, I deliver them into your keeping. I am rejoiced to know that the government has selected you to take them from my hands. It is a proud moment when Iowa transfers these tributes of her love and affection to her most distinguished soldier. From now henceforth, the country for which some of these soldiers died and for which all of them suffered, will preserve and protect the offering which we now lay upon the altar of patriotism, and know that the spirit which renders homage to the men who heard and answered the call to duty in days gone by, will, should danger again be encountered, bring still greater hosts to the defense of the sovereignty of the flag and the perpetuity of free government.

Captain J. F. Merry, chairman of the commission:

"You will all understand the joy that comes to every one of this commission when I say to you that of all the living men of the Federal army who participated in the civil war, there is not one whom we rejoice so much to have with us today as the man whom I now introduce, General Grenville M. Dodge."

Acceptance for the United States Government

. . . . . General Grenville M. Dodge

Representing the Secretary of War

Governor Cummins:

Other duties have prevented the secretary of war from being present here today to accept from your hands this magnificent

tribute of the state of Iowa to her soldiers taking part in the Vicksburg campaign.

It is a great honor to be selected by the United States government to receive and accept the monuments from the state of Iowa. It is a greater pleasure and a greater satisfaction for me to perform this duty as a citizen of that state. It probably is known to most of you that I was not present in the campaigns in front of Vicksburg, and for that reason it is an additional honor and pleasure for me to accept on behalf of the government of the United States the monuments here erected by the state of Iowa. This I do, fully appreciating the patriotism of that state in erecting this beautiful and appropriate monument in memory and honor of the officers and soldiers of the state, who performed such brave and effective duties upon this field.

It is a singular fact that while I had no command in this important campaign, I was assigned by General Grant to a command he held far more important to the success of his army, than an immediate command under him, and that in his recommendation for promotions after this battle I was placed first upon the list.

It is remarkable that none of the promotions that General Grant recommended after the battle of Vicksburg were made by the government for nearly one year, except the promotion of General John A. Rawlins to be a brigadier general, and he received this promotion because he took General Grant's report in person to Washington and appeared before the cabinet. One would think after such a great and complete victory that his recommendations would receive some consideration. The fact is, one officer who was not in the campaign, was promoted, and General Grant entered his protest against that promotion, stating that "the officers he recommended, who were here in this battle were far superior and performed far more important duties than the person promoted, and should have received the government's consideration and reward." You will find in the war records where General Grant several times in the following year pressed the promotion of the officers he recommended at the fall of Vicksburg. Washington did not then seem to have

fully appreciated Grant, and seemed loath to follow his suggestions.

It was General Grant's intention that I should command a division in this campaign, but he changed his mind, and in a letter to me informed me that he had assigned me to command two divisions at Corinth, Mississippi, fearing that Bragg might detach from his command a force and try to reach the Mississippi river north of Memphis, and in writing me in relation to this change of my command, Grant said he had assigned me to this duty because he knew I would stay there, which was a very pointed intimation to me that under no circumstances was I to leave Corinth, no matter what force came against me, and as I read it today, it was not only a suggestion, but a compliment.

As soon as Grant moved down the Mississippi, and placed his army on the levees he determined in his own mind that bold campaign to the south and rear of Vicksburg. Knowing he could not make it until the waters fell in April or May, he utilized the time and kept his troops busy in several plans for passing Vicksburg, or by using the Yazoo tributaries to make a landing to the north and east of Vicksburg. He had very little faith in these projects, although they tended to confuse the enemy and mislead them as to his real plan of campaign. He kept his own counsel as to this plan, knowing it would receive no support in Washington, but probably draw forth an order prohibiting it and also receive criticism from all military sources, as the plan was an absolute violation of all the rules and practices of war, as it virtually placed his entire command at the mercy of the enemy, cutting loose from all the bases of support and supply, necessitating the taking with him of all the rations and ammunition he would use in the campaign. Nevertheless he never hesitated, though urged to abandon it by some of his ablest generals. Grant says he was induced to adopt the plan first on account of the political situation which was threatening, the anti-war element having carried the elections, and the Confederates were forcing our troops as far or farther north as when the war commenced. He knew that to abandon his campaign and to return to Memphis, the nearest

point from which he could make the campaign by land and have a base and railroad from it, would be very disheartening to the government and the people. Grant ran the batteries and landed his forces on the east side of the Mississippi, and faced the enemy with fewer men than they had, and in the entire campaign when he planted himself in the rear of Vicksburg, he had only 43,000 men, while the enemy had 60,000. In comparison as to boldness, the total ignoring of all former practices of warfare, the accepting of the probability of nine chances of failure to one of success, this campaign has never been approached in its originality and the wonderful grasp of its possibilities and great success. Viewing it from this standpoint it cannot be compared to any other known campaign. After Vicksburg the Confederacy was doomed, and Gettysburg coming at the same time, lifted the nation from the slough of despondency to the highest point of hope, enthusiasm and certainty of success.

Another reason that governed Grant in making this campaign against all the recognized principles of warfare as taught and known at that time, I have never seen stated. When General Grant made his first campaign against Vicksburg, as you all remember, the capture of all of his supplies at Holly Springs caused him to abandon that campaign and fall back to the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, and in this movement back his troops were forced to live off the country. General Grant was astonished to find how efficiently they were supplied from the sparsely settled country, and he said that if he had had the experience that his retreat gave him before he made it, that instead of retreating toward the Memphis and Charleston railroad he would have pushed his army on toward Jackson and Vicksburg, carrying out the original plan of campaign.

In discussing this matter with him afterwards he made the statement that he had no doubt if no accident or any action of the enemy prevented his army from swinging into the rear of Vicksburg he knew he could supply it from the country through which he was moving until he reached some safe base, and I have no doubt in my mind but what the experience he received on the retreat from Grenada was one of the principal reasons

for his swinging his entire army to the rear of Vicksburg, cutting loose from his base of supplies and taking such chances. There is no doubt that this bold movement so deceived the enemy that it could only bring against our forces a portion, instead of the whole army, and thus enabled Grant to meet each force that came against him, defeating it and finally plant himself in this city.

There was one other reason that I think had great weight with him in this movement. When I first reported to General Grant and had command of the central division of the Mississippi, stretching from Columbus south, I was assigned to the duty of rebuilding the Mobile and Charleston railroad from Columbus to Humboldt. In our campaign in Missouri I had considerable experience in the organization and handling of a secret service force within the enemy's lines. As soon as I reached Tennessee I raised a regiment of Tennesseeans which was known as the First Tennessee cavalry, and I utilized the men from that state to obtain information as to the enemy. My reports were made to General Quimby; they reached General Grant and they were pretty accurate. Everyone knows that the rumors of what the enemy has and does are always greatly exaggerated, and it was one of the rules and instructions that were given to these men, who went inside of the lines, to be careful and not exaggerate, so when their reports came and were sent to General Grant, they in time proved to be very accurate. His attention, he says, was attracted to them, and it was not long before he communicated with me and gave me full authority and full control of the secret service in his command.

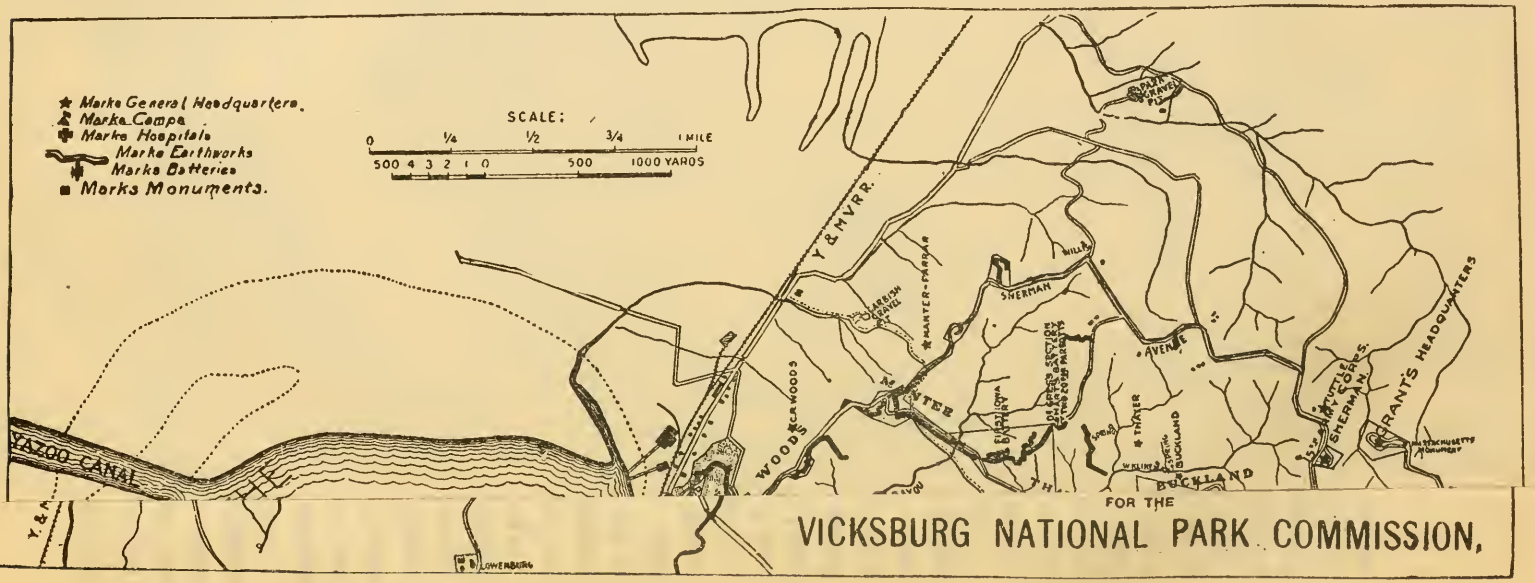
When making his first movement toward the Vicksburg campaign there had come into my lines a large number of Alabamians, loyal men, whom I organized into the First Alabama cavalry and through the utilizing of members of this regiment and through relatives who lived within the enemy's lines I was enabled to place a very efficient system of spies or secret service men at Jackson, Meridian, Selma, Montgomery and Atlanta. These men, who were thoroughly instructed how to count a company, a regiment, a brigade, a division and a corps, whether moving on foot or in cars, and who were also thoroughly in-

structed to give us nothing but facts, not rumors, so far as I know never failed us. Their reports generally reached me through some member of their family or the family of some member of the regiment. These reports were sent to General Grant, so that he knew at all times while he was on both campaigns pretty nearly any force that was facing him, and when he made his movement to the rear of Vicksburg, and after the battles of Jackson, Champion Hill and Black River, when Johnston's army was forming to relieve the siege, these spies became of untold benefit to General Grant, because all movements from Bragg or any other Confederate force was promptly noted and reported, and General Grant was given information in plenty of time to bring to his aid sufficient forces to meet Johnston's command.

If you go to the war record you will notice that Schofield, from the department of Missouri, sent Grant from his command nearly all his organized troops. From the department of Arkansas, commanded by Steele, was sent Herron's division and later came the Ninth corps under Parke, all the way from Knoxville, so that Grant had organized under Sherman's command a new army facing Johnston, and at all times it equalled in force the army Johnston had under him.

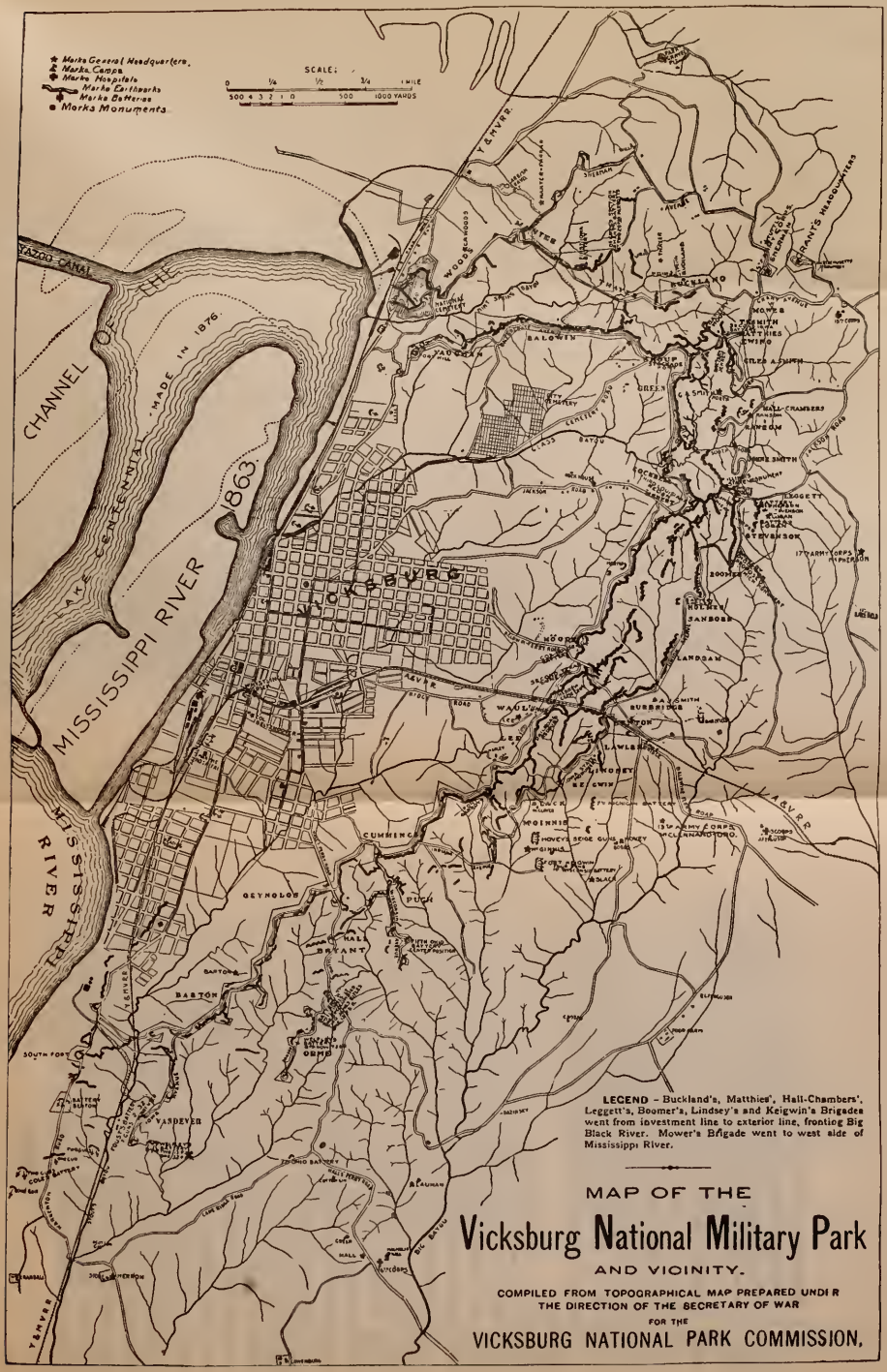
I remember the reports that came to me and went afterward to Grant, Johnston's force did not exceed 20,000 to 35,000, while the reports that came from the enemy's lines, and general belief, was that Johnston had accumulated an army of something like 60,000.

The information thus obtained by Grant enabled him at all times to be master of the situation, and therefore, to force his siege and carry out the plans of his campaign without any doubt in his own mind that he was able to meet any force in his front or in his rear. These spies had instructions that when anything of great importance occurred and it would take too long to reach me, they should proceed directly and report to General Grant. In two or three cases they did this. In one case one spy was captured and imprisoned and two others in trying to reach him were killed. Many of these spies were detailed from our own regiments, and they took their lives in their hands and



FOR THE

VICKSBURG NATIONAL PARK COMMISSION.


Marks General Headquarters
Marks Camps
Marks Hospitals
Marks Earthworks
Marks Batteries
Marks Monuments
SCALE:
0 1/4 1/2 3/4 1 MILE
500 4 3 2 1 0 500 1000 YARDS
YAZOO CANAL
CHANNEL OF THE
LAKE CENTENNIAL MADE IN 1876
1863
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
VICKSBURG
Y & MVRR
A & VRR
BUCKLAND
BALDWIN
GREEN
HALL-CHAMBERS
LEGGETT
STEVENSON
HOLMES
SANBORN
LANDSAM
BURBRIDGE
LAWLER
LINDSEY
KEIGWIN
MOINNIS
CUMMINGS
GEYNOLDS
PUGH
HALL
BRYANT
BARTON
VANDEVER
SOUTH FORT
BIG BAYOU
LEGEND - Buckland's, Matthies', Hall-Chambers', Leggett's, Boomer's, Lindsey's and Keigwin's Brigades went from investment line to exterior line, fronting Big Black River. Mower's Brigade went to west side of Mississippi River.
MAP OF THE
Vicksburg National Military Park
AND VICINITY.
COMPILED FROM TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR
FOR THE
VICKSBURG NATIONAL PARK COMMISSION.

entered the enemy's lines, sometimes joining the Confederate regiments. Many of them were killed, many captured, tried and executed, and the experiences and reports that came to us from them were more daring and startling and far more interesting than any romance that was ever written.

General Grant said afterwards that the value of this information to him in the campaign none could overestimate. It was always intended that none of the reports of these spies should ever go into the army records. Their names were never known to anyone except myself, but occasionally as you read the war records, you will see some of these reports, giving information forwarded by me.

As the history of the war has been read and as shown in the war records, it has often been asked why it was that after every campaign of Grant's that his advice was not taken in following up the campaign immediately by another, especially when there were concentrated under him victorious armies ready to move successfully in any direction.

After Donelson Grant desired to move directly south, and says that with his army and the army of Buell combined, they could have moved directly south to Vicksburg and opened the Mississippi river. After Corinth there was again an army of 100,000 men concentrated there, that could have moved to any part of the west successfully and victoriously without great opposition.

Right after the Vicksburg campaign General Grant proposed occupying the Rio Grande frontier, because the French had entered Mexico, and to use immediately the rest of his army to capture Mobile and move on Montgomery and Selma, Alabama, and perhaps Atlanta, Georgia, using the Alabama river from Mobile as a base to supply his column, but again his great victorious army was scattered. Parke with the Ninth corps was returned to east Tennessee, and Sherman with the Fifteenth corps was started from Memphis to march along the Memphis and Charleston railway to the Tennessee river, and up that river slowly, evidently for the purpose of being in position to aid Rosecrans in his campaign against Bragg.

In each case the armies were scattered and generally for six months or a year failed to accomplish any great work. Not until General Grant had assumed command of all the armies of the United States did they all move in unison. The great principle that he had often laid down was then put in force, and on the first day of May, 1864, every organized Federal force moved against the enemy in its front, so that under no circumstances could the enemy as it had been in the habit of doing, transfer from one force to assist another, and thus throw a superior force against some one of our armies in active campaign, while the rest of our forces were lying idle.

There is no doubt that the campaign of Vicksburg was the first blow that started and indicated to the Confederacy what the ultimate result would be. It was such a victory that there could be no possible excuse for their defeat, or under no circumstance could they obtain any hope from it. Its results were far reaching; it was absolutely complete. The enemy surrendered and the Mississippi river was opened throughout its entire length, never again closed, and the west half of the Confederacy was split entirely in two, and from that time it was almost impossible for one part of it to re-enforce the other, and had the troops moved from Vicksburg, as recommended by Grant, directly on Mobile, captured that place, carried out the plans and ideas of Grant, that the Alabama river could be used as a base, and have captured Selma, Montgomery, and finally Atlanta, it would have gone far toward settling the question of the war in the west, and in all probability saved the great battles of Chickamauga, Chattanooga and Atlanta.

General Grant during the time I served directly under him often spoke in praise of Iowa and Iowa troops. He designated the Second Iowa infantry as first at Donelson, and the Fourth Iowa infantry, the regiment I had the honor to once command, as first at Chickasaw Bayou. He reasoned that the efficiency of the Iowa soldiers came from the policy of the state in following almost literally the recommendations of the officers in the field when it came to replenishing their ranks and promoting and awarding her troops for their efficient work in the camp, on the march, or upon the field of battle.

This action of the governor of the state gave a confidence to the soldiers in the field and hope of promotion and an assurance that he would get it if he deserved it. As adding to the spirit and efficiency of their command, the benefit of this policy cannot be overestimated.

To Governor Samuel R. Kirkwood is entitled the credit of inaugurating this system, and every Iowa officer and soldier who served in the civil war gratefully recognizes this service and extends his thanks and pays his tribute to that great war governor.

General Grant's treatment of the Confederate troops at the surrender indicated a statesman as well as a great general. It gave him a standing with the Confederate army and people that no other commander had, and it not only met the universal approval of our armies, but tempered and softened afterwards the action of all our officers in the west who had dealings with the enemy.

When peace came his action at Appomattox following his action here gave him an influence with the Confederate states and people that was a lasting benefit to our whole country and the southern soldier vies with us today in doing honor to his memory.

I cannot close without paying my tribute to the sculptor, who under the direction of the Iowa commission, has conceived and erected this beautiful and appropriate monument. The thanks of your state are due to him for his successful work, and Iowa will stand on this field as the peer of the other states in the recognition she has given, not only to her dead, but to the living who took part in these great campaigns.

Music . . . . . Vicksburg School Children
"The Star Spangled Banner"

Captain J. F. Merry, chairman:

"The Iowa commission regard it as a great distinction that we have with us today Governor James K. Vardaman, of Mississippi, who will now address you."

Address . . . . . J. K. Vardaman
Governor of Mississippi

Governor Cummins, Mr. Chairman, Fellow Countrymen:

The remarks that I shall make upon this occasion will necessarily be very brief. I come to you, my countrymen, commissioned by the patriotic, loyal people of Mississippi, to place upon the brows of the beautiful women from Iowa the flowers of love and respect and to lay at the feet of our guests the choicest flowers of the most cordial hospitality in this greeting of welcome.

I was not old enough, my fellow citizens, to participate in the memorable conflict which tried men's souls on this historic spot forty-five years ago, but I had a representative who gave the best there was in him to it, and I am here to join with you on this occasion to pay tribute of hospitality, admiration and love to him and his memory, as you are pleased to honor your heroic dead for what they did and suffered.

I concur in the beautiful sentiment expressed by the great governor of Iowa when he said that in building that monument it is not your purpose to honor the men who fell upon this battlefield. You can not honor them. The man who died in defense of what he believed to be right, as God had given him to see the right—that man's cup, my countrymen, is full to overflowing. But you rather honor yourselves. You rear a monument more lasting than granite, more enduring than bronze, in the minds of the present generation and of posterity, the children yet to come, which shall live as long as heroism is a virtue, and the love of home and country and God animate the human heart. They are not dead.

"They fell defeated, yet undying,
Their names the very winds are sighing."

I have often asked myself the question, when contemplating the scenes enacted nearly half a century ago upon this place, why was it necessary, why in the economy of God's providence was it necessary to sacrifice so much blood and so much treasure? Why could not the war have been avoided? I do not

know. It must have been right, because the poet tells us that "that which is, is right." There is another question that I ask myself frequently, and I have been unable to answer it. Why, forty-five years after the matter had been settled in that court of might, after the decision had been entered, and the arbitrament proclaimed to the world, why was it that men of the same blood and bone and flesh should, for all this time, have been standing and looking at each other, sneering and quarreling like wild beasts or dyspeptic children? It must be because we have not known each other. I am glad to see the people of Iowa here today. I want you to come to see us often and I know your sons will fall in love with our daughters, as I am sure we will fall in love with yours.

You are right, sir, when you say that the people of the south are loyal to the stars and stripes. It is with infinite pride that we refer to the fact that a southern man wrote the Declaration of Independence; that a southern man made it possible for that flag to float triumphantly and command respect upon every sea and in every land beneath the sun. We were fighting it—or rather, my father and his comrades were fighting it—for a while, but when the stars and bars trailed in defeat on that fatal day at Appomattox, the Confederate soldier, the sons and daughters of the south, accepted the irrevocable decision. And there has not been one day, from that time to this, when we were not all ready to surrender our lives in defense of it.

And I want to say another thing to you, my countrymen. We are not only true to the stars and stripes, but we are true to the ideals—the highest, loftiest ideals—of American citizenship, and if I would not be charged with a little immodesty, I might say (I believe it) that the ark of the covenant of American institutions is in the keeping of and will be defended by the sons and daughters of the men who followed the fortunes of the stars and bars to defeat at Appomattox. There were issues left here for us to consider which my friend Governor Cummins has touched upon which I want you to think about. We not only lost greatly by this conflict; we not only suffered great destruction of property, but we lost by death a great many of our best and purest. I want to say to you, Governor, that

you made one mistake in the figures which you gave. Instead of having over one million men, we had only six hundred thousand.

But I want to say in this connection that I do not care whether a man comes from the mountains of Vermont or from the hills of Massachusetts, or from the plains of Iowa or Illinois, if he is a thoroughbred American citizen, I do not care under what circumstances you find him, he is always patriotic. And when people talk to me about the solution of this great problem which you have left us here, I answer that a man who would give his life in defense of a sentiment, or a principle, if you please, as your comrades, as your husbands, as your sons and your brothers did here on this historic spot in 1863, when you shall know the truth about the situation here, you are going to respond like patriots with your ballots. These problems must be settled in love. They cannot be settled in hate. They must be settled by the generations yet to come. I mean by this that they must be settled by the third generation, and not by those who participated in that memorable conflict. I repeat, they must be settled in love, and not in hatred.

But, my friends, I am reminded that it is now half past four o'clock, the sun is about to sink, and the orator of this occasion has yet to speak. Let me say to you again, that it affords us more than ordinary pleasure to have you with us. I am not extending you the conventional welcome as the official head of the state of Mississippi. It is not that. But speaking for every man, woman and child in this commonwealth, I say to you again, my countrymen, we are glad to have you here with us. If you men do not find here in Vicksburg all that you want, if you will ask these people, I am sure they will give it to you. And if these ladies, who have accompanied your party, shall intimate to me that they want anything, I promise you that they shall have it, even if I have to call out the militia.

I trust that your visit may be pleasant, and that as you go along on your itinerary you may see something more of the people of the south. I think they are the best people that

SHIRLEY HOUSE DURING THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG

This picture, the original of which was taken during the siege, shows the shacks in which were encamped the Forty-fifth Illinois, to which regiment was assigned the distinction of leading the Union forces that entered Vicksburg on the morning of July 4, 1863. The picture also shows the beginning of "Logan's Sap".

I have ever known anything about—except the people of Iowa. When you return home, you will conclude that there is no more difference between the people of the south and the people of the north than there is between the people of the west and the people of the east. There is a great difference between the people who inhabit great cities and the people who dwell in the country. The fact is that about all the patriotism we have now is found in the rural districts. Patriotism is not born between great sky-scraping buildings. You will find it along the lakes, and beneath the shadow of the mountain peaks. You will find it upon the great plains, and as I said a moment ago, those who come from that portion of the country are usually broad-gauged, patriotic American citizens.

Our ideals and our hopes and our aspirations are similar. We are glad to have you here, my friends. I beg your pardon for taking so much time, but now let me say again that it affords us infinite pleasure to have you with us. May you enjoy every moment spent in this sunny southland, and return to your homes in safety and happiness, and enjoy that prosperity to which loyal, patriotic American citizens are entitled. God bless you.

Music . . . . . Vicksburg School Children
"Dixie"

Oration . . . . . Colonel Charles A. Clark
Department Commander Iowa G. A. R.

"Manhood is the one unchanging thing
Beneath life's changing sky;
And where it lightens once, from age to age
Men come to learn, in grateful pilgrimage
That length of days is knowing when to die."

On this historic field the lightnings of patriotic manhood illumined the skies of a great people engaged in deadly conflict. We come in grateful pilgrimages, from the north and from the south, to dedicate monuments to the heroism and valor of our countrymen who here laid down their lives. In deadly and bloody clutch they struggled through ensanguined weeks, one

dominated by patriotism for a perpetual Union, the other by patriotism for states of the Union engaged in efforts to organize a Confederacy which should endure until some of its component parts saw fit to set up a new government of their own. Each fought for the right as he saw the right, with a constancy and devotion only equalled by that of the other.

This war was for the Union. The immortal Lincoln stated the issue fairly when he said: "Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came; * * * neither anticipated that the cause of conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease." While the issue of war was pending both houses of congress passed a proposed constitutional amendment, and submitted it to the states for ratification, by which it was provided that the constitution itself should never be amended giving the general government jurisdiction over slavery. Lincoln in his inaugural distinctly accepted and endorsed this measure, saying it was already implied constitutional law. This would have made the institution perpetual at the will of the states where it existed. The offer was rejected by the organization of the Confederacy as an independent government. Thereafter Fort Sumter was assailed and temporarily wrested from the national government, and the war for the Union flamed up as naturally as our most inflammable substances burst into conflagration from a blazing torch hurled into their midst. Whoso hurled the torch, kindled the conflagration.

In its very midst, and after torrents of blood had been shed, Lincoln refusing to be diverted from the primary purpose of the war, used these memorable words:

"I would save the Union. I would save the Union without freeing any institution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearest the Union will be 'the Union as it was.' If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause."

His emancipation proclamation was made in pursuance of this avowed purpose and nothing else. He said, "I will keep the promise I have made to myself and my God," and he kept it.

The destruction of slavery not only helped to save the Union, but it cleared the ground for the Union of today in which all interests of all sections are common and harmonious. Its existence was not chargeable to the south alone. The north had participated profitably in its establishment. Massachusetts, in the convention which framed the constitution, voted against prohibiting the slave trade prior to 1808, while Virginia voted for that prohibition. The crime was a national one, and its punishment fell upon all alike. If it did not fall upon all in equal measure, that was because it was the cause of the attempt to dissolve the Union, and it was found after patient effort with eyes unblinded by the tears of awful afflictions, and with judgments untouched by the ghastly hecatombs of victims who were sacrificed for the Union with slavery intact, that the cause of the war against the Union was one of its chief supports, and that its destruction would in a large measure destroy resistance to the preservation of the Union. And so amid the horrors of war, by and through the horrors of war, in even hotter, fiercer and more deadly conflict, this national crime which had brought its curse upon all, was eradicated forevermore. Thank God that slavery is ended. In this a united country rejoices today, regardless of old controversies and strifes. The blue and the gray who sleep beneath this

scene of their deadly conflicts are alike honored by this consummation. The one consciously, the other unconsciously, in an inevitable conflict, helped to work out the awful problem and to bring this blessing to the whole land.

The conflict was inevitable. If we go back to the confederacy of the original thirteen states, we find that it was a mere rope of sand, where states voted and acted as states, with no executive head, and no form of authority for requiring obedience to its behests from any of its component parts. The constitution which declared the purpose of a "more perfect Union" was looked upon with distrust, north as well as south. Its ratification was hotly resisted, from fears of a centralized government. It was long in doubt in the empire state of New York, and never would have carried there but for the superhuman efforts of one man—Alexander Hamilton. Some of the northern states were the last to ratify, and then only because the requisite number had already done so. From the first the right of a state to withdraw from the Union continued to be discussed both north and south. The conflict preceding the first election of Thomas Jefferson by the congress, and the methods in which it was sought to defeat the clearly expressed will of the people, put a great strain upon the government, while still in its experimental stage. A few years later the Hartford convention showed that the Union might be menaced by the north. The nullification measures of South Carolina were not abandoned because of the patriotic proclamations of Andrew Jackson, but because the congress gave South Carolina what she demanded. As the years went by the view of an inseparable Union developed more and more in the north, until the Union became entrenched in all hearts as a universal passion. The south drifted to the opposite view, and more and more held to the right of states to withdraw from the Union. Nothing was more certain than that at some time these opposing views and sentiments would come in conflict in the practical administration of the national government; and that, in the temper of both sides to the controversy, meant an inevitable appeal to arms. The hand of God has never been more manifest in the affairs of our common country than that

the conflict should have come when it did. Delay would have made the peril to the Union more deadly, and the result more doubtful. Even before peace came from the long years of bloodshed and woe, the repeating rifle had become a practical arm, and modern artillery followed close upon its heels. The Union could only be defended by an offensive war, and the brave Confederates fought mainly upon the defensive. Modern arms and artillery would have increased their defensive power more than a hundred fold. The survivors of the Union armies know that the result was doubtful enough without the addition of this tremendous factor which might have turned the scale the other way. The frenzy which thrust the war upon us in 1861, was, under the providence of God, the salvation of the Union in the arbitrament of battle to which it must have come at last, as certainly as effect follows cause in all human affairs.

Let us be just to ourselves, then, and accept what history must record as the very essence of the conflict. The war was a war for the Union. There was room for honest differences of opinion and belief as to the right of states to withdraw from the Union. To be mistaken was human and not humiliation.

The people of the Confederate States honestly believed in that right, and asserted it upon what they honestly believed to be just and sufficient grounds. With high and fervent loyalty and patriotism for the government they had set up, they fought with a courage and desperation of which none but American freemen are capable. They failed from sheer exhaustion before superior resources and numbers. Under the hand of God our magnificent national domain could only be developed and brought to its best by unshackled hands and unshackled minds of free men, and the blessings of American citizenship under one government and one flag. The defeat of the Confederate armies was not subjugation to debased or inferior conditions, else we should never have succeeded against our own race and our own brethern who fought with such transports of heroism and valor. It was the paradox of all history. It was rescue by military power, to elevation, and to the very blessings which we sought for ourselves and for the children's children of our brave adversaries no less than for our own.

The Union was not to be destroyed. The war for its preservation was almost a holy crusade. It was waged, not for subjugation nor vengeance, but that those who fought against the Union might enjoy the same rights, liberties and blessings within it as those who fought for it. It was waged for the common welfare and the common safety of all. The destruction of the Union would have been the greatest crime of the ages. It would have been a deadly blow to self-government in America and in the world. It would have established the right to destroy a Union framed by all, at the will of a fragment, and the right of further sub-division at the will of other fragments, until chaos was substituted for order, and self-annihilation for the liberty, safety, and happiness of all, in which all had an equal voice. Deep was this conviction in the hearts of those who fought for the Union, and of those who supported the cause of the Union. They could say with Webster, "I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether with my short sight I can fathom the depths of the abyss below." They defended the abyss, equally refusing to be hurled into its yawning jaws, and to allow their misguided fellow countrymen to hurl themselves to destruction there. With many and varying fortunes, through years of unparalleled war, they forced the lines of battle ever farther from the fatal gulf until it closed behind them as peace dawned upon their battle-torn front. The gulf will not re-open; the wounds of war are healed; we are one people, one country, one grand and inseparable Union. Thank God for that!

Around these heights, in wild and bloody fury burst the storm of that war which made the Union what it is today. It was the culmination of a brilliant and successful campaign of the Union armies. Grant had abandoned his base of supplies, plunged into a hostile country, divided and in detail defeated the Confederate forces, and from the rear hurled his army, a tremendous thunderbolt of war, upon doomed and fated Vicksburg. In nineteen days, and with five days' rations, he fought five triumphant battles, always with superior numbers under his banners; he marched one hundred and eighty miles, incessantly skirmishing through a country abounding in defensive

Front and west end view before restoration

Front and west end view after restoration

THE SHIRLEY HOUSE
A noted landmark within the Union lines at Vicksburg

positions, until he stood with his army before fortifications which frowned where we stand today, and in successive assaults learned that their heroic defenders could roll back in bloody repulse even his victorious veterans. An Iowa regiment, the Twenty-second infantry, sustained the greatest loss on that bloody day. It effected a lodgment upon a salient and for some hours floated its flag from that hostile rampart. A squad of twenty heroes from its ranks entered the hotly defended angle, and of these only two returned alive. A large percentage of all the men it took in action went down in desperate conflict. A congressional medal of honor was awarded its color-bearer for his heroism. The devoted patriotism with which these men fought and died for their country is worthy to be treasured as a memorial on this occasion and for all time.

The story of the siege which followed need not be narrated in detail. The population of the city lived in caves. Beautiful and delicately nurtured women endured without a murmur every form of privation and hardship, including hunger and famine. Their wailings over their dead amid such scenes of horror is one of the most awful pictures of war, to be contemplated only with tears after all the years that are gone. Heroic assailants and heroic defenders matched each other in deeds of daring and valor, through culminating horrors which moved to an inevitable end. The rations of the besieged were reduced and tobacco in some measure took the place of meat. Their exhausting labors knew no respite. They were exposed, in the words of General Pemberton, to "burning suns, drenching rains, damp fogs and heavy dews." The besiegers, unused to the rigors of a southern mid-summer climate, suffered in greater degree from the same blistering suns, fogs, dews, and from pestilential and noxious vapors. Fell disease laid its hand upon them. With tremendous and patient labor they pushed forward their approaches under a deadly and destructive fire from their decimated, hungry and gaunt, but sleepless and vigilant adversaries. On both sides it was a very delirium and nightmare of valor and incredible endurance. The end came on the anniversary of the birthday of American liberty and independence. It was honorable to both sides alike, and showed

that the spirit of the day remained an unconquerable force in the proud and defiant natures of both the victor and the honorably paroled.

Grant's losses in battle during the campaign and siege aggregated nearly ten thousand men. There is no record of his losses from death and disability through exposure, hardship and disease, in the hospital, on the march, in the trenches, and in camp, but they were inevitably greater than his losses from bullets, and it is not improbable that the twenty-nine thousand sick, wounded, famished and enfeebled men surrendered by Pemberton, had cost the Union commander an equal number of men from his own ranks. One-sixth of this entire loss had fallen upon thirty-two Iowa organizations who had been actors in this great drama of exalted heroism, and in whose memory Iowa today dedicates monuments which the skill of man can not make as imperishable as their fame and glory.

Here, through their endurance and valor, in common with those who fought with them for one country and one flag, the tide of war was turned in favor of the Union in the west, as Gettysburg turned the tide in the east, and from that day the fate of disunion was sealed.

Let history have its due. It is idle to avoid the question, was there a right in that prolonged and bloody conflict? We have called it the War of the Rebellion; we have called it the Civil War; Grant, in his memoirs, called it the War between the States. The growth of fraternal feeling, and a broader view, have convinced all that the first designation is neither ju nor appropriate; the second is unmeaning; the third indicates nothing as to the issues involved, and besides, in five border states it was not war between the states, but war within the states —war of the most dreadful and deplorable type—and so "War between the States" is inaccurate and misleading. It was a War for the Union which was forced upon Lincoln and upon the government which he was sworn to uphold. It was a War for the Union which was waged and which triumphed, and never until that name is adopted will its very essence and meaning stand forth in the designation of the terrible crisis itself. Adopt that name and let those who will argue that war for the

Union was wrong, and war for disunion was right, or that each were equally right, because of honest belief on the part of those who sought to rend the country in twain. Mutual regard and fraternity under the old flag and in an inseparable Union whose blessings all enjoy, and for which all now march to battle with equal courage and ardor, have brought the grand fruition for which the Union soldier, here and elsewhere, struggled, and suffered and died, but they have brought no palliative, and can bring none upon this one central and tremendous question. The War for the Union was right; the war for disunion was wrong. To say less than this would be treason to the motives and memories of those who here, and on nearly two thousand other fields of battle, laid down their lives for the Union, no less than to the name and fame of the immortal Lincoln, and all of the mighty ones who served under and around him in the terrible and decisive era of American history.

I have not now, and never had, any but the most profound admiration for the spirit of heroism with which the Confederates fought us to the very verge of annihilation, and from the very depths of despair. This same sublime spirit, undaunted by disaster, undismayed in defeat, the common heritage thank God, of all Americans, has made the south and the nation what it is today. The very intensity and duration of the struggle, the torrents of the best blood of a noble people which were shed, brought the most dreadful ills upon the unsuccessful. Their industrial system was overthrown and paralyzed, presenting problems well nigh insoluble. Their homes were impoverished and filled with mourning and despair. They were not fitted by habit or training for the hard labors and painful frugalities which, practiced for generations, had laid the foundations of assured prosperity in the north, and which were now thrust upon them for the first time under conditions of exceptional severity. If Abraham Lincoln, that most marvelous man in all history for eighteen centuries, had lived, his God-like patience, tender sympathies, and great heart which throbbed for all humanity, might have found a way to mitigate and ameliorate the horrors which war had left to them as its frightful legacy. But he was struck down by the hand of an insane assassin, and a new horror

was added where a divine spirit might have done its beneficent work. To all this was added military rule, very likely of longer and harsher duration than was necessary, and to military rule succeeded temporary governments, plundering an impoverished people until the forms of taxation and super-imposed public indebtedness amounted well-nigh to universal confiscation. Increased alienation and bitterness were the wretched fruitage of these years. Could anything be added to such a lengthened catalogue of miseries? There is no higher testimony to American citizenship under a free government than that the southern people in less than a single generation, led by the survivors of the War for the Union, should have surmounted all these difficulties and most grievous afflictions, and have become prosperous and happy; that these should have made the new Union against which they fought a new source of honor and pride; that from such depths of impoverishment and sorrow they should have achieved success, and amelioration, if not the full surcease of their woes; and that in war with a foreign foe, they should have marched and fought under the old flag to glorious victory, commanded by their old leaders, Generals Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee. Tell me where in history the like of this has been seen, and you will but recite another tale of marvelous triumph over ills, which will thrill the hearts of all men so long as they throb more quickly over the grandest and best achievements of our race.

The men who wore the blue fought for a Union in which such constancy and endeavors on the part of their fellow countrymen might work out by peaceful methods results which shed new luster on American manhood. For four years, which seemed endless in their gloomy lapse, the Union soldiers, along a firing line of fifteen hundred miles faced incessant and deadly warfare. They fought in one hundred and twelve battles, in eighteen hundred and eighty-two general engagements, battles, skirmishes and affairs in which at least one regiment was engaged. This was one for every day of the war, with four hundred remaining. It is literally true that there was no day of the war when men were not falling by the bullets of their adversaries, and there was no hour of the war when the sound of

musketry was not heard. The official records show that one hundred ten thousand and seventy Union men, and seventy-four thousand seven hundred and sixty-four Confederates were killed or mortally wounded in this ceaseless fusillade. There are no records of Confederate deaths during the last weeks of the war, and it is safe to place their total at ninety thousand men, or more than two hundred thousand men on both sides killed in action. The recorded Union loss from disease and other like causes was two hundred fifty-four thousand, seven hundred and thirty-eight; that of the Confederates, so far as known, fifty-nine thousand two hundred and ninety-seven and this does not tell half the dreadful story as to them, making a total on both sides from these causes, of three hundred fourteen thousand and thirty-five, which added to deaths in battle makes the grand total of five hundred fourteen thousand and thirty-five—more than half a million of known deaths of fellow countrymen in this phantasmagoria of blood. The unrecorded deaths from the effects of the war can only be conjectured, but they surely aggregate other hundreds of thousands, and the ghastly total staggers all sober imagination.

Through all this the Union soldier did not falter. His love of country sustained and led him on. The pages of all history recorded nothing grander than his devotion to the Union and the preservation of its liberties and blessings for his fellow countrymen through the ages to come. That devotion has given us the Union as we have it today, mighty and powerful, prosperous and happy, the hope of mankind in every clime, standing foremost among the nations, with its friendship and moral support more valued than offensive and defensive alliance of the most solemn character with kings, emperors or czar.

It was the Union soldier in the ranks who wrought this mighty work under leaders whose fame and glory are assured. He, and his no less gallant adversary, gave us the heroic era of American history to which future generations will look back as their most glorious heritage. The mighty shades of the great ones who move in stately procession across the stage of history were the witnesses of his achievements and are illustrious because he did not fail. In saving the Union he kindled a

beacon fire on the mountain-tops of human endeavor which to-day lights the world with its refulgence, and will throw its benign light adown the long vista of applauding ages to come. He stands the type of noble and unfaltering American manhood, who, in conflict with his no less heroic fellow countrymen, settled the right of the Union to endure "one and inseparable, now and forever." His name as an individual will not long endure. Already the waters of oblivion take hold upon his feet, and in the not distant future, of all who suffered and fought and died in that terrific death-clutch, only the names of the great leaders and commanders will remain. But his deeds of matchless heroism, of desperate daring, of sublime devotion, of unconquerable determination, made sacred by such endless thousands who laid their lives as sacrifices upon the altars of their country, can never fade from the illumined pages of history. To the sacred memories of these men, thousands of whom here struggled and suffered and died, Iowa dedicates her monuments of bronze and marble today. Mighty were their deeds, untarnished is their fame, imperishable is their renown. They have earned the gratitude of their countrymen and of posterity and a place in the halls of the immortals. They will feel their own fame more secure to know that their adversaries are honored in like manner. All sleep or will sleep in the soil of a common and united country. The deeds of all will mingle in the common fame of American freemen, as the fraternal sentiments of this hour mingle in honoring the dead of those who here gave their lives for the right as they saw the right. The glory due to each but adds new luster to the glory of the other.

"By the flow of the inland river,
  Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
  Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the one, the Blue;
  Under the other, the Gray."

BATTERY MONUMENT ERECTED AT VICKSBURG

"No more shall the war-cry sever,
  Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
  When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the Judgment Day:
Love and tears for the Blue;
  Tears and love for the Gray."

Captain J. F. Merry, chairman:

"We have in Iowa a poet of national reputation, and he has prepared a poem especially for this occasion: Major S. H. M. Byers."

Poem, "Vicksburg" . . . . Major S. H. M. Byers
PART 1. "Running the Batteries"
PART 2. "Where Are They All Today"

VICKSBURG

By S. H. M. Byers.

PART I.

RUNNING THE BATTERIES.

Would you like to know how the thing was done,
How the Vicksburg batteries all were run,
Four miles of sulphur, and roar of gun,
  That Grant's great army far below
  Might cross the river, and fight the foe?

Not a single boat had he anywhere,
  Nor barge, nor raft, that could dare to try
  The mighty stream that was rolling by.

And between his troops and our fleet up there
Were the Vicksburg batteries everywhere—
  Four miles of cannon and breastworks strong
  Stretching the whole dread way along.

There was not a hill, nor a hollow then
But had its guns and its hundred men
  To guard the river, and once, they say,
A Federal gunboat tried to go
From the fleet above to the troops below—
But it hailed and rained and it thundered so
  Of cannon, and grapeshot all the way,
  That the captain said to his dying day—
Whenever the talk on Vicksburg fell—
"He traveled that night four miles of hell."
Now this is the thing we had to try,
  We who were soldiers, not sailors, mark,
To run three Federal steamboats by
  The river batteries in the dark.

'Twas in Sixty-three, and an April night;
Soft, and cloudy, and half in sight
  Was the edge of the moon, just going down,
  Into the canebrakes dark and brown,
As if it did not care to know
What thing might happen that night below.

Out on the river three steamers ride,
Moored on the breast of the sweeping tide.
  Lashed to the side of each steamer lay
  River barges with bales of hay,
And bales of cotton that soldiers knew
Never a cannon had yet shot through.
  In the half-lit hold of each waiting ship
  Not a sound is heard from human lip,
Yet a dozen soldiers there grimly stand—
And they know the work they have in hand.

Theirs, when bellows the cannonade,
And holes in the sides of the ship are made,
With boards, and cotton, and gunny-sack
To keep the rush of the waters back;
Theirs, no matter if all should drown,
To keep the vessels from going down—
For all Grant's army will hold its breath
Till the forts are passed or they meet their death.

'Tis ten o'clock by the watch and more—
Sudden, a lantern swings on shore—
'Tis the signal—"Start—lift anchor men,"
And a hundred hearts beat quicker then,
And six great gunboats pass ahead—
They will give the batteries lead for lead.

Ten and a half—the moment nears,
No sound of sail, or spars—
The listening pilot almost hears
The music of the stars.

"Lift anchor men"—the silent few
Down the dark river glide—
God help them now as swift into
The lane of death they ride.

They round the bend, some river guard
Has heard the waters plash,
And through the darkness heavenward
There is a lightning's flash.

A sudden boom across our path,
A sullen sound is flung—
And we have waked the lion's wrath,
And stirred the lion's young.

It was only a gun on the hills we heard,
One shot only, and then was dumb,

To send to the lower batteries word,
  The foe, the terrible foe had come.

And just as the echo had died away,
  There was such a flash of lightning came
The midnight seemed to be turned to day,
  And the river shone as if all on flame.

And indeed it was, for on either side,
  Barns and houses and bonfires burned,
And soon in the conflagration wide,
  They saw our ships where the river turned.

They saw our ships and a mighty roar—
  Bellowed after us in our flight—
There wasn't a nook on the whole east shore
  But had a battery there that night.

Thunder and lightning, and boom on boom;
  It was terrible in the chase,
Never again till the crack of doom
  Will the Mississippi see such a race.

For our gunboats answered them all along—
  Spite of the wounds on their sloping mail,
And spite of the current swift and strong
  They let them feel of their iron hail.

Two hours the terrible storm goes on
  With one of our boats in flames,
And one of our barges burned and gone.
  Another the river claims.

And the hull of one of our boats they broke,
  But we, in the hold below,
We heard the thunder and felt the stroke,
  And checked the water's flow.

And once we climbed to the deck o'erhead
  From out the infernal place,
Where we hardly heard what each other said
  Or looked in each other's face.

Only a moment! Lord, what a sight!
  The bravest would hold his breath—
For it seemed as if the river that night
  Were in the throes of death.

Crash follows crash, worst follows worst,
  Thunder on thunder dire,
As if some meteor had burst
  And set the world on fire.

Two hours—the dang'rous deed is done;
  Just as the dawn is by
The heroic vessels, every one,
  Below the batteries lie.

A shout, a cheer, a wild huzzah,
  Quick to the heavens flew
When Grant and Sherman's soldiers saw
  The boats come rounding to.

PART II.

WHERE ARE THEY ALL TODAY?

Who calls it forty years ago?
  To me 'twas yesterday,
We ran the batteries of the foe
  And anchored in the bay.
A thousand cheers our bosoms stirred,
  My comrades wept, they say,
When Grant but spoke a kindly word;
  Where are they all today?

Red shone the dawn, and there in line
  The glorious army stood,
And ere the midnight stars shall shine
  Is ferried o'er the flood.
Where yesternight the foeman kept
  Their bivouacs by the way
Now thirty thousand bluecoats slept;
  Where are they all today?

By different roads our columns led
  Where'er we tracked a foe,
And listening to our midnight tread
  They waited for the blow.
By day, by night, we marched and fought
  In many a bloody fray,
And many a grave was left forgot—
  Where are they all today?

Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson fell,
  Great was the southern ire—
At Champion Hills a taste of hell
  They gave us with their fire.

Two hours, I saw my comrades fall—
  Begrimed in death they lay,
The sulphurous smoke their funeral pall—
  Where are they all today?

Two hours of fire and tempest, then
  The foeman yield the place—
McPherson and McClernand's men
  Are dangerous foes to face,
They yield, for Logan's on their flank
  Who never lost the fray,
Whose sword to foeman never sank—
  Where's Logan's sword today?

And Hovey's pounding on their left,
  And Crocker's hurrying by,
Fierce the assault, their line is cleft,
  What can they do but fly?
Beneath the soft magnolia trees
  There the five thousand lay,
Hands touching hands, knees touching knees,
  Where are they all today?

Yet wait, we struggle for the bridge
  Behind the flying foe,
There from the low and wooden ridge
  The flags of Lawler go.
A shout, a cheer, men may not dream
  Of such a charge again;
But where are they who held the stream,
  And where are Lawler's men?

That very day with flags unfurled
  We circled Vicksburg town,
And forty days and nights we hurled
  Death's missles up and down.
By heaven it was a sight, at last,
  The host of Blue and Gray,

The cannons' roar, the muskets' blast,
  Where are they all today?

Filled with the pride of victories by
  To storm the works we willed,
Two times the awful thing we try,
  Our dead their ditches filled.
Two times they hurled us back, our men
  Writhing and wounded lay;
Brave souls who charged on Vicksburg then,
  Where are they all today?

Where are the Hawkeye boys who fell
  In that dread holocaust,
When cannon burst like blasts of hell
  And all the day was lost?
One flag, a little moment shone
  Above the men in gray.
'Twas theirs, 'twas theirs—though all alone.
  Where is that flag today?

That very hour our circling lines
  The wondrous siege began,
And burrowed pits and saps and mines
  Around the city ran.
Like tigers fighting for their young
  The maddened men at bay
Across our road their bravest flung—
  Where are they all today?

To caves and hollows of the hills
  Their wives and children flew,
Enduring all war's hideous ills,
  They were heroic, too.
Courageous souls, war's thunder tone
  And lightnings round them play,
And bursting shells like meteors shone—
  Where are they all today?

The roses on the garden walls
  A thousand odors fling,
The blackbird to the throstle calls
  And still our bullets sing.
The little children, scared at first,
  Along the commons play,
While Porter's shells around them burst—
  Where are they all today?

The laurel and magnolias bloom
  In colors white and gay,
Yet Grant and Sherman's cannon boom,
  'Tis Grant and Sherman's way.
By saps and mines, we near the town,
  Defend it as they may,
Their flags will soon be falling down—
  Where are their flags today?

One morning thirty thousand men
  Laid down their arms and wept,
Because they ne'er would see again
  The hills their valor kept.
Our scanty bread with them we shared,
  As bravest soldiers may,
They cheered us, who but now had dared,
  Where are they all today?

The forts are ours, the mighty stream
  Unvexed flows to the main,
A thousand miles our banners gleam,
  We've cut the south in twain.
Where are the victors, where the foe—
  Where are the Blue and Gray,
The hero souls of years ago—
  Where are they all today?

Build to our own the marble bust
  Where the great river laves

Yon hill that holds their honored dust—
  Their twenty thousand graves.
The years go on, the living still,
  If Blue coat, or if Gray,
May ask the mounds on yonder hill,
  Where are they all today?

Benediction . . . . . Rev. Mr. Hillhouse
of Vicksburg

"Almighty God, we pray that thy rich blessing may rest upon all of us gathered here, and upon all of the people throughout our great nation. We pray that thy almighty power may sustain us as a people, that thy wisdom may guide us, that thy love may uphold us, and that the exercises of this day may create in our hearts good fellowship and patriotism and peace, and to thee we will give all the praise, now and forever more. Amen."

IOWA·VICKSBURG·PARK
MONUMENT COMMISSION

THE COMMISSION AND ITS WORK

MEMBERS.

John F. Merry, Dubuque, Twenty-first Iowa infantry.

Lucien C. Blanchard, Oskaloosa, Twenty-eighth Iowa infantry.

J. A. Fitchpatrick, Nevada, Third Iowa infantry.

E. J. C. Bealer, Cedar Rapids, Twenty-second Iowa infantry.

David A. Haggard, Algona, Twenty-first Iowa infantry.

W. O. Mitchell, Corning, Thirteenth Iowa infantry.

W. H. C. Jacques, Ottumwa, Nineteenth Iowa infantry.

Henry H. Rood, Mt. Vernon, Thirteenth Iowa infantry.

James H. Dean, Des Moines, Twenty-third Iowa infantry.

Chairman—John F. Merry, Dubuque.

Secretary—Henry H. Rood, Mt. Vernon.

The Twenty-ninth General Assembly appropriated "$150,000 for the purpose of perpetuating the memory and commemorating the valor and services of Iowa soldiers in the campaign and siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi, in 1863, by erecting brigade, regimental and state monuments and tablets on the Vicksburg national military park," and authorized the governor to appoint a commission of nine members, each of whom shall have been a member of an Iowa regiment or battery in the war of the rebellion, to let the contracts and superintend the erection of the monuments and tablets. Governor Cummins announced the appointment of the commission April 28, 1902.

The commission met in Des Moines, May twenty-first and organized. In October they visited Washington, D. C., Gettysburg, Pa., and Richmond, Va., to study memorial designs and to further inform themselves for the discharge of their duties. In July, 1903, a sub-committee visited New York and Boston to make a further study of memorial designs and to select a

sculptor, and in October of the same year the full committee visited Vicksburg and selected sites for the state, brigade and regimental monuments. March 30, 1904, the committee met at Des Moines and accepted the design for the state memorial prepared by Henry H. Kitson, of Boston, Mass., the sculptor selected by the commission. The commission entered into a contract with Mr. Kitson, March 30, 1904, for the erection of the state monument for $100,000, the same to be completed in four years from date and sooner if possible. On the same date a contract was entered into with Edmund H. Prior, of Postville, Iowa, for the erection of the thirteen brigade, regimental and battery monuments for the sum of $28,500, and at a subsequent meeting this sum was increased $500 to permit of the enlargement of the only single regimental monument, the Third infantry. The various organizations are grouped into brigades as far as possible, and all of the monuments stand on Union avenue.

In the discharge of their duties the commissioners have been governed from the beginning, as nearly as possible, by the following considerations:

To set up on this field, one of the greatest and most crucial of the war, such monuments and tablets as will adequately mark the positions of the Iowa commands engaged, and emphasize the truth of history, that from Grand Gulf, where Iowa sailors served on the gunboats, through Port Gibson, Jackson, Champion Hill, Black River Bridge, and the assaults of May nineteenth and twenty-second, in fact at every point of contact, the soldiers and sailors of Iowa were at the forefront of battle, their flags and muskets fully abreast of their comrades from other states in the effort to open the Mississippi and sever the Confederacy.

Granite and bronze only have been used in the erection of the monuments. Both materials have been carefully tested and inspected. An inspector, employed by the commission, is present at the quarry at Barre, Vermont, to pass upon the fitness of every piece of granite. This inspection has been and is continued as the structure is erected at Vicksburg, to insure that nothing but the most perfect of materials shall mark the heroic

part taken by the soldiers of Iowa in the investment and siege of Vicksburg. The historical tablets, inscriptions on the smaller monuments, and the great panels in the central memorial, are of United States standard bronze which readily lends itself to this use, permitting of results in decoration and beauty of form not otherwise obtainable. It has been the purpose of the commission to see that the tablets, monuments and state memorial shall in their spirit and decorations be typical of the men and events they commemorate, the whole set in a frame of simple and noble architecture, adorned with the highest conceptions of the sculptor's art.

State Memorial.

The design is a peristyle, semi-circular in form; its dimensions are as follows:

	Feet.	Inches.
Total width	64	
Depth from front of steps to back of monument	29	9
Height of monument from ground	26	8
Height of center portion from ground	29	10
Height from ground to base of columns	6	..
Height of columns	13	6
Height of entablature	4	6
Diameter of columns at base	1	..
Diameter of columns at neck	1	..
Height of bas-reliefs	4	6
Width of bas-reliefs	5	6
Width of pediment	18	..
Length of pediment from platform	24	..
Width across front and pylons	7	6
Width of side pylons	5	..
Distance of columns on centers	6	..
Depth of piers back of columns	1	8
Distance of face of column in front of bas-reliefs	2	6

	Feet	Inches
Width of granite wall across rear at back of pediment	22	..
Width of tread of steps	1	4
Length of court from base of column to base of column	50	..

The design is pure Greek, the columns are massive Doric and between are open spaces for six bas-reliefs, four feet and six inches by five feet and six inches in size, on which will be portrayed in bronze, the following scenes:

Grand Gulf (naval).	Champion Hill.
Port Gibson.	Black River Bridge.
Jackson.	Assault, May 22, 1863.

The tablet in the central panel will contain a list of the regiments and batteries engaged in the campaign and siege, the number of troops and their losses.

On the platform a bronze equestrian statue of heroic size will be placed, representing a soldier carrying the standard and entitled "The Standard Bearer."

The broad platform and generous steps give a setting for the monument and will enable throngs to visit the memorial and be impressed with the bas-reliefs and other sculpture. The design lends itself to the placing of inscriptions in a very advantageous form in the frieze and on the pylons. The complete effect of the bronzes, the inscriptions and the architecture will be of great beauty, and at the same time of great strength.

This noble architectural structure will stand on Union avenue in front of the railroad redoubt. A curved driveway will leave Union avenue, pass in front of the monument and return to Union avenue.

A sub-committee visited the residence of the sculptor, H. H. Kitson, at Quincy, Mass., in July, 1905, and inspected the clay models for the six large bas-reliefs. They found the models striking examples of the sculptor's skill, fairly throbbing with intense action and vividly portraying the various scenes. After making suggestions looking to the changing in minor detail of the designs the committee approved the models.

The inscription on the face of the memorial is:

Iowa's Memorial to her soldiers who served in the campaign and siege of Vicksburg, March 29-July 4, 1863.

The following inscription in raised bronze letters is proposed for the central panel of the pediment:

IOWA

IOWA COMMANDS AND CASUALTIES.

ARTILLERY.

First battery, wounded 1.

Second battery, killed 1, wounded 6, total 7.

CAVALRY.

Third regiment (Companies A, B, C, D, I, K)

Fourth regiment, killed 9, wounded 16, missing 23, total 48.

INFANTRY.

Third regiment, killed 1, wounded 18, total 19.

Fourth regiment, wounded 13.

Fifth regiment, killed 22, wounded 97, total 119.

Sixth regiment.

Eighth regiment, wounded 5.

Ninth regiment, killed 37, wounded 82, total 119.

Tenth regiment, killed 38, wounded 157, total 195.

Eleventh regiment, killed 1, wounded 1, total 2.

Twelfth regiment, killed 1, wounded 2, total 3.

Thirteenth regiment.

Fifteenth regiment.

Sixteenth regiment, wounded 2.

Seventeenth regiment, killed 24, wounded 151, missing 4, total 179.

Nineteenth regiment, wounded 1.

Twentieth regiment.

Twenty-first regiment, killed 29, wounded 174, missing 10, total 213.

Twenty-second regiment, killed 29, wounded 141, missing 19, total 189.

Twenty-third regiment, killed 45, wounded 148, total 193.

Twenty-fourth regiment, killed 36, wounded 125, missing 34, total 195.
Twenty-fifth regiment, killed 5, wounded 27, missing 5, total 37.
Twenty-sixth regiment, killed 7, wounded 34, total 41.
Twenty-eighth regiment, killed 24, wounded 76, missing 17, total 117.
Thirtieth regiment, killed 13, wounded 43, missing 1, total 57.
Thirty-first regiment, killed 3, wounded 20, total 23.
Thirty-fourth regiment, killed 4, wounded 6, total 10.
Thirty-fifth regiment, killed 1, wounded 1, missing 1, total 3.
Thirty-eighth regiment.
Fortieth regiment.
Aggregate, killed 330, wounded 1,347, missing 114, total 1,791.

Brigade, Regimental and Battery Monuments.

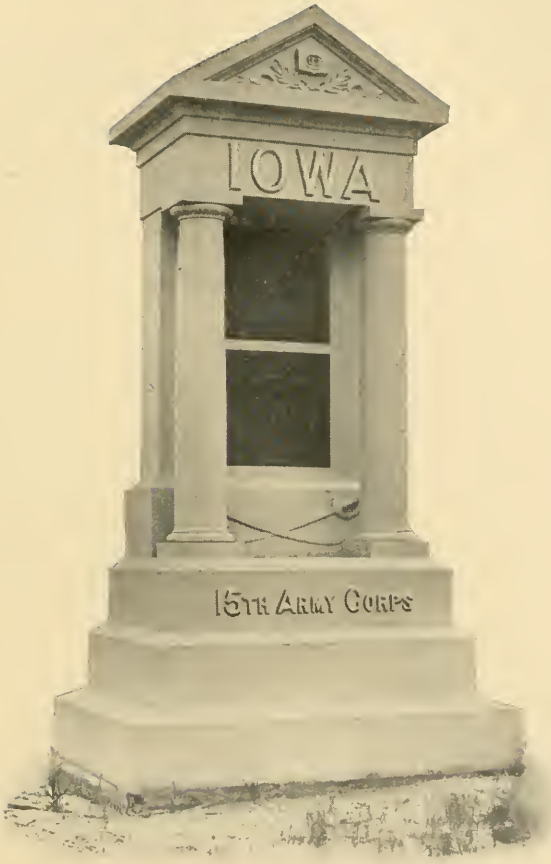
The same style is followed in these monuments as is used for the state memorial: Doric columns, entablatures, etc. Thus the same general design is carried out presenting an uniform and harmonious whole. The inscriptions are in bronze and give the history of each command during the campaign and siege.

These monuments have been completed by the contractor and have been accepted by the commission. The beauty of their workmanship and the simple and noble lines of their design attract the attention of all visitors to the park and elicit unqualified praise. The word "Iowa" appears not only on each of the granite monuments but is also on each bronze entablature. The inscriptions attached to each of the monuments are as follows:

Iowa Infantry Regiments in Second Brigade, First Division, Fifteenth Corps.

TWENTY-FIFTH INFANTRY: COLONEL GEO. A. STONE.

Casualties:—In the assault, May 22, 1863, killed 5, wounded 27; missing 5, total 37; and during the siege, not reported.



CAVALRY MONUMENT ERECTED AT VICKSBURG

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 5, wounded 27, missing 5, total 37.

THIRTY-FIRST INFANTRY: COLONEL WILLIAM SMYTH, MAJOR THEODORE STIMMING.

Casualties:—In skirmish on Fourteen Mile Creek, May 12, 1863, wounded 1; in the assault, May 22, killed 3, wounded 19, total 22; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 3, wounded 20, total 23.

Iowa First Battery.

CAPTAIN HENRY H. GRIFFITHS. FIRST DIVISION, FIFTEENTH CORPS.

Casualties:—In the battle of Port Gibson, May 1, 1863, wounded 1, credited to Second brigade, Fourteenth division, Thirteenth corps, to which the battery was temporarily attached; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in battery during the campaign and siege: Wounded 1.

Iowa Infantry Regiments Forming Third Brigade, First Division, Fifteenth Corps.

FOURTH INFANTRY: COLONEL JAMES A. WILLIAMSON; LIEUTENANT COLONEL GEORGE BURTON.

Casualties:—In the assault, May 19, 1863, wounded 13; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Wounded 13.

NINTH INFANTRY: MAJOR DON. A. CARPENTER; CAPTAIN FREDERICK S. WASHBURN; MAJOR DON. A. CARPENTER; COLONEL DAVID CARSKADDON.

Casualties:—In the assault, May 19, 1863, killed 4, wounded 12, total 16; in the assault, May 22d, killed 18, wounded 60,

total 78. Lieutenants Edward Tyrrell and Jacob Jones killed; Captain Florilla M. Kelsey, Captain Frederick S. Washburn and Lieutenant Leonard L. Martin mortally wounded; and during the siege, killed 15, wounded 10, total 25.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 37, wounded 82, total 119.

TWENTY-SIXTH INFANTRY: COLONEL MILO SMITH.

Casualties:—In the assault, May 19, 1863, killed 3, wounded 11, total 14; in the assault May 22d, killed 4, wounded 23, total 27; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 7, wounded 34, total 41.

THIRTIETH INFANTRY: COLONEL CHAS. H. ABBOTT; COLONEL WILLIAM N. G. TORRENCE.

Casualties:—In the assault, May 19, 1863, wounded 7; in the assault May 22d, killed 13, wounded 36, missing 1, total 50. Colonel Charles H. Abbott and Lieutenant J. P. Milliken killed. (Lieutenant Milliken had been commissioned, and was acting as Major of the regiment, but had not been mustered.) Lieutenant David Letner mortally wounded; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 13, wounded 43, missing 1, total 57.

Iowa Second Battery.

LIEUTENANT JOSEPH R. REED. THIRD DIVISION, FIFTEENTH CORPS.

Casualties:—In the engagement at Jackson, May 14, 1863, wounded 1; in the assault, May 22d, wounded 3; and during the siege, killed 1; wounded 2, total 3.

Aggregate reported casualties in battery during the campaign and siege: Killed 1, wounded 6, total 7.

Iowa Infantry Regiments in Third Brigade, Third Division, Fifteenth Corps.

EIGHTH INFANTRY: COLONEL JAMES L. GEDDES.

Casualties:—In the assault, May 22, 1863, wounded 5; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Wounded 5.

TWELFTH INFANTRY: MAJOR SAMUEL R. EDGINGTON; COLONEL JOSEPH J. WOODS; LIEUTENANT COLONEL SAMUEL R. EDGINGTON.

Casualties:—In the assault, May 19, 1863, killed 1, wounded 1, total 2; and during the siege, wounded 1.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 1, wounded 2, total 3.

THIRTY-FIFTH INFANTRY: COLONEL SYLVESTER G. HILL.

Casualties:—In the engagement at Jackson, May 14, 1863, killed 1, wounded 1, missing 1, total 3; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 1, wounded 1, missing 1, total 3.

Iowa Third Infantry.

COLONEL AARON BROWN, FIRST BRIGADE, FOURTH DIVISION, SIXTEENTH CORPS.

Casualties:—On transport "Crescent City," en route to Vicksburg, May 18, 1863, near Greenville, Mississippi, wounded 14; in skirmish, the evening of June 4th, wounded 2; and in skirmish, the night of June 24th, killed 1, wounded 2, total 3.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the siege: Killed 1, wounded 18, total 19.

Iowa Infantry Regiments in Second and Third Brigades, Seventh Division, Seventeenth Corps.

FIFTH INFANTRY (THIRD BRIGADE): LIEUTENANT COLONEL EZEKIAL S. SAMPSON; COLONEL JABEZ BANBURY.

Casualties:—In the engagement at Jackson, May 14, 1863, wounded 4; in the battle of Champion Hill, May 16th, killed 19, wounded 75, total 94; Lieutenants Samuel B. Lindsay and Jerome Darling killed; in the assault, May 22d, killed 3, wounded 18, total 21; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 22, wounded 97, total 119.

TENTH INFANTRY (THIRD BRIGADE): COLONEL WILLIAM E. SMALL.

Casualties:—In the battle of Champion Hill, May 16, 1863, killed 36, wounded 131, total 167; Captain Stephen W. Poage, Lieutenant James H. Terry and Lieutenant Isaac H. Brown killed; in the assault, May 22, killed 2, wounded 26, total 28; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 38, wounded 157, total 195.

SEVENTEENTH INFANTRY (SECOND BRIGADE): COLONEL DAVID B. HILLIS; LIEUTENANT COLONEL CLARK R. WEVER; COLONEL DAVID B. HILLIS; COLONEL CLARK R. WEVER; MAJOR JOHN F. WALDEN.

Casualties:—In the engagement at Jackson, May 14, 1863, killed 16, wounded 61, missing 3, total 80; Lieutenant John Inskeep killed; in the battle of Champion Hill, May 16, killed 5, wounded 51, missing 1, total 57; in the assault, May 22, wounded 5; in the assault following the firing of the mine under the Third Louisiana Redan June 25, killed 3, wounded 34, total 37; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 24, wounded 151, missing 4, total 179.

Iowa Infantry Regiments Forming Third Brigade, Sixth Division, Seventeenth Corps.

ELEVENTH INFANTRY: COLONEL WILLIAM HALL; LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN C. ABERCROMBIE; COLONEL WILLIAM HALL.

Casualties:—In the assault, May 22, 1863, killed 1, wounded 1, total 2; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 1, wounded 1, total 2.

THIRTEENTH INFANTRY: COLONEL JOHN SHANE.

Casualties:—No reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege.

FIFTEENTH INFANTRY: COLONEL HUGH T. REID; COLONEL WILLIAM W. BELKNAP.

Casualties:—No reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege.

SIXTEENTH INFANTRY: LIEUTENANT COLONEL ADDISON H. SANDERS; MAJOR WILLIAM PURCELL; LIEUTENANT COLONEL ADDISON H. SANDERS.

Casualties:—In the assault, May 22, 1863, wounded 1; and during the siege, wounded 1.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during campaign and siege: Wounded 2.

Iowa Infantry Regiments Forming Second Brigade, Fourteenth Division, Thirteenth Corps.

TWENTY-FIRST INFANTRY: COLONEL SAMUEL MERRILL; MAJOR SALUE G. VAN ANDA; LIEUTENANT COLONEL CORNELIUS W. DUNLAP.

Casualties:—In the battle of Port Gibson, May 1, 1863, wounded 17; in the engagement at Big Black River Bridge,

May 17, killed 13, wounded 70, total 83; Lieutenant Henry H. Howard mortally wounded; in the assault, May 22, killed 16, wounded 87, missing 10, total 113, Lieutenant Colonel Cornelius W. Dunlap killed, Lieutenants Samuel Bates and William A. Roberts mortally wounded; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 29, wounded 174, missing 10, total 213.

TWENTY-SECOND INFANTRY: LIEUTENANT COLONEL HARVEY GRAHAM; COLONEL WILLIAM M. STONE; MAJOR JOSEPH B. ATHERTON; COLONEL WILLIAM M. STONE; LIEUTENANT COLONEL HARVEY GRAHAM; MAJOR JOSEPH B. ATHERTON; CAPTAIN CHARLES N. LEE.

Casualties:—In the battle of Port Gibson, May 1, 1863, killed 2, wounded 21, total 23; in the engagement at Big Black River Bridge, May 17, wounded 2; in the assault, May 22, killed 27, wounded 118, missing 19, total 164, Captain James Robertson and Lieutenant Matthew A. Robb killed; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 29, wounded 141, missing 19, total 189.

TWENTY-THIRD INFANTRY: LIEUTENANT COLONEL SAMUEL L. GLASGOW; COLONEL WILLIAM H. KINSMAN; COLONEL SAMUEL L. GLASGOW.

Casualties:—In the battle of Port Gibson, May 1, 1863, killed 9, wounded 26, total 35; in the engagement at Big Black River Bridge, May 17, killed 13, wounded 88, total 101, Colonel William H. Kinsman and Captain Richard L. McCray killed, Lieutenants Sylvester G. Beckwith and John D. Ewing mortally wounded; in the attack on Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, June 7, killed 23, wounded 34, total 57; and from June 19th to the end of the siege, not reported.

BRIGADE MONUMENT ERECTED AT VICKSBURG

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 45, wounded 148, total 193.

Iowa Infantry Regiments In Second Brigade, Twelfth Division, Thirteenth Corps.

TWENTY-FOURTH INFANTRY: COLONEL EBER C. BYAM; LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN Q. WILDS.

Casualties:—In the battle of Port Gibson, May 1, 1863, killed 1, wounded 5, total 6; in the battle of Champion Hill, May 16, killed 35, wounded 120, missing 34, total 189, Captain Silas D. Johnson, Captain William Carbee, and Lieutenant Chauncey Lawrence killed; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 36, wounded 125, missing 34, total 195.

TWENTY-EIGHTH INFANTRY: COLONEL JOHN CONNELL.

Casualties:—In the battle of Port Gibson, May 1, 1863, killed 3, wounded 14, missing 3, total 20; in the battle of Champion Hill, May 16, killed 21, wounded 62, missing 14, total 97, Lieutenants Benjamin F. Kirby and John J. Legan killed, Lieutenant John Buchanan mortally wounded; and during the siege, not reported.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 24, wounded 76, missing 17, total 117.

Iowa Infantry Regiments In Herron's Division.

NINETEENTH INFANTRY: LIEUTENANT COLONEL DANIEL KENT, SECOND BRIGADE.

Casualties:—From June 15, 1863, to the end of the siege, Wounded 1.

TWENTIETH INFANTRY: COLONEL WILLIAM MCE. DYE, FIRST BRIGADE.

Casualties:—No reported casualties in regiment from June 15, 1863, to the end of the siege.

THIRTY-FOURTH INFANTRY: COLONEL GEORGE W. CLARK, FIRST BRIGADE.

Casualties:—From June 15, 1863, to the end of the siege, Killed 4, wounded 6, total 10.

THIRTY-EIGHTH INFANTRY: COLONEL D. HENRY HUGHES, FIRST BRIGADE.

Casualties:—No reported casualties in regiment from June 15, 1863, to the end of the siege.

Iowa Infantry Regiments On Exterior Line.

SIXTH INFANTRY: COLONEL JOHN M. CORSE, FOURTH BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, SIXTEENTH CORPS.

The regiment arrived at Haynes' Bluff, on transport, about June 12, 1863, and served on the exterior line at Haynes' Bluffs and Oak Ridge from that time to the end of the siege, without reported casualties.

FORTIETH INFANTRY: COLONEL JOHN A. GARRETT, MONTGOMERY'S BRIGADE, KIMBALL'S DIVISION, SIXTEENTH CORPS.

The regiment arrived at Satartia, on transport, about June 4, 1863, and served on the exterior line at or near Haynes' Bluffs from that time to the end of the siege, without reported casualties.

Iowa Cavalry Regiments On Exterior Line.

THIRD CAVALRY: COMPANIES A, B, C, D, I, K, MAJOR OLIVER H. P. SCOTT, UNATTACHED.

The detachment arrived in the Yazoo River, on transport, about June 10, 1863; it was engaged from that time to the end of the siege in skirmishing, outpost duty, and reconnaissances, without reported casualties.

FOURTH CAVALRY: LIEUTENANT COLONEL SIMEON D. SWAN, FIFTEENTH CORPS.

The regiment was engaged in skirmishing, outpost duty and reconnaissances during the campaign and siege; it occupied Haynes' Bluff, May 19, 1863, and turned over the guns and stores abandoned there to the commander of the gunboat "De-Kalb."

Casualties:—In skirmish on Fourteen Mile Creek, May 12, killed 1; and in action at Hill's plantation, near Birdsong Ferry, June 22, killed 8, wounded 16, missing 23, total 47; Lieutenant Joshua Gardner mortally wounded.

Aggregate reported casualties in regiment during the campaign and siege: Killed 9, wounded 16, missing 23, total 48.

TABLETS.

Fifty-nine bronze tablets, attached to granite posts, have been erected on the field to mark the positions on the line of investment, the positions gained in the assaults of May 19th and 22d, the sharpshooters line and the camps of the thirty-two Iowa organizations engaged in the siege. In addition to these the United States has erected twenty-nine tablets. The granite posts are fifty-eight inches in length, set in the ground thirty inches, leaving them twenty-eight inches above the surface. The tablets are thirty-six by twenty-four inches, and at the top of each appears the word "Iowa."

Proposals for these fifty-nine tablets and posts were submitted by five of the leading bronze manufactories of the country, and the contract was awarded to the Gorham Manufacturing company of Providence, Rhode Island.

The tablets have been placed to mark the following positions of the various commands:

Third Infantry:—Affair in the trenches, night of June 23; sharpshooters line June 9-July 4.

Fourth Infantry:—Assault May 19; camp May 19-July 4; sharpshooters line May 23-July 4.

Fifth Infantry:—Assault May 22 (forenoon position); assault May 22 (afternoon position); camp May 20-June 22; sharpshooters line June 5-June 22.

Eighth Infantry:—Assault May 22; camp May 22-June 11; sharpshooters line June 5-June 22.

Ninth Infantry:—Assault May 19; assault May 22; sharpshooters line May 23-July 4.

Tenth Infantry:—Assault May 22 (forenoon position); assault May 22 (afternoon position); camp May 20-June 22; sharpshooters line June 5-June 22.

Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Infantry:—(Skirmishers) Assault May 22.

Twelfth Infantry:—Assault May 22; camp May 22-June 11; sharpshooters line June 5-June 22.

Seventeenth Infantry:—Assault May 22 (forenoon position); camp May 20-July 4; sharpshooters line June 5-July 4.

Nineteenth Infantry:—Sharpshooters line June 24-July 4.

Twentieth Infantry:—Sharpshooters line June 24-July 4.

Twenty-first Infantry:—Assault May 22; camp May 21-July 4; sharpshooters line May 23-July 4; advanced sharpshooters line June 19-July 4.

Twenty-second Infantry:—Assault May 22; camp May 21-July 4; sharpshooters line May 23-July 4; advanced sharpshooters line June 19-July 4.

Twenty-third Infantry:—Camp June 16-July 4; advanced sharpshooters line June 19-July 4.

Twenty-fourth Infantry:—Camp June 4-July 4; sharpshooters line June 5-July 4; advanced sharpshooters line June 5-July 4.

Twenty-fifth Infantry:—Assault May 22; sharpshooters line May 27-July 4.

Twenty-sixth Infantry:—Assault May 19; assault May 22; sharpshooters line May 23-July 4.

Twenty-eighth Infantry:—Camp June 4-July 4; sharpshooters line June 5-July 4; advanced sharpshooters line June 5-July 4.

Thirtieth Infantry:—Assault May 19; assault May 22; sharpshooters line May 23-July 4.

ONE OF THE FIFTY-NINE BRONZE TABLETS MARKING THE POSITIONS OF IOWA COMMANDS DURING THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG

Thirty-first Infantry:—Assault May 22; sharpshooters line May 27-July 4.

Thirty-fourth Infantry:—Sharpshooters line June 24-July 4.

Thirty-fifth Infantry:—Assault May 22; camp May 22-June 11; sharpshooters line June 5-June 22.

Thirty-eighth Infantry:—Sharpshooters line June 24-July 4.

ANDERSONVILLE

INTRODUCTORY

The Governor's special train left Vicksburg, Mississippi, for Andersonville, Georgia, at seven o'clock P. M. November fifteenth, but owing to delays from various causes it was impossible to reach Andersonville for the dedication of the monument on the sixteenth, as had been planned. Accordingly, a stop of several hours was made at Montgomery, Alabama. The train reached Andersonville at half past five o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth.

It rained in the early morning but by nine o'clock the clouds parted and the sun shone brightly. At ten o'clock the train was drawn up on a siding close to the cemetery and the line of march was formed as follows:

Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band.
One platoon 17th U. S. Inf. from Ft. McPherson, Georgia.
Governor Cummins and Staff.
Monument Commissions.
Soldiers of the Civil War.
Visiting friends and citizens.

The march to the cemetery was a solemn tread to the sacred strains of martial music. In this city of the dead lie 13,838 men who wore the blue and gave up their lives for the flag that now waves over their graves. It was a march that will never be forgotten by those who took part in it, so sad, and so mournful.

Seated on the speaker's stand facing the monument were, Governor Cummins, General Grenville M. Dodge, General E. A. Carman, U. S. A., and the members of the Andersonville monument commission with the exception of Captain M. T. Russell, whose health would not permit him to make the southern trip.

IOWA MONUMENT AT ANDERSONVILLE

Exercises at the Dedication of the Iowa Monument at Andersonville, Georgia November 17, 1906

10:30 A. M.

Call to Order . . . . . Captain J. A. Brewer
Chairman of the Commission

Invocation . . . . . Rev. S. H. Hedrix
of Allerton, Iowa

"Before we pray I wish to make one quotation from the Scripture. It was in the treasury in the temple at Jerusalem. The Savior of the World had spoken, as recorded in John 8:30-32: 'As he spake these words, many believed on him. Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'

"With this philosophy now in our hearts and minds, let us all pray:

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

"And our Father, we now pray that thou would'st guide us. We owe to thee every service that we can give. We owe to thee thanksgiving and praise for all the multitude of the tender mercies that thou hast thrown around about us, and we come here today with hearts full, in memory of these, our comrades, who suffered and died here as martyrs to a cause they loved. We thank thee, our Heavenly Father, that these men believed and that their comrades believed with them; that

they so struggled and died, firm in the faith. Lord help us to see and know the truth, realizing that it alone can make and keep us free.

"And now, dear Lord, do thou bless this great land of ours. Bless our President and all our institutions. May they be wisely directed, managed and controlled, with that wisdom that shall attain the very best results. Bless our Governor and the people of the state of Iowa whose great broad hearts have led them to do what they have done here and in other fields in this land. Help them to still cling to their homes, churches and schools, and build for time and eternity. We pray thee, our Father, as the work of this commission has been completed and has been well and wisely done, with hearts filled with love, that thou wouldst bless the members of the commission and lead them ever in the ways of truth. May thy name be glorified; may our flag forever wave, so that all shall be love and happiness and prosperity among us. Bless us in the further exercises of this day; keep us and guide us in the ways of love and truth, and at last save us in heaven. We ask it in Jesus' name. Amen."

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"The Star Spangled Banner"

Unveiling of Monument . . Mrs. Albert B. Cummins

Presentation to the Governor of Iowa . . . .
. . . . . Captain J. A. Brewer
Chairman of the Commission

Governor Cummins, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have now come to the second stage of our journey, paying homage and tribute to the brave boys of Iowa, who gave their lives on southern battle fields and in southern prisons.

Yesterday we paused to lay a garland on the graves of the brave at Vicksburg and in our weak way show our appreciation of the sacrifices made on that bloody field. Tomorrow we pass on to Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge and Shiloh, there to pay tribute to the valor and martyrdom of the Iowa boys whose blood ran red on those memorable fields of battle.

Today we pause for a short time to remember and to glorify men who fought on this field a battle waged not with guns and bayonets and the resounding scream of bullets, grape and canister as they plowed their way to death and destruction, accompanied by mingled cries of suffering and victory; a battle devoid of the exhilaration of the shock of conflict as human energy and endurance strove for mastery in battle; a battle not ended with the setting of the sun over yonder oaks as the day ended; no—these men whom we now honor fought a battle that began with their incarceration within the palings of the stockade, renewed from day to day, each one fiercer than the preceding; a mighty struggle of human endurance and of worldly passion for the necessities of life and of hunger and shelter and raiment and bodily ills against the wiles of an enemy ever endeavoring to make human existence an impossibility; a battle with little hope of an ending but that of death or the dishonor of renouncing the cause that they had sworn to defend.

These men too were at Shiloh, Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. They too had often been footsore after the long and weary march. They knew of the hardships and privations of troops in campaign and the full meaning of the roar of the battle and of the harvest of death on the bloody fields. But friends, it was denied them the quick death by a bullet. Their death was decreed to be slow and lingering, and that they in their devotion to duty should taste of the very dregs of the bitter cup of death. There was no cheer of victory to greet their ears, no waving folds of Old Glory to greet their eyes, no surgeon to dress their wounds or to ease their pains as they passed to answer the last roll. No—they fought their daily battles in silence, little dreaming that half a century afterwards the state they honored in their death would here do them honor. Their sufferings here in the battle of human endurance called for a strength of purpose and an unselfish devotion to cause that was unknown at Shiloh, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge and Vicksburg.

Far from any cry of victory, submerged in what forty years ago was a dense forest unhealthy by nature and made more so

by the hand of man, was fought this battle. Locked in the embrace of a wilderness, cut off from friends and civilization they meekly suffered the burden of their lot, never yielding to life and dishonor in preference to death and honor. They died in behalf of a holy cause and what little we may do here today on behalf of the state of Iowa and her people can at best be but scant recognition of their great sacrifices.

The Thirtieth General Assembly of Iowa, recognizing the devotion to duty of these men, appropriated $10,000 for the erection of a monument in commemoration of their valor and suffering, and the governor was instructed to appoint a commission of five ex-prisoners of war to select the design and superintend its erection. In accordance with this act Governor Cummins appointed W. C. Tompkins, M. V. B. Evans, M. T. Russell, D. C. Bishard and myself as commissioners. We have in our weak way endeavored to choose a design fitting to the purpose and to place thereon such inscriptions as will for the years to come stand as a mute, yet powerful reminder of Iowa's public recognition of the debt she owes these patriots. We trust that the granite of these blocks and the cement and lead which bind them together will withstand the ravages of all time, pointing as it were to the coming generations the history of men who died a slow and lingering death, steadfast in the faith they swore to defend. And now, your excellency, on behalf of the Iowa-Andersonville prison monument commission I have the honor to present you, and through you to the people of Iowa, this monument.

Acceptance and Presentation to the United States Government . . . . . Albert B. Cummins

Governor of Iowa

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the Andersonville Prison Monument Commission, Prisoners of War, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Words are meaningless things upon an occasion like this. I think we all understand that, but possibly you do not appreciate as I do at this moment that words are not only meaningless —inadequate—but they are difficult as well. Mr. Chairman, as

you have so well said, but a few hours ago we dedicated to the immortal renown of our boys who fought at Vicksburg, the memorials which a grateful state has erected to their memory. It was easy to speak as I stood upon that historic spot. It was easy to speak of the wild enthusiasm of the charge and the rushing splendor of the assault, for death seemed to be robbed of its terrors when accompanied with a glory so radiant and so complete. That hour was full of glowing memories. This hour is surcharged with the saddest recollections that can fill the human heart.

It seemed to me this morning that the clouds themselves were in harmony with the emotions that overcame these soldiers of the war and with the ceremonies through which we are passing. They were weeping in sympathy with the loyal people of the state of Iowa. As we stand where her brave sons suffered the extremest test of loyalty to the Union and to the flag, does it not fill your hearts with a new purpose, my dear friends, does it not fill them with a new adoration for human nature, when you remember that these boys suffered the unparalleled inhumanity of the prison and the infinite cruelties of the stockade rather than to surrender for a single moment their privilege to fight and to die for the Union, and for the sovereignty of the old flag? It seems to me that in all the lessons of history, in all the inspiration of bravery and courage, nothing can surpass the resolution which filled their hearts when, day after day, they saw their comrades go nameless into unknown graves, rather than desert the Union which they had sworn to protect and to preserve. Ah! when I come to review the perils, the hardships, of the war, as I have done in many a patriotic moment, I never dreamed of the emotions which fill, crowd, and overcrowd my soul at this moment. I never knew that such a scene could be presented to the human eye. I have never looked upon anything so pathetic as these long lines of gleaming marble, each telling its story of a patriotic life and a faithful death. We cannot, however, ennoble them. It is for us to leave this beautiful, serene home of the dead, with still higher, with still nobler, with still more enduring resolutions that we of this generation will exemplify in our lives, will

exemplify in our devotion to the flag, the Union, and to humanity, the spirit which animated their faithful hearts. We do not understand the inscrutable mysteries of Providence; but we do know that we are commemorating another vicarious atonement, and it is well that our tears should fall here, consecrating its dear memories. The Republic of the United States had committed a mortal sin, and somewhere, somehow, in the plan of the Almighty, that sin must be expiated; and it was expiated here, when these men laid down their lives for the Union, as my friend the chairman of the commission has well said, not inspired and cheered by the music of martial strains, not led on by the shriek and storm of shot and shell, but in the misery and the suffering of cruelty and want. Ah! as I look upon that pathetic memorial, erected by my beloved state, there ring in my ears, through forty years of time, the echoes of the Battle Hymn of the Republic:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on."

And then, I think of the awful carnage of war. Three hundred and sixty thousand of our boys laid down their lives that we might stand here free citizens of the Republic. Have you ever thought of the wives who had shared the joys and sorrows of these immortal spirits, of the mothers who had borne them, of the maids who had loved them; have you ever attempted to measure the infinite sacrifice that the people of America made, just to see to it that not a single star in the azure field of Old Glory should ever fade away, and that no stain should ever again mar the pure colors of its beautiful folds?

And then, when I think of the scenes we are so sadly recalling, the Battle Hymn again comes to me:

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on."

And He did march on, until His truth was crystallized in the glories of a peace which preserved to every citizen of the Republic the high dignities and the high privileges of independent manhood.

Mr. Chairman, speaking on behalf of the state of Iowa, speaking on behalf of all her people, I congratulate you most cordially upon the beauty of the work that you have done. There (pointing to the monument) kneels Iowa, weeping, suffering, grieving for the sons she lost. She rests upon a column of enduring granite, that so long as time shall last will speak to generations yet to come, not only of the fortitude and the courage of these boys who lie buried here and who endured over there (pointing to the stockade) but will make them know that republics are not ungrateful. It will no longer be said that the people of a free country do not fondly remember those who have died that truth might live.

I congratulate you upon the felicity of the design and upon the fidelity with which your commission has performed its work, and speaking again for the people whom you have so well represented, I thank you for this offering laid upon the altar of our patriotism.

And now, General Carman, representing the government of the United States, even as our commission has placed this testimonial in my hands, I deliver it into yours, knowing that it passes into the keeping of a government whose flag flies for all her citizens, without respect to condition in life, whether they be high or low, rich or poor, white or black. It flies for them all, and until freemen shall have lost the spirit which has animated the lovers of liberty in all the ages of the past, it will stream over this mansion of eternal rest, protecting and preserving this monument erected by the state of Iowa in loving memory of her beloved children who died in Andersonville.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"My Country, 'Tis of Thee"

Acceptance for the United States Government
. . . . . General E. A. Carman
Representing the Secretary of War

Governor Cummins, Mr. Chairman, Ladies & Gentlemen:

We are on ground hallowed and consecrated by suffering and death. From February 15, 1864, to late in April, 1865, the Union prisoners held in an open stockade in yonder field numbered 49,485, living men, packed like ants in an anthill, or like shoals of fish in the ocean. They were young men of all conditions, boys in fact, of birth and fortune, from the store, factory and farm, and, with few exceptions, constituted as gallant a portion of our armies as carried our banners anywhere. Of these, 12,912, or more than twenty-six per cent., died and were buried within this enclosure. Of those who died here, 214 were from Iowa. The average term of imprisonment was about four months. The greatest number at any one time was 33,114, on August 8, 1864, and the greatest number of deaths was in August, when about 2,000 died, of whom 300 died in one day—August tenth. It is a fearful and sad record, and both parties to the great contest have been held responsible for it. With no desire to be critical, I will state some historical facts.

Colonel D. T. Chandler, a Confederate military inspector, an intrepid officer, and a humane one, reported to the Richmond authorities early in August, 1864, that the horrors of the prison were difficult to describe and its condition a disgrace to civilization. He strongly recommended that General Winder, in command of the post, should be removed, and "the substitution in his place of some one who united both mercy and judgment with some feelings of humanity and consideration for the welfare and comfort of the vast number of unfortunates placed under his control—some one at least who does not advocate deliberately and in cold blood, the propriety of leaving them in their present condition until the number has been sufficiently reduced by death to make the present arrangement suffice for their accommodation." This report, a fearful indictment, was sent by General Cooper, the Confederate in-

PROVIDENCE SPRING AT ANDERSONVILLE

The stone building now enclosing the spring was erected by the National Society of the Woman's Relief Corps, who own and control the site of the old prison. For the story of Providence Spring see article by ex-Governor Gue, page 110.

spector general, to the Confederate secretary of war, August 28, 1864, with the endorsement that the condition of this prison was a reproach to the Confederacy as a nation. It is claimed that the Confederate government took measures to better the conditions, but those measures came so tardy that they accomplished nothing. Some officials, and most of the southern press, justified the harsh and inhuman treatment meted out to the unfortunates in their power. On the other hand, some of the southern press denounced the treatment as humiliating to humanity and unbecoming and unworthy a civilized people who laid claim to being chivalrous and refined beyond all others; there were some in this vicinity, most of them women—God bless them—whose sympathies went out to these unfortunates, and who ministered to the sick and spared them such delicacies as they could command, until forbidden to do so, and this womanly tenderness will be remembered, long after the names of those who seek to erect monuments to the memory of one whose cruelty was a shock to humanity shall have been forgotten.

The United States government was measurably guilty, also; it caused these unfortunate men to suffer, first upon a disagreement in the system of exchange, and later in accordance with the expressed views of General Grant, who, in a letter to General Butler, the commissioner of exchange, wrote August 18, 1864:

"It is hard on our men held in southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man (Confederate) released on parole, or otherwise, becomes an active soldier against us, either directly or indirectly. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole south is exterminated. If we hold those caught they count for no more than dead men. At this particular time, to release all rebel prisoners north, would insure Sherman's defeat, and would compromise our safety here." (Richmond and Petersburg.)

On another occasion he said:

"I did not deem it advisable or just to the men who had to fight our battles to re-enforce the enemy with thirty or forty thousand disciplined troops at that time and an immediate resumption of exchange would have had that effect without any corresponding benefit."

It was then argued, and is still contended, that from a purely military standpoint the policy of our government in not exchanging prisoners was right; that while the Confederate prisoners in Union prisons were well fed and in good condition, the Union prisoners in the south were ill fed, and would be restored to the government too much exhausted to form a fair set-off against the comparatively vigorous men who would be given in exchange; that it was less costly to feed a Confederate prisoner, than to let him return to the ranks and fight, and that every suffering captive in southern prisons offset a fighting Confederate and was not inactive, but was virtually contribually in action, and those thousands at Andersonville and other points were really fighting the battles of their country as effectively as though in the forefront of battle, that those suffering, emaciated, dying men kept back from the lines confronting Grant and Sherman in 1864 nearly three times their number of able veteran Confederate soldiers, and, according to Grant, the very salvation of the country depended upon them.

Their fate was a cruel one and their sufferings and sacrifices are known to every household in the land. The soldier who is struck down to death or wounds in battle is to be envied when compared with slow death by exposure and starvation. The soldier who fought in battle had more chances for his life and faced death upon but few occasions, but the battle here was constant—a daily and hourly struggle for life. The prisoner had nothing to inspire or encourage him, nothing but to face death in its most cruel form, and generally, he faced it unflinchingly. He looked death in the eye, and never questioned his own duty, nor repined against his government. He was offered freedom provided he should enlist in the ranks of the Southern Confederacy, but he spurned liberty purchased at the expense of his patriotism and went to his death in obedience to his sense of duty to his country. Of the 188,000 prisoners taken by the

Confederates, less than 3,000 accepted the conditional offer of liberty; of the 17,873 patients admitted to the Andersonville hospital, only about twenty-five accepted the offer of liberty to save their lives, by taking the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy. It is a glorious record to the patriotism of these men who remained true to their flag and their country. The world's history has shown no such devotion. Most of the survivors of this prison have gone to hallowed graves and the few who remain with us have about them some evidence of their sufferings, but they have the consciousness of having served their country in the hour of its great need and of transmitting to posterity a great lesson of patriotism. Those who died here were not only heroes but martyrs and have left us a rich legacy for all time, the sublime heroism they displayed in their unswerving devotion to the flag they loved under whatever infliction or temptation, and the declaration sealed with their lives, that they were content to suffer and die if the interest of their country demanded it. A grateful country cherishes the memory of the noble men who suffered and died here, and for all time will look upon them as models of heroic devotion to the flag of their country, under most trying circumstances. Here they sank to rest; here they lie—

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

More than forty years have passed, the war is fast becoming a memory, the intensity of feeling which existed has passed away, and we are again one and undivided. We have instinctively followed in the footsteps of our English ancestry, our "kin beyond the sea." The animosities of the most sanguinary of their wars, the War of the Roses, a civil war, the most ferocious of any in the annals of warfare, a civil war between brothers and kinsmen, has long since been forgotten in cherishing the memory of the heroism of both sides. The Briton points with pride to the heroic deeds performed under the colors

of the red rose of York, and under the banner of the white rose of Lancaster. Each is his special pride and glory. One can see side by side in Westminster Abbey, the sepulchre of England's worthies, the broken banners and battered blades of the Roses, the white and the red; together are displayed the trophies of the Roundhead and the Cavalier, and the descendants of each "drawing in inspiration in the living present from the heroic past, have fought side by side a thousand battles to uphold the power and glory of the British Empire." So may it be in our beloved land, a true union on the lines of mutual respect, brotherly love, and a united patriotism.

The years since the war cover a period of most marvelous development. The nation has grown in numbers from 33,000,000 people to over 85,000,000, and in wealth from $16,000,000,000 to $112,000,000,000, an increase of 700 per cent. In 1865 we had $550,000,000 in circulation; now we have $2,750,000,000—$33.00 per capita, instead of $16.00. At the beginning of the war there were 31,000 miles of railroad in operation; now there are 215,000. We have developed greatly in every direction, and in all branches of industry and endeavor.

In this marvelous development the south has fully shared. The people of the fourteen southern states, in real and personal property, have $18,000,000,000, or $2,000,000,000 more than that of the nation in 1860, although the population of the south is between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 less than that of the whole country just before the war. And the splendid career of the south is yet in its infancy; with orderly liberty its future is assured. Can any one doubt that, to a great degree, the valor, patriotism and sacrifices of the Union soldier had much to do with this great development of the south? He saved it from suicide, and preserved it to the Union. Except for his efforts, instead of a union of states, there would have been a division, and no one knows whether the area now covered on this continent by the stars and stripes would be now occupied by two central governments, or by twenty warring sections, and the world would never have seen the marvelous growth of the south, nor the commanding position that the nation now holds among the powers of the world.

Governor Cummins, by direction of the secretary of war, and in behalf of the United States, whose territorial integrity and free institutions the men in these hallowed graves and their comrades elsewhere living and dead, died and suffered so much to save, we accept this beautiful monument to the Iowa dead of Andersonville, and as long as grass grows and waters run, a grateful government will tenderly care for it, and the graves that surround it.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Nearer, My God, To Thee"
Salute . Platoon Seventeenth United States Infantry
Benediction . . . . . Rev. S. H. Hedrix

"And now, unto thee, our God, who is able to keep us, and whose truth is able to build us up and keep us free, to all that is great and good in this life, and to a life eternal in the joys of a heavenly home, in the Great Redeemer's name. Amen."

Taps.

3:00 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Sacred Concert on the old prison grounds, at Providence Spring. Appropriate and beautiful exercises were held here, consisting of brief remarks by Captain J. A. Brewer, chairman of the commission, Rev. A. L. Frisbie and Rev. S. H. Hedrix, and music by the Fifty-fifth Iowa regimental band.

Death Before Dishonor

THE IMMORTAL ROLL

Of Two Hundred and Fourteen Loyal Sons of Iowa Who Died While Confined in Andersonville Prison

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CAVALRY

Name	Rank	Co.	Reg't	Name	Rank	Co.	Reg't
Austin, W.		K	3	Junk, G. A.	Q.M.S.	C	8
Beers, D. S.	Corp.	D	3	King, E.		C	2
Beezly, N.		I	4	Littlejohn, L. J.		B	4
Billings, J. K. P.		B	5	Loudenbeck, D. C.		B	5
Cellan, J.		A	3	Macy, C. F.		K	8
Chamberlain, J. B.	Sergt.	A	8	Martin, J. B.		B	5
Cobb, E.		C	3	McCall, T. H.		M	8
Cox, W. A.		I	5	Mercer, J. A.		I	4
Cox, H.		I	5	Miller, T. J.	Capt.	D	3
Culver, W. V.	Sergt.	D	8	Pugh, A.	Corp.	M	8
Delay, J. W.	Sergt.	I	3	Rasser, A.		L	8
Denoya, W. H.		M	5	Richardson, J.		I	2
Derickson, W. W.	Corp.	M	8	Smith, D.		D	3
Estelle, D. W.	Sergt.	L	2	Sutton, S.		I	5
Farnsworth, S.		H	2	Talbott, D. E.		G	8
Harris, J.		H	8	Whitten, J. A.		I	5
Himes, D.		I	3	Williams, S. H.		D	8
Ireland, J. S.		H	5	Wolfe, J. H.		C	2
Jones, J. H.	Sergt.	L	4				

INFANTRY

Name	Rank	Co.	Reg't	Name	Rank	Co.	Reg't
Aird, D.	Corp.	G	3	Collins, H. M.	Sergt.	D	4
Alderman, W. H.		F	31	Collins, M. J.		F	3
Allen, M.		K	3	Collins, W. H.		H	12
Ames, M. A.		D	8	Cooper, S.	Corp.	B	5
Ashford, A. M.		C	11	Cowles, J. W.	Sergt.	K	5
Baird, J. L.		H	26	Cox, E. D.	Corp.	G	5
Barnes, A. C.		H	15	Cromwell, G. W.	Corp.	F	27
Barr, W. H.		K	6	Crow, B.		E	4
Bartsche, C. P.		K	5	Culbertson, S. B.	Corp.	H	5
Bixter, D.		B	5	Davis, H.		A	17
Boylan, C.		C	14	Davis, J.		D	15
Beadel, H.		C	12	Davis, T. M.		E	3
Bingman, W. H.		H	39	Dean, J. W.		I	12
Blakely, G. H.		G	3	Demotte, L.		G	5
Bowles, M. B.		D	11	Denslow, F.		C	12 U.S.
Buckmaster, F.		K	15	Dingman, W.		D	31
Chapman, P. J.		G	3	Downer, D.		K	12
Chenoweth, Wm.		K	4	Driskell, S. P.		F	26
Clark, D.		F	12	Eccles, F.	Lieut.	G	14
Clausen, H.		E	26	England, T.		F	9
Clevens, C.		B	12	Ennes, W. H.	Corp.	B	4
Coder, E.		I	31	Eubanks, C. J.	Sergt.	H	17

INFANTRY—CONTINUED

NAME	RANK	CO.	REG'T
Ferguson, A. W.		A	15
Ferguson, W. W.	Sergt.	E	8
Field, J. M.		K	5
Foster, S. B.	Sergt.	E	8
Fredericks, J.Q.A.		C	16
Freel, J. W.		F	10
Gard, B. M.		H	14
Garne, L	Corp.	C	6
Gothard, I.		F	2
Gender, J.		I	5
Gentle, G.		E	4
Graushoff, C.		I	26
Gray, J.		C	11
Hanson, J.		B	12
Hastings, J. B.	Sergt.	B	11
Heller, A.		D	5
Henson, M.		B	16
Hoisington, L. P.		B	7
Huffman, R. J. H.	Corp.	H	5
Hughes, Thos.		E	8
Hurley, I. B.		H	8
Jackson, L. W.	Lieut.	H	12
Jones, C.		B	4
Kennedy, B.		I	16
King, A.		H	17
King, C. L.		B	12
Knight, J. F.	Sergt.	I	9
Kolenbranden, H.		H	17
Lambert, C. M.	Corp.	H	39
Lanning, J. A.		I	13
Lathrop, M.		K	12
Lindsey, R.		E	14
Littlejohn, T. S.		C	5
Lord, L.		G	13
Loudenbach, I. M.	Corp.	B	5
Luther, J.	Corp.	B	9
Mann, J.		A	16
Martin, S. S.		G	11
Mason, W. H.		F	12
Maynard, I. V.		B	4
McAllister, A. P.		C	14
McCammon, W.T.		A	4
McClure, Z. L.		C	16
McCoy, G. B.		G	5
McKune, J. E.		G	14
McMullen, J.		C	4
McCullouch, J. A.		T	12
McNeill, J. W.		I	4
McNeeley, U.	Corp.	I	14
Merchant, W.		G	13
Miller, E.	Corp.	G	31
Miller, J.		D	5
Miller, F. M.		H	5
Moon, J.		H	39
Moon, James		H	39
Moore, W. W.		A	15
Murray, J. I.		I	17
Myers, E.		G	5
Nichols, J. E.		H	12
Nash, B. E.	Corp.	K	12
Noyes, C. H.		B	12
Nye, M.		B	7
O'Connor, R.		I	26
Osborn, F. L.		A	16
Overturf, G. W.	Sergt.	H	5
Palmer, L.		D	9
Peck, J. E.		B	12
Peck, S.		B	12
Peterson, J.		E	26
Philpots, C. P.		B	31
Pitts, J. W.		I	16
Putnam, O.		F	27
Ratcliffe, E.		I	4
Reeve, T. F.		I	9
Reid, R. R.		I	16
Robertson, D.		G	13
Roe, M. J.	Corp.	B	12
Rogers, A.		G	4
Rule, J. T.		A	10
Russell, E. W.		G	4
Sackett, C. W.		I	12
Sayre, W. H.		E	5
Seeley, N.		B	9
Shadle, J.		C	16
Shaw, M. W.		H	5
Schrienor, T.		K	6
Sherman, J.		I	3
Smice, W.		E	16
Smith, R. T.	Corp.	H	10
Smith, C.	Corp.	F	26
Smith, J. W.		A	13
Smith, C.		D	5
Sparks, M. T.		K	5
Starr, C. F.		H	30
Stattler, J. N.		K	30
Stevens, A. B.	Sergt.	H	6
Stoneman, J. F.	Corp.	K	8
Stout, J. C.		A	5
Symmes, W. W.		D	3
Taylor, T. W.		E	7
Thompson, M.		G	5
Thein, A. F.		B	3
Tippery, W.		K	5
Toikelson, N.		H	16
Tormey, J.		K	10
Trussell, G. W.		D	6
Turner, H.		I	14
Volk, J. M.	Corp.	B	5
Waggener, J. B.		C	3
Wahlrath, C. E.	Sergt.	K	5
Walker, S. J.		C	7
Ward, O. R.		A	3
Wells, F.	Sergt.	I	5
Whelan, J.	Sergt.	D	26
White, W. M.		B	12
Whitenack, A. R.	Corp.	K	9
Whitman, O. K.	Corp.	E	5
Whitmire, J.		I	14
Williams, J. D.		G	14
Wilson, P. D.	Corp.	G	5
Wilson, P.		K	12
Widows, W. H.	Sergt.	H	8
Wolfe, B. F.		B	8
Wolston, S. P.	Sergt.	H	13
Woodward, J.	Sutler	——	9
Wright, C. G.		C	12 U.S.
Wadsworth, B.		C	12 U.S.
Young, R. S.	Corp.	C	8
Young, A. B.		H	39

THE STORY OF ANDERSONVILLE

AS TOLD BY EX-LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR BENJAMIN F. GUE

[Published in the Iowa State Register]

ANDERSONVILLE, Ga., April 16, 1884.—In passing through Georgia I had determined to visit the once obscure little village that in 1864 suddenly acquired a notoriety that will live—associated with all that is most horrible in the world's records of "man's inhumanity to man"—as long as time lasts. Supposing that a place so notorious as Andersonville could be easily found, I had never looked for it on the map of Georgia until I started out from Selma, Alabama, to find it. I then discovered to my surprise that the "reconstructed" southern gentlemen feign to know nothing of Andersonville. They utterly ignore its existence and assure you that its alleged horrors are republican lies. I determined to give it such a personal investigation as after the lapse of twenty years since its occupancy was possible. Andersonville is not to be found on any map in the south. I procured and carefully searched, not only the railroad maps, but all others to be found at bookstores, and on none—not even in the railroad guides—can this place be discovered, although it is a station on the Central Railroad of Georgia. Some told me it was on the line between Georgia and South Carolina in Anderson county; others said there was no such place. But while staying in Montgomery, Alabama, I met Henry Booth, a former resident of Fort Dodge, and during the war a member of the Thirty-second Iowa Volunteers. He told me where to find Andersonville. It is a small station sixty miles south of Macon, in southern Georgia, and its name is now given out as Anderson. The "ville" has been dropped in order to better disguise the spot that has become a synonym for more fiendish barbarity, and cold-blooded cowardly cruelty than was ever before perpetrated by a people professing civilization since the

VIEW OF ANDERSONVILLE TAKEN FROM THE NORTH GATE, AUGUST 14, 1864

days of the thumb-screw, the rack and the faggot. Hidden in a swamp, half a mile eastward from the station, surrounded by a dense undergrowth of young pines, blackberry bushes and weeds, lies the twenty-seven acres of ground whose sandy slopes, twenty years ago, bore on their scorched sides more of human misery, despair, and death, in its most cruel forms than ever before in the world's history polluted so small a field of the earth's surface. It was originally covered with a heavy pine forest.

Early in 1864 when the Union armies under Grant and Sherman were steadily fighting their way into the heart of the Confederacy, the rebel government ordered the removal of all Union prisoners farther south, and southern Georgia seeming to be most remote from the Federal armies, and most secure from invasion, was chosen as the safest place in which to confine the Union prisoners. No more desolate, out of the way spot could probably at that time have been found on a line of railroad than the dense forests in the midst of swamps that surrounded Andersonville station. Slaves were pressed into the Confederate service to cut down the trees, hew the logs and erect the stockade walls. The inside row of palisades was eighteen feet high above the surface, the timbers of which it was made were firmly planted in a trench five feet deep. Within this inclosure was the dead line, seventeen feet inside of the stockade. It was made by driving posts into the ground projecting about four feet, and upon the top of these were nailed 2 x 4 scantling. Any prisoner stepping or reaching over this line was shot dead by the guards who were stationed in sentry boxes erected thirty yards apart on the inside palisades. This left less than seventeen acres of ground including a wide swamp stretching back on either side of Sweetwater Creek, which runs through the stockade from west to east. On the outside of the main inclosure was a second wall of palisades one hundred feet distant from the first, or inner row. Still beyond and outside of this, seventy feet further, was the outer wall of the stockade, twelve feet in height. These lines were erected for offense and defense. If at any time the prisoners should attack and carry the first line, the second and third would be almost as for-

midable. The outer line was intended for defense from attacks by the Union army, and would shelter the guards—3,000 in number. On the four angles of the stockade were erected the most formidable earthwork forts that I have seen anywhere in the south. The height from the ditches to the summit, almost perpendicular, must be fully eighteen feet. On these earthworks cannon commanded every part of the stockade, inside and out, so that an attack from either the prisoners or their rescuers would have met with a terrible artillery fire. A line of rifle pits was dug outside of the stockade walls for the use of infantry. The stockade was originally intended to hold 10,000 prisoners, and then enclosed seventeen acres. The creek, with its wide, swampy margin, and the dead line, cut out at least seven acres, leaving not more than ten upon which men could live. On this ground they were crowded until it finally became packed with human beings like a stockyard filled with cattle.

When the first five hundred prisoners were incarcerated inside of the stockade walls in February, 1864, they found some poles that had been left, and with these and briars, vines and tufts of pine leaves, they managed to erect rude huts to shelter themselves from the sun, dew and rain. But as more unfortunates were added week by week, not a stick was left for the new arrivals. Early in March the spring rains began. An inmate of the pen says:

"For dreary hours that lengthened into weary days and nights and these again into never ending weeks, the driving, drenching floods of rain poured down upon the sodden earth, searching the very marrow of the 5,000 houseless, unsheltered men against whose chilled bodies it beat with pitiless monotony, and soaked the sand banks upon which we lay until they were like huge sponges filled with ice water. An hour of sunshine would be followed by a day of steady pelting rain drops. The condition of most of the soldiers who had no shelter was pitiable beyond description. They sat or lay on the hillsides all day and night and took the pelting of the cold rain with such gloomy composure as soldiers learn to muster. One can brace up against the cold winds, but the pelting of an all day and all night chilling rain seems to penetrate to the very marrow of our bones."

No wood was furnished the famishing prisoners by the brutal officials, although there were dense forests in every direction around them, and with it they could have provided fires and huts for shelter. The only way to obtain wood was to bribe the guards with such trinkets as the prisoners had about them to bring in some sticks on their backs. The lives of the thousands who perished from disease brought on largely by exposure to rain, cold and heat, could have been saved if their brutal prison-keepers had simply permitted the prisoners to go out on parole and bring in wood.

The number of prisoners in March was 4,603, of whom 283 died, chiefly from exposure. During the month of April 576 more died, an average of 19 a day. It became a part of the regular routine now to take a walk around past the gates and count the dead of the night before. The clothes of the dead were carefully preserved to cover the living, who were nearly naked. The hands of the dead were crossed upon their breasts, and a slip of paper containing the name, company and regiment pinned to the corpse. The lips and nostrils of the dead were distorted with pain and hunger. Millions of lice swarmed over the wasted dirt-begrimed bodies. The suffering of the sick from these ravenous vermin was pitiable beyond expression. The hot sand in May swarmed with lice that crawled up on the crowded prisoners like troops of ants swarming upon trees. A hospital (in name) was set apart for the sick in the northeast corner of the stockade, a few tents were pitched, with pine leaves for beds. But there was no change of filthy clothing, no nutritious food, no nursing or suitable remedies for the sick and dying.

Here, without shelter of any kind, the poor sick and dying boys and men crouched on the hot sand, with a tropical sun beating down on their blistering heads and bodies, with the mercury often ranging above 110 in the shade. Here, without dishes of any kind to hold their scant supply of unbolted corn-cake and salt pork, these helpless prisoners were packed day and night with no water but that from the creek which had first received into its death current the filth from a camp of 3,000 Confederate guards stationed higher up on the south bank, near

the town. Disease in its most hideous forms preyed upon the crowded thousands, and the stench arising from the accumulating filth, festering in the burning sun, spread pestilence among them on every side. In their grim despair, those who were able, dug holes in the ground and burrowed in them like wild beasts. Others, with a few tin cups and pieces of tin plates, bought of the guards, dug wells in a vain search for pure water. The dirt was drawn up in old boots, and wells were sunk in this manner to the depth of from thirty to seventy feet, but little water was found however after this toilsome work was done.

At this time the official records show that seventy-six per cent. of those carried to the hospital died. By the end of May there were 18,454 prisoners in the stockade. The 18,454 men were cooped up on less than thirteen acres of dry ground. The weather grew hotter, and the swamp that ran through the pen became horrible beyond description. In its slimy ooze, which was the drainage of a population larger than that of Cedar Rapids, swarmed billions of maggots. The stench from this sink of corruption was stifling and deadly.

All of the water that the prisoners had to use, for drinking or cooking (except a little obtained by those who had dug wells) was taken from this creek which flowed through the low, swampy valley that was the only drainage of the two camps of guards and prisoners, numbering more than 20,000 persons. In their desperation the famishing prisoners would gather at the dead line where it crossed the creek as it entered the stockade on the west side, and reach up stream to get water before it flowed into the filthy swamp below. John McElroy, a private of Co. L, of the Sixteenth Illinois cavalry, who has written a history of Andersonville's horrors as he saw and experienced them, says of these days: "I hazard nothing in saying, that for weeks and weeks, at least one man a day was shot here by the murderous guards while reaching near the dead line for purer water. A gun would crack—looking up we would see still smoking the muzzle of the musket in the hands of the guard, while a piercing shriek from the victim floundering in the creek in the agony of death, told the story of his fate."

The number of deaths in May had increased to 708.

As the summer advanced the heat became intolerable in this latitude, where no southern man pretends to work, or even expose himself to the sun during midday. Yet here were cooped up like hogs in a pen, more than 18,000 northern soldiers whose only crime was loyalty to their government, and a patriotic desire to save it from destruction by armed foes. These men were from the best families in our country, the fortunes of war had made them the prisoners of men who claimed to be civilized, but at whose hands helpless captives were subjected to fiendish, malignant tortures that would have disgraced cannibals and the most barbarous of the savage tribes of Africa. The food furnished the prisoners for each man a day—was a cake of cornbread half the size of a brick—made of unbolted meal, and part of the time a small slice of salt pork; once in a while a few beans were dealt out, but no vegetables, salt, vinegar or any other kind of green food except on rare occasions. The hulls of the meal being coarse and harsh, brought on every species of bowel complaints, which with scurvy and hospital gangrene, carried off in less than seven months 9,479 of the prisoners to their graves, or more men than were lost by death from all causes by the British army during the Crimean war. The heartless old fiend, General John H. Winder, who was the willing tool of the rebel government in its barbarous policy of disabling by disease and murdering by starvation its helpless captives, was a renegade from Baltimore, Maryland, who had secured the appointment of commissary general of prisoners through the influence of his friend, Jeff Davis. His pedigree well fitted him for his malignant, cruel work. He was the cowardly son of the craven General W. H. Winder, who fled with his militia from the battlefield at Bladensburg like whipped curs and left defenseless the national capital to be captured and burned by the British army in 1814. It was the son of this poltroon, a soured, sniveling, white-haired old renegade of the government that educated him, that in August, 1864, boasted that "he could point to more killed and disabled Yankees at Andersonville, than General Lee had destroyed with twenty of his best regiments in the field." For, says he, "look at our 3,081 new graves made in one month over in the cemetery beyond the stockade.

Every one has a dead Yankee soldier in it." Henri Wirz, a Swiss doctor, was his equally cruel and cowardly subordinate who had direct charge of the stockade. He had an educated and refined wife, and three daughters, aged at that time respectively thirteen, fifteen and eighteen years. They lived in the house now occupied by Dr. Wm. B. Harrison, in which I am staying, and the room in which I am now writing was Wirz' office for several months. Here, within one hundred and sixty rods of the most cruel tortures—prolonged through ten months —ever inflicted by human beings upon their fellow men, this heartless foreigner lived with his wife and daughters, utterly indifferent to the indescribable horrors daily loading the air within their hearing with cries, groans and supplications of dying soldiers that made up a hell on earth more hideous than Milton ever described, or even Dante pictured.

Dr. Joseph Jones, a distinguished Confederate surgeon of Augusta, Georgia, made a visit to the stockade in the month of August, and in his report gives the following statements:

"In June there were 22,291, in July 29,030 and in August 32,899 prisoners confined in the stockade. No shade tree was left in the entire inclosure. But many of the Federal prisoners had ingeniously constructed huts and caves to shelter themselves from the rain, sun and night damps. The stench arising from this dense population crowded together here, performing all the duties of life—was horrible in the extreme. The accommodations for the sick were so defective, and the condition of the others so pitiable that from February 24th to September 21st nine thousand four hundred and seventy-nine died,or nearly one-third of the entire number in the stockade. There were nearly 5,000 prisoners seriously ill, and the deaths exceeded one hundred per day. Large numbers were walking about who were not reported sick, who were suffering from severe and incurable diarrhoea and scurvy. I visited 2,000 sick lying under some long sheds — only one medical officer was in attendance — whereas at least twenty should have been employed. From the crowded condition, bad diet, unbearable filth, dejected appearance of the prisoners, their systems had become so disordered that the slightest abrasion of the skin, from heat of the sun

or even a mosquito bite, they took on rapid and frightful ulceration and gangrene. The continuous use of salt meats, imperfectly cured, and their total deprivation of vegetables and fruit, caused the scurvy. The sick were lying upon the bare floors of open sheds, without even straw to rest upon. These haggard, dejected, living skeletons, crying for medical aid and food, and the ghastly corpses with glazed eyeballs, staring up into vacant space, with flies swarming down their open mouths and over their rags infested with swarms of lice and maggots, as they lay among the sick and dying—formed a picture of helpless, hopeless misery, impossible for words to portray. Millions of flies swarmed over everything and covered the faces of the sick patients, and crowded down their open mouths, depositing their maggots in the gangrenous wounds of the living and in the mouths of the dead. These abuses were due to the total absence of any system or any sanitary regulations. When a patient died he was laid in front of his tent if he had one, and often remained there for hours."

But enough of these horrors—I only record them to show from Confederate authority what the Andersonville martyrs endured. The young generation grown up since the war, should know what was suffered in this prison yard by just as tenderly reared young men as they are themselves today. Of the 42,686 prisoners thrust into this infamous pen, 12,853 were carried out to their graves, within one year; 10,982 died between the 27th day of February, 1864, and the 20th of October of that year, or in less than eight months, being at the rate of over 1,372 a month, or more than an average of 45 per day, or two each hour of the day and night.

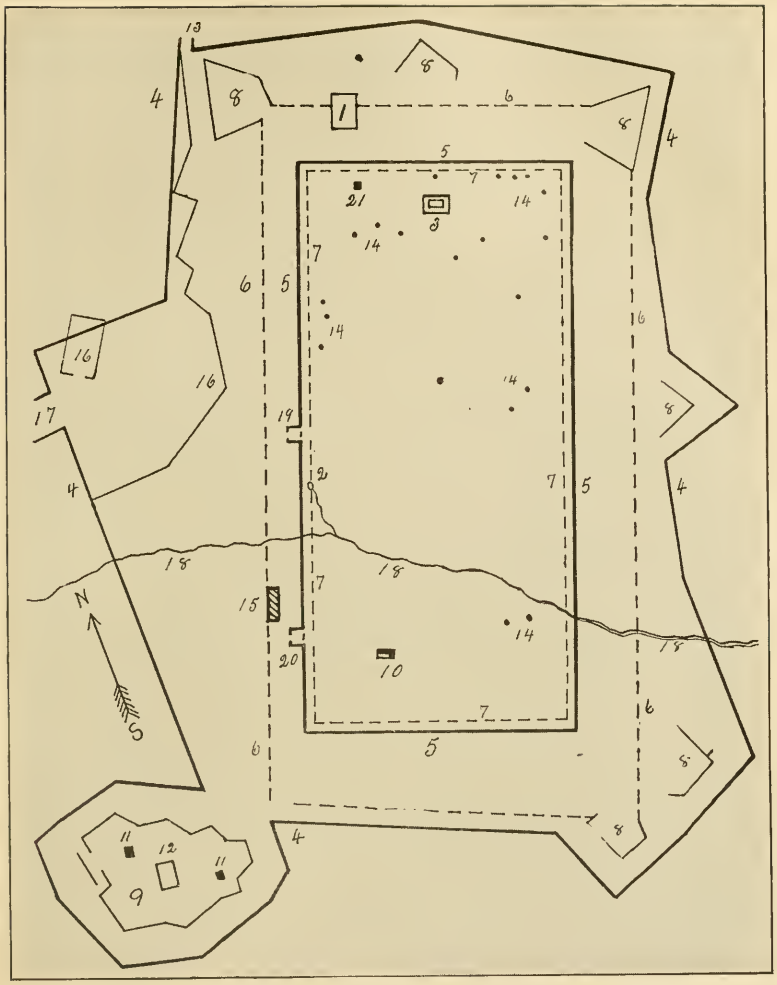
Reports were made each day by the Confederate surgeons in charge, of the appalling suffering and mortality—but the rebel government never raised a hand or uttered a word to check the horrid work of Winder and Wirz. It seemed to approve of this fiendish method of destroying Union soldiers.

As I stand here today on the south slope of the old inclosure, where every grain of sand has been ground into the earth by the agonized tread of martyrs who twenty years ago were undergoing the slow tortures inflicted by human fiends, I protest in

the name of the thousands whose white headstones glisten like snowflakes over in yonder cemetery—against ever applying the word "chivalry" to the authors of such a load of crime as must rest for all coming ages on the rebel leaders who were responsible for Andersonville.

During any month of that year in which these inhuman cruelties were perpetrated Jeff Davis, General Lee, or the Confederate congress, or the monster Winder, could have stopped these horrid tortures and lingering deaths. But no word was spoken—no hand of mercy was ever raised by those self-styled scions of southern chivalry—and for their direct responsibility for the crimes that will for all ages make humanity shudder—let history brand on their seared and heartless souls the damning infamy of Andersonville horrors.

The heroic martyrs who endured tortures until death came to their relief, and the maimed and diseased survivors who must carry the scars of their sufferings to their graves—here displayed a lofty patriotism that has never been surpassed in any age of the world. All through these terrible sufferings, where death would have been a relief, Confederate emissaries prowled around the stockade trying to persuade the thousands of mechanics among the prisoners to accept paroles and go to work at their trades for the benefit of the Confederacy that was slowly dying for want of skilled laborers. The machinists among the prisoners alone could have done far more to sustain its crumbling walls by their skill in its shops, than a full company of soldiers could have done to overturn it—and yet their enduring patriotism that never wavered, scorned these tempting offers of release from worse than Indian torture. A witness to these persistent solicitations says that the common reply of our loyal sufferers was—"No, sir! We will stay in here till we rot, and the maggots carry us out through the cracks of your d—d old stockade before we will raise a finger to help your infernal old Confederacy." And thus they lived and died—these heroes who are today forgotten by the millions of thrifty northern people who are absorbed in their business and pleasures, in happy homes, surrounded by the comforts and luxuries that the soldiers of the Union army twenty years ago sacrificed, even



PLAT OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON GROUNDS

KEY TO PLAT

1. Caretaker's House.
2. "Providence Spring."
3. Site of proposed National monument.
4. Outline of purchased property.
5. Outline of stockade enclosing prisoners.
6. Outline of outer stockade (only partially completed).
7. "Dead Line."
8. Confederate forts and batteries.
9. Main fort, or "Star fort," southwest corner.
10. Site of gallows where marauders were hung.
11. Powder magazines in "Star fort."
12. Site of Captain Wirz' headquarters.
13. Gate to roadway leading to the cemetery.
14. Wells and tunnels dug by prisoners.
15. Site of dead house.
16. Entrenched camp for guards.
17. Roadway, 100 feet wide, leading to railroad station.
18. "Stockade Creek", a branch of the "Sweetwater."
19. North gate of stockade.
20. South gate of stockade.
21. Flag staff.

with their lives, amid all the horrors of war and prisons, to preserve for their countrymen. No more sublime martyrdom was ever endured for conscience sake, or religious freedom, in any age of the world—than that which filled with tortured victims the 12,853 graves dug in the Georgia sands of the Andersonville national cemetery.

Here today as I walk among the well kept streets of this great city of the martyred dead, with a soft breeze from the gulf wafting the perfume of the wild flowers from beyond the old stockade, tropical birds are singing in the branches of the trees, and the sighing winds as they come ladened with the odor of the pines—are the only sounds that break the solitude of this wild and weird encampment of departed spirits. Here all around me I read the names of heroes and martyrs on the white marble headstones that will never be seen by the surviving friends of the dead who sleep beneath them. On an iron tablet erected by a grateful government is inscribed these words:

Rest on embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage off your grave.

The whole number of graves in the cemetery is 13,701; of these 12,779 have names on the headstones, while but 922 are unknown graves. Of the dead buried here 12,853 were victims of the Andersonville stockade, while 848 were brought here from adjacent localities and laid in the national cemetery. The first victim of Andersonville was Jacob Swarner, of New York, who died Feb. 27, 1864. His headstone is marked No. 1 and his grave is the first of the long row which begins in the southeast corner of the cemetery. The last victim lingered here until November 30, 1865, and his headstone is numbered 12,853 and is the last of the long rows of graves of the stockade martyrs. His name was John King and he, too, was from New York.

Here in this silent city of the dead, on a little white marble slab, is the only record that tells the soldier's fate.

Knowing that few from their own state would ever visit this secluded spot I have, through the kindness of J. M. Bryant, the superintendent, procured a complete roll of the Iowa soldiers who perished at Andersonville, and are here buried in the national cemetery, that their names may go out in the Register to the thousands of homes all over our fair state, and again revive the memory of those who so bravely suffered and nobly died for us—twenty years ago. Serenely they sleep beneath the pines of Georgia. For twenty years the silence of desolation has brooded over the old stockade where they perished. The Southern Confederacy, Winder and Wirz, have met their doom in death and lasting infamy that will for all times associate the atrocious crimes at Andersonville with their memory. Let them rot in the grave with human slavery, whose barbarous code inspired such fiendish horrors. But on the scroll of fame let these names be inscribed . They for all coming time will make an honorable page in the history of Iowa's martyred soldiers. (See official list elsewhere.)

* * * * * * * *

Twenty years have come and gone since the enactment of the great tragedy at Andersonville that will forever associate this obscure little town with horrors indescribable. The driving rains of twenty winters have beaten upon the sandy slopes of the old inclosure where was cooped up within its walls more of human misery than was ever before found upon an equal area of the earth's surface. I have traced out the three stockade walls by the continuous ridges of decaying palisades that mark the lines they occupied. On the west side many of the palisades have been cut down and split into rails, while most of the others have rotted off and lie in decaying masses on the ground. Here and there a fire-blackened sentinel still stands in the place as it was planted in 1864. On the east side the main line of palisades remains in a fair state of preservation, showing the height and strength of this formidable wooden wall.

The old ditch that surrounded the stockade is still plainly visible on the south, west, and east sides, although in places it is nearly filled by washing and caving in. On the north and south sides the timbers of the stockade have been removed in clearing

up the ground for cotton planting. Two negroes with a mule each, were marking out the ground for the rows of cotton on the south side of the creek. On the north side many of the old wells remain in a good state of preservation. I counted over twenty of them ranging in depth from ten to thirty feet. Young pines, oaks and blackberry bushes have grown up thickly all over this side. The mounds and depressions where caves were dug by the perishing prisoners, are plainly to be seen all over this sandy side hill. The massive old gates at the west entrance have fallen down, and the owner of the land is working the timbers of which they were constructed into canes to be sold as relics of the old stockade.

Outside of these gates on the road towards Andersonville are the ruins of Wirz' old bakery, where the unbolted cornmeal and fat bacon were cooked for the prisoners. Leading from the store-house at the railroad station to the stockade is the old corduroy road along which the teams transported the meal and bacon to the bakery. The ground was so swampy that logs had to be cut and laid side by side for a quarter of a mile to make a road that would bear up a team and wagon. In looking for relics I found a two by four scantling sticking in an old well, that was once a part of the "dead line." My guide was Dr. Harrison, who was a surgeon in the Confederate service stationed here during the most deadly months, to aid in treating the Federal prisoners in the hospital shed where so many thousands perished. He pointed out the various places of interest, and gave me many items relating to the prison-keeper, Wirz.

On the west side of the stockade near the north gate is the noted "providential spring," that broke out one August morning when the water in the creek had become so filthy as to be no longer endurable. The story as told is that one day there came a terrific storm of thunder, lightning, wind and rain, which suddenly raised the water in the creek so high as to sweep down the walls of the stockade on the west side where the creek enters the enclosure. That when the flood subsided it was discovered that a spring of clear, pure water had gushed out of the hillside, near the "dead line," which flowed from that time in such abun-

dance as to supply the entire army of more than 30,000 inmates with pure water. Many of the famishing soldiers looked upon this as a direct interposition of the Almighty to save them from the horrors of the polluted creek. That no spring was visible up to this time—all the inmates of the stockade agree in declaring. That such a spring did burst from the sand of the hillside, is clearly established by thousands of grateful witnesses. I, too, saw its clear crystal waters boil up from the white sand in a stream large enough to supply the city of Des Moines with drinking water; but not being disposed to accept the "Special Providence" theory without a thorough investigation, I sought out the oldest resident of the place, M. P. Suber, the station agent, who has lived here thirty-six years and asked him to tell me what he knew about the origin of this spring. He informed me that he had known the spring for more than thirty years. That when this region was an unbroken forest, this spring was a favorite resort for deer. That when the stockade was erected in February, 1864, the workmen in excavating the trench, filled up the spring so that the water oozed through the sand to the creek below, without rising to the surface. The flood that swept the stockade walls away during that terrible August storm, washed the earth from over the spring, and it again burst out clear and strong as of old. The famishing prisoners, knowing nothing of its existence heretofore, naturally regarded it as an especial gift for their benefit.

The Confederate leaders have persistently sought in later years to excuse their inhuman conduct towards Union prisoners who fell into their hands, but no explanation put forth has ever in the slightest degree turned the withering condemnation of civilization aside from its universal expression of horror at such barbarity. The records of Wirz' trial show by Confederate testimony that there was no possible excuse for crowding 32,000 prisoners into an open unsheltered pen, containing less than twenty acres of inhabitable ground. Hundreds of acres of well shaded dry pine woods could just as easily have been secured anywhere in southern Georgia. The prisoners could easily have been provided with plenty of wood for cabins for shelter, as it was standing then, and is

standing now, directly adjoining the old stockade. The prisoners could have been always supplied with good pure water in abundance, which is readily obtainable all around the prison pen. Green corn and potatoes could have been provided to check the scurvy and other fatal diseases. Straw and pine leaves could have been procured for beds for the sick, and warm water for bathing could have been furnished at all times, and with these simple wants supplied, nine-tenths of the suffering, sickness and deaths would have been prevented.

But nothing was done—absolutely nothing—that a human barbarian would have done to alleviate the misery of cattle penned up in such crowded filthy quarters, and it is impossible to resist the conclusion that fiendish, devilish, inhuman hate and cruelty, coolly planned these wholesale murders with all of their attendant horrors that are too atrocious to be recorded.

On the 27th of July, 1864, when Sherman's army was thought to be approaching to release the dying prisoners, General Winder coolly issued an order to the commander of the artillery on guard—that "when the Federals approached within seven miles of the stockade—to open on the prisoners with grapeshot." And this grey-headed old fiend was permitted to die a natural death. He dropped down in a sutler's tent January 1, 1865, just as he had bowed his head to ask a blessing over his New Year's dinner. The Andersonville prisoners say that he had only time to exclaim: "My faith is in Christ; I expect to be saved; Wirz, cut down the Yankees' rations," and then he expired. But Wirz, the cruel subordinate, was the only one who was punished for his share in the murders. When the Confederacy collapsed in April, 1865, Wirz was still living in his old quarters at Andersonville. Captain Noyes, of the Fourth cavalry, was sent to bring him into General Wilson's camp at Macon. When the squad rode into town they surrounded Dr. Harrison's house—where I am staying—and mistook the Doctor for Wirz, and was about to drag him off, when he pointed into the next lot west and told them "there is the man you are after." Wirz was quickly hustled away from his family, the Andersonville damning records captured with him, and was started to Washington. The ex-prisoners who were stationed

all along his route made desperate efforts to kill him as he passed through, but the brutal, cowardly wretch was fortunately preserved, tried, convicted and decently hung on the tenth of November, 1865, and appropriately buried in the old capitol prison grounds beside Atzerodt, one of the assassinators of Abraham Lincoln. His wife and daughters have disappeared and I was unable to learn from their friends at Andersonville where they moved to. Wirz' old house has been burned, but its massive brick chimney still stands a grim monument of his fiendish exploits.

In a semi-circle southeast of the flagstaff are the graves of six desperadoes who were hung by the prisoners in the stockade on the eleventh of July, 1864, for robbery and murder of their comrades. They were the leaders of a gang of bounty jumpers from the slums of eastern cities who had enlisted for large bounties or as substitutes for men of wealth who had been drafted. They were skulkers on the battlefield, and always on the lookout for a chance to rob their fellow soldiers. In the stockade they led gangs or roughs called "Raiders" in midnight excursions among the sick and defenseless prisoners, robbing them of blankets, clothing, money or food, and often murdered them while asleep for the scanty possessions to be thus obtained. These six men, viz.: Pat Delaney, of Pennsylvania; Chas. Curtis, of Rhode Island; Wm. Collins, of Pennsylvania; John Sarsfield, of New York; Wm. Rickson, of United States navy, and A. Munn, United States navy, were tried as leaders of the "Raiders," convicted, and hung in the stockade, and buried separate from the other prisoners.

* * * * * * * *

The ground upon which the stockade stood should be purchased by our government and attached to the national cemetery and forever preserved, with its old wells, its fallen timbers, its earthworks, its creek and spring, all of which in the coming years will be points of historic interest that should not be destroyed.

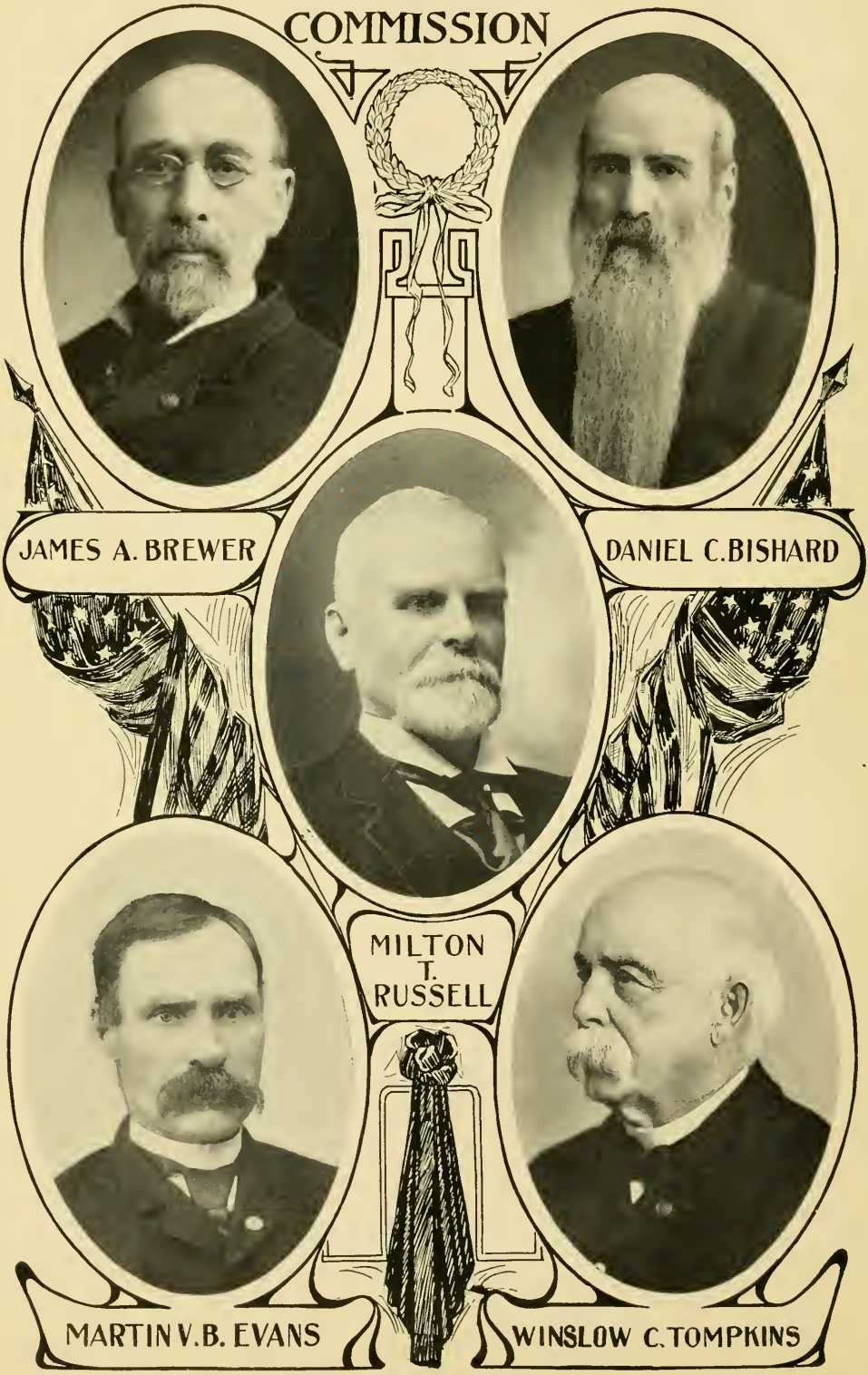
Already the owners of the ground are leveling the earthworks, filling up the old wells and caves, removing the palisades and obliterating the landmarks that still remain, and unless prompt

steps are taken for their preservation, in a few years more the old prison pen will have entirely disappeared and all traces of its existence removed to make room for the encroaching cotton-fields.

Before closing this long letter, made up so largely of a recital of barbarities that are too horrid to dwell upon, I want to give my voice in the most emphatic language in favor of a long delayed act of reparation—so far as our government is concerned—to the survivors of the rebel prison pens. Our people in their security, prosperity, and abundance, seldom pause in their absorbing pursuit of wealth and pleasures to reflect upon the price that our private soldiers of twenty years ago paid in privations, wounds, diseases, and death—to purchase for us this great prosperity. It is doubtful whether any soldier incarcerated in a rebel prison for even three months (if he survived its horrors) ever came out without serious and lasting injury to his health, which will increase as old age comes on. The sufferings and horrors of these months can never be realized nor adequately described by those who were not among the victims. The least our government could do to show its gratitude to the survivors who are rapidly passing away would be to grant a pension of honor to the men who endured and survived the barbarities that killed one out of every three of them. Beautiful national cemeteries have been provided for the 60,000 victims who perished by this fiendish system of destroying Union soldiers adopted by the Southern Confederacy in its desperation; marble headstones mark their last resting place all through the south; green grass, choice shrubbery and shade trees ornament the well kept grounds where solid walls, iron gates, and loyal superintendents keep careful watch and sacred care of these silent cities of the heroic dead. But of the other thousands who were their comrades in peril and suffering and barely escaped the most horrid of deaths, our people and their government seem to be unmindful. We are voting millions to aid commerce and navigation, to erect magnificent buildings for federal officials; we are creating new offices with liberal salaries, and aiding various schemes for public improvements, and yet congress hesitates to enroll on the pension lists the 10,000 or 12,000 surviving inmates of rebel prison

barbarities. There is neither justice, honor, or common gratitude in this long continued neglect by our prosperous government to recognize by suitable testimonial the survivors of the prison pens of the south.

IOWA ANDERSONVILLE PRISON MONUMENT COMMISSION



THE COMMISSION AND ITS WORK

The Thirtieth General Assembly of Iowa appropriated ten thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting a monument at Andersonville, Georgia, commemorating the valor, suffering and martyrdom of the Iowa soldiers who were imprisoned and died in the Confederate prison at that place. The governor was authorized to appoint a commission of five members, each of whom must have served at least three months as a prisoner of war, to select the site and erect the monument. Governor Cummins appointed the following as members of the commission:

James A. Brewer, Twenty-third Missouri infantry.
Daniel C. Bishard, Eighth Iowa cavalry.
Milton T. Russell, Fifty-first Indiana infantry.
Martin V. B. Evans, Eighth Iowa cavalry.
Winslow C. Tompkins, Twelfth U. S. Infantry.

The commissioners met at the governor's office July 19, 1904, and organized by electing James A. Brewer chairman and Daniel C. Bishard, secretary. During the month of October of that year the commission visited the old prison grounds and selected a site in the national cemetery on which to erect the monument. The cemetery lies north of the old prison grounds and is the last resting place of the Union soldiers who died while confined in the prison stockade.

The commission did not employ a sculptor to design the monument. In their visit to the battlefields in the south they noted such features of the many monuments already erected which to their minds could be used advantageously in the erection of the Iowa monument considering the limited appropriation at their command. The figure of the weeping woman which caps the monument was suggested by a drawing by Thomas Nast which appeared in Harpers' Weekly during the war. The quotation from the Scripture which is engraved on

the south side of the die was suggested by a member of the commission who realized the appropriateness of the verses. After agreeing among themselves as to the general character of the monument and as to the inscriptions and decorations to be placed on it the commission employed the architectural firm of Proudfoot & Bird of Des Moines to make a drawing and determine the proportions of the several parts. Bids for the erection of the monument were asked for and the contract was let to the Des Moines Marble and Mantle Company for eight thousand one hundred and thirty dollars.

The monument was completed January 20, 1906, at which time it was formally accepted by the chairman and secretary on behalf of the commission. It is composed of seven pieces of granite and stands on a concrete base three feet thick. It is twenty feet in height and weighs seventy-five tons. The base is ten feet square, while the die, or main shaft, is five by seven feet of polished Montello granite. Surmounting the die is the figure of a weeping woman. It faces the west, occupying a sightly place and is passed by all visitors going from the national cemetery to the old prison grounds.

Inscriptions On the Monument.

On the west die the seal of Iowa is engraved, beneath which are these words:

"Iowa Honors the turf that wraps their clay.
THE UNKNOWN.
Their names are recorded in the archives of their country."

On the base:

"Act Thirtieth General Assembly."

On the south die is engraved a water scene with overhanging willows and a mountain rising in the background, under which is engraved the following quotation from the seventh chapter of Revelations, sixteenth and seventeenth verses:

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which

is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

On the base:

"God smote the side hill and gave them drink: August 16, 1864."

On the east die are the words "Death Before Dishonor," beneath which are the names, with the company and regiment, of one hundred and seven Iowa soldiers who died while confined in prison.

On the base:

"Erected A. D. 1905."

On the north die are the words "Death Before Dishonor" and the names, with company and regiment, of one hundred and seven more Iowa soldiers who died while confined in the prison.

On the base:

"COMMISSIONERS.

"*Sergeant* D. C. BISHARD, Co. M, Eighth Iowa cavalry, prisoner 9 months.

"*Corporal* M. V. B. EVANS, Co. I, Eighth Iowa cavalry, prisoner 8 months.

"*Captain* J. A. BREWER, Co. C, Twenty-third Missouri infantry, prisoner 7 months.

"*Captain* M. T. RUSSELL, Co. A, Fifty-first Indiana infantry, prisoner 18 months.

"*Corporal* W. C. TOMPKINS, Co. D, Twelfth U. S. infantry, prisoner 8 months."

CHATTANOOGA

Lookout Mountain
Sherman Heights
Rossville Gap

INTRODUCTORY

The special train left Andersonville with all of its sorrowful memories, early Saturday evening for Macon and Atlanta, reaching the latter city twenty-four hours behind schedule time. A reception for the Iowa party had been planned at Atlanta by the Governor of Georgia and the citizens of Atlanta for Saturday but had been abandoned because of the delay. The train, however, remained at the station during Sunday and most of the party visited points of interest in that great and thriving southern city and the old battlefields surrounding it.

Monday morning the train reached that very beautiful city, Chattanooga, around which cluster so many sad and interesting memories of the war. At eight o'clock Monday morning the party boarded street cars and soon started for the foot of Lookout Mountain incline. At the crest of the mountain they left the cars and walked through mud and rain out toward Lookout Point, passing on the way the seventy-five-thousand dollar New York monument recently erected to the memory of the blue and gray. Descending from Lookout Point some eight hundred wood and stone steps, Lookout Mountain battlefield and the scene of the battle above the clouds was reached. Here before the celebrated Craven House stands the Iowa monument, and after the party had inspected and admired it, pausing in contemplation of the panorama of the valley and awed by the recollection of the heroic deeds of the boys in blue in this most spectacular battle of the war, the ceremonies of the dedication were carried out.

After the dedication of the monument on Lookout Mountain the party returned to the city for lunch and at one o'clock they started in carriages for Sherman Heights reservation on the north end of Missionary Ridge. The Iowa monument at this point was dedicated during the afternoon.

The dedicatory exercises were completed at Sherman Heights in time for the cavalcade, before returning to the city, to pass for some miles over the broad and well kept government boulevard in its winding way along this celebrated ridge, which lifts its crest hundreds of feet above the plains on either side.

Monday evening a delightful and inspiring concert was rendered by Chief Musician Landers and the Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band in the spacious lobby of the Reed House, which was enjoyed by the Iowa party and a large number of the citizens of Chattanooga.

Tuesday morning carriages, automobiles and interurban cars were brought into requisition for sight-seeing about the city, up the mountain and to the more distant Chickamauga park.

In the afternoon at one-thirty the Iowa party and a large concourse of people gathered around the beautiful and imposing Iowa monument at Rossville Gap. Captain E. E. Betts, the government park engineer, had here erected a beautifully decorated platform large enough to accommodate the entire Iowa delegation and the members of the Chattanooga Union Post and the Confederate Camp, who, by special invitation, attended in a body. During the afternoon the Iowa monument was dedicated.

Tuesday evening Governor and Mrs. Cummins entertained the officers of the various commissions and their wives at a dinner served in the private dining parlor of the Reed House.

At nine o'clock Tuesday evening the Iowa party left Chattanooga in their special train, passed around the northern point of Lookout Mountain and down the valley of the Tennessee river on their way to dedicate the Iowa monuments on the battle-

field of Shiloh. The train passed through Nashville about midnight and Johnsonville was reached the next morning.

At Johnsonville the party left the train and boarded the Tennessee river steamboats, The City of Saltillo and The City of Memphis, and soon started up the Tennessee river for a one hundred and nineteen mile ride to Pittsburg Landing, the scene of that first great battle and victory of the west, and indeed of the war—the battle of Shiloh. Pittsburg Landing was reached Wednesday morning.

IOWA MONUMENT ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Exercises at the Dedication of the Iowa State Monument on Lookout Mountain, November 19, 1906

10:30 A. M.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band

Call to Order . . . . . Captain John A. Young
Chairman of the Commission

Invocation . . . . . Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie
of Des Moines

"O Lord God Almighty, the Everlasting One, the strength of the hills is thine. Out of the clouds and the wrappings of mystery, we lift up our thanks to thee, thou who knowest the end from the beginning, and who seest through all our perplexities. Grant, we beseech thee, this one blessing and favor, that what we do may be done in the right spirit and may be acceptable in thy sight. Here, Lord, we set up these stones—these monuments—testifying to our remembrance of men who died in the midst of their pressing duties; died in the midst of danger; died surrendering themselves freely for the sake of their common country. They offered themselves as a sacrifice and were consumed. We pray that there may be in the hearts of the American people everywhere the spirit to honor them, to remember thee, and to teach the children coming after us that all these liberties of ours have been won and preserved at the price of countless sacrifices.

"We pray that thy blessing may be with those who remain; who were in the strife and who survived. God be with them in their declining years. We pray that thy favor may be toward the President of the United States and the army and navy of the United States, and with all the states that are bound together in this Union. May the Union

be a permanent one. May there not be any of the stars or any of the stripes erased from our flag. May we know how to be one strong, abiding people, building ourselves up and fortifying ourselves in justice and righteousness and truth, testifying to the divine goodness to our land.

"Let thy blessing rest upon us and upon our broad domain. May freedom be preserved. May all righteous government be perpetuated, and thy great name be glorified in a just and faithful and industrious people. Accept our thanks for thy goodness. Teach our hearts to reverence the things that are worthy of reverence. Help us to choose the things that are good, and with all our courage and all our strength to pursue the things that are right.

"Hear our prayers, and abide with us, in the name of Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Address . . . . . Colonel Alonzo Abernethy
Ninth Iowa

Mr. Chairman, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We gather today, on this one of a thousand battlefields, where "far-away feet grew beautiful as they hastened to duty, and halted in death." A distant commonwealth has set apart a quarter of a million dollars to erect memorials on old battlefields, and commissioned its chief magistrate and other officials to journey hither two thousand miles for their dedication. What is the purpose of these expenditures and ceremonies? To honor devotion, endurance and sacrifice? Yes, and more. To promote the cause of humanity, and the betterment of posterity.

In April, 1861, a young Boston clergyman preached a stirring patriotic sermon. His mother, who lived in the south, wrote him to ask if he was called to preach the sword, rather than to preach the gospel. His laconic answer was, "My dear mother, I am called not to preach the sword, but to use it. When this government tumbles, look amongst the ruins for your son." That was the spirit of American patriotism in 1861, both north and south.

Can we believe that the sentiment of devotion to liberty, of love of country, of affection for the old flag, has suffered any decline in these later days? I can not. They are as old as the human family, as imperishable as the race. The institutions of a country may be hateful, yet her children will love her; will fight for her integrity. But it was reserved for America to illustrate a new patriotism in the earth; and we may be here today, giving a new exhibition of fraternal feeling and patriotic purpose.

Our forefathers, in their first great struggle, exhibited a patriotism that was more than patriotism. A new voice was speaking in the councils of the American Revolution. It was a voice of no great volume, but it had a portentous meaning. It was a daring challenge from a struggling band in the new world, to the venerable and mighty governments of the old. It rang out the startling proposition that, "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, that when any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it." It was this voice that inspired the men and women of 1776 in their profound struggle for individual and national liberty and justice. This was America's first great achievement and her first lesson in civic righteousness to the old world.

Our forefathers saw, indeed, the light of a great principle, but their vision was not yet quite clear. It failed to penetrate the labyrinths of some long hidden truth. The principle was correct in its enunciation, but not in its application. They said that all men should be free; but they agreed to hold some men in bondage. In the nature of things, that principle had to be restated, and its application extended, even though it must cost the voluntary sacrifice of a half million patriots, in a cruel war, to save the old Union on the old basis. The revolution taught the world that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. The civil war taught that a free people cannot permit any part or class of their number to suffer oppression or wrong. It was a costly lesson, but it had to be learned; and America, both north and south, and all humanity, are the better for its learning.

Again at the beginning of the Spanish American war, for the third time, our country was convulsed with a deep sense of wrong. What was the meaning of that profound emotion that set the nation again on fire, that reached out to the farthest hearth-stone, and moved alike, young and old, rich and poor, citizen and statesman, all sections, all parties, all classes, and all faiths? It was none other than the cry of humanity. A neighboring people were suffering untold wrongs. We had pleaded for thirty years in vain for their abatement. They had become insufferable. It literally compelled our countrymen —the whole of them—to subordinate all considerations of propriety, of cost, or of sacrifice. This universal conviction brought instantly 60,000 free men to arms. They were not merely the soldiers of this Republic, but of all mankind. Many times 60,000 stood ready to enter into this contest for humanity. Our country was again plunged into the midst of the sublimest movement of the ages. It was an advance movement of the army of civilization. It swept forward alike President and people, "we were but the instruments of heaven; our work was not design; but destiny." "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

This far cry of humanity to right a wrong more than accomplished its purpose. It delivered the suffering people of Cuba from intolerable wrong and oppression. It re-united our own people as no other event could have done, possibly, for a century to come, the south actually leading in carrying the old flag amidst the thickest hail of shot and shell. It again made the stars and stripes the idol of a re-united American people.

"On the folds of our loved and cherished Old Glory,
American patriots in the crises of time,
Have engraved in gilt letters the marvelous story,
Of valor unequalled and of manhood sublime."

This brief and comparatively bloodless Spanish-American war achieved greater ends than these even. It taught the world to respect American power and American purpose. The results of that insignificant struggle with a European power, made it

impossible for any power or combination of powers to again unite to compass the defeat of a people anywhere in a heroic struggle for self-protection or for existence.

It cost both blood and treasure as all former struggles had done, as all struggles for right and humanity must ever do, but great as was the cost, greater yet was the gain, alike to ourselves and to humanity.

Shall the new century bring like new achievement for American manhood? Opportunity was never greater; the need of it never so apparent, in the growing volume and power of wealth, of combination, manipulation, intimidation, and the like; in the enormous power of the press for both good and evil.

Can anything stem the tide of American industrial ambition, and greed for wealth and power, the portending menace of our time? Only alert and honest manhood. Only if successful appeal can be made to the spirit of 1776, 1861, and 1898. Only if public and official service can be made what the term implies, service for the public or for others, rather than opportunity for personal gain.

If when a state dedicates a score of conspicuous monuments to the memory of heroic service in the past, it could in the same act, inspire its statesmen and leaders to dedicate their lives to unselfish and lofty service, the problem of American civil service, and industrial combination and accumulation would be solved.

This modest shaft, like every other of its kind, is essentially a record of glorious manhood, displayed here and elsewhere; on battle field, picket line, and weary march; in bivouac and camp and hospital; or away yonder in the quiet of the anxious and sorrowing home.

May the memory of these memorials, for a thousand years, inspire the same spirit of unselfish devotion and lofty manhood.

Who knows if this new movement animating alike peoples and states, east and west, north and south, to honor sturdy manhood, the heritage of all men, in these bronze and granite memorials on former fields of heroic contest, may not culminate in a fourth and superb expression of the brotherhood of man, preparing our country for its greater mission, at home and abroad.

Then will Bartholdi's colossal statue, yonder in New York harbor, with its uplifted torch, shining out three hundred feet above the pedestal, continue to proclaim its glorious mission to the people of the whole earth: "Liberty Enlightening the World."

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.
* * * * * *
In the ship-yard stood the Master,
With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!
* * * * * *
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.
* * * * * *
Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

Address . . . . . General James B. Weaver

Mr. Chairman, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are standing on an historic spot. We may never see it again. It is famed in legend, poetry and song, but it will chiefly be known to after ages as the scene of one of the most sanguinary conflicts of our civil war. Do you realize, ladies and gentlemen, that you are now standing where the earth was literally red with human blood? This was the scene, right here, of perhaps the severest fighting on this mountain. At the

peach orchard there (pointing), were Walthall's headquarters, and they were protected by the chivalry and the flower of the Confederate army. Our army literally swept over not only this part of the field, but over the mountain, along its sides, and down its sides, and on to its summit. Vicksburg was the Confederates' impregnable position, they said, and Lookout Mountain their Gibraltar. They said it never could be taken, and I heard a Confederate say one day that he was on the side of the mountain when an Iowa regiment was sweeping like a torrent over the field, and so impetuous was their charge that he hid behind an immense rock, and after they had swept by he came out, pulled off his hat, and shouted, "How are you, Gibraltar?"

There was nothing that was impregnable to the Union armies; nothing that was impregnable to Iowa soldiers. In all the round of that tremendous sanguinary war, I am proud to say that the sons of Iowa who lived within the domain of that territory (pointing to the map of Iowa carved upon the monument)—that imperishable map graven in the rock—no soldier, no part of the army, surpassed the Iowa boys in valor and in devotion to the flag.

I remember well when we received the "Gate City," with the dispatch that Lincoln had called for 75,000 volunteers. We formed a company that day. We did not wait; did not stand upon the order of our going, but enlisted that day, and offered ourselves to the first Iowa regiment.

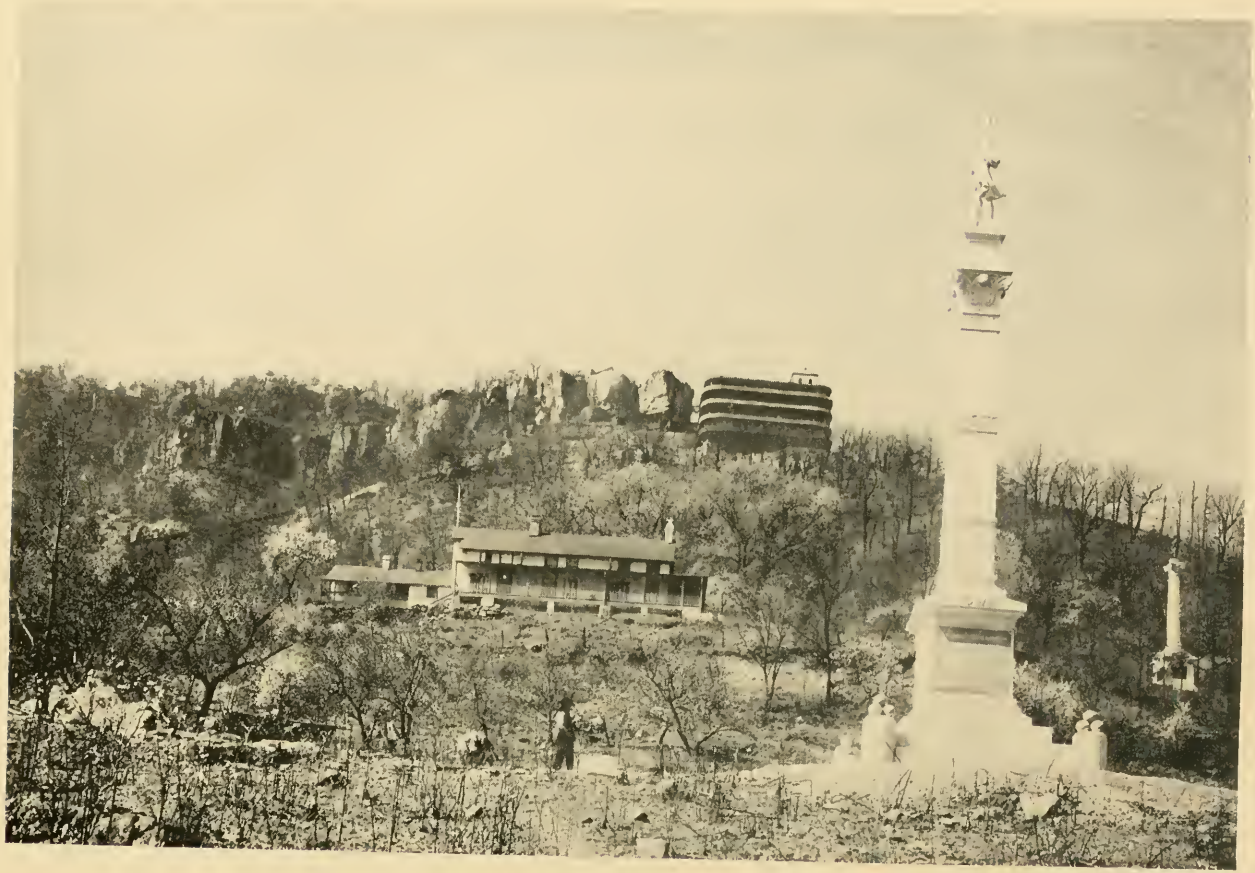
Now, as to the motives of those who answered the call. You know—you comrades all know it, but the young men and young women listening to me may not know it. I want to tell you that we knew nothing of compensation, and cared less. We simply went, and laid ourselves upon the altar of our country, and said, "Here, take us." Now, you know what that meant. It meant, if we were successful in going through the war, a long and tedious service. It meant that we had to encounter the disease and privation incident to camp life, and the probability—almost certainty—of being either wounded or slain. If wounded, to be a cripple for life. And yet, with all these facts pressing upon our minds, the young men of the whole country said, "Life is worth nothing to us if the Union cannot be saved."

Now we are a united people, a loving people, and may we ever remain such. When the war was over, hatred was gone from my breast. Why, it never was there. I would give a Confederate soldier a cup of my coffee or a piece of my hardtack as quickly as I would to a Union soldier if he needed it. I remember at Donelson, the Confederates were drawn up in long lines near my regiment. As we went by them, one of the men said, "Are you from Iowa?" "Yes." "Is there a man by the name of Smith in your regiment?" "Yes." "Well, he is my cousin." And all the way down the line, they cheered Old Glory. And when Grant said "Take the flag," and the Second Iowa took it and put it upon the ramparts and gave nine cheers to the flag, the Confederates, thousands of them, cheered Old Glory just as we did.

Now, another thing to show you the spirit of these Union soldiers. Why, bless you, they had religion. Grant said to the Second Iowa, after we had marched into the citadel, "Drive out the Confederates from those cabins." Do you suppose our boys drove them out? Why, no. They said, "Johnny, don't go," and in fifteen minutes the Union soldiers and the Confederate soldiers were eating their rations together and playing cards for sport, chatting, laughing and loving one another.

"A new commandment I give unto you," said the Lord, "that you love one another."

I am glad to be here this morning. I feel as though I could go through another campaign. I would enlist just as I did then. This is one of the red letter days of my life. We now come down from Iowa 140 strong, but we came down here 80,000 strong in the sixties. God bless Iowa. God bless our people. God bless the men who have had charge of honoring the dead by erecting these monuments. May their lives be long, prosperous and happy. I thank you.



VIEW ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, SHOWING THE CRAVEN HOUSE, PALISADES AND IOWA MONUMENT

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band

Address . . . . . Henry A. Chambers
of Chattanooga, Tennessee, a Confederate Soldier

Mr. President, Old Soldiers, Governor Cummins, Ladies and Fellow Citizens of Iowa:

The Confederate Veterans of N. B. Forrest camp at Chattanooga, accepting your courteous invitation in the spirit in which it was given, have commissioned me as their representative to be present with you on this occasion.

No intimation has been given me, you or them as to what I should say or what line of thought I should pursue. I am therefore free to follow my own inclinations. But I am sure all true Confederate soldiers are in full sympathy with the purposes which brought you here today. Two of the redeeming traits of our poor human nature are admiration for real heroism in the living and reverence for the memory of the dead—the dead who acted well their part in life.

It would be no credit to the Confederate soldiers who made defense on this historic spot forty-three years ago, if the six Iowa regiments, the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first infantry and the First battery of artillery, had not, with their fellow partisans, performed well their soldierly duties on that misty twenty-fourth day of November, 1863.

And no brave soldier who faced and fought their bold attack on that day regrets to see the memory of their deeds kept fresh by this impressive monument. It is right that Iowa should thus perpetuate the memory of her soldiers, and it is not improper that their former foes should be represented in these solemn ceremonies.

In the minds of the survivors of that battle, here present, this place and occasion must revive with vividness the stirring scenes of that fateful day. Though bearing the weight of many added years, and though their minds are filled with the distant and peaceful scenes of nearly half a century, they must, nevertheless, here and now, recall the keen excitement with which, in mist and fog that day, they moved they knew not whither

nor against what odds, while the loud clamor of battle, the booming cannon, shrieking shells, rattling musketry, whistling, deadly bullets, words of stern command and tumultous yells of defiance and encouragement, filled and fretted the heavy air around and above them.

And well may the recollection of that day of heroic strife cause them to feel again in their aging blood the tingling touch and warmth of youth; for history holds no parallel to the mighty struggle of which this battle here formed a part.

It was, as General Boynton said, "our war"—a war which exhibited, as at Chickamauga, "grand, awe-inspiring, magnificent fighting"—which caused that brave Union officer, when he recalled what he termed "the unsurpassed Confederate fighting" he saw at Chickamauga, to say that in his heart he "thanked God that the men who were equal to such endeavors on the battlefield were Americans." It was indeed our own home war —a war of Americans against Americans—conducted as only Americans could. While the ranks contained some foreigners, substitutes, hirelings and conscripts, yet it was a war almost entirely between the best American citizens, who displayed, not the brutal bravery of the bully, the craze of the fanatic, the sodden, sullen indifference of ignorant, driven masses or the bitterness of national or race antagonism, but that highest type of human courage, born of intelligent opinion, accompanied by a full sense of danger and responsibility, and sustained by a settled determination, live or die, to stand for principle.

I have heard some excellent men, who were splendid soldiers in that great contest, say they wanted to forget that war and all its scenes. But, for myself, while glad to shut out of my memory, if I could, the horrors of the war, yet since the war had to be, I am proud to have been one of the many thousands who helped to make history in those four stirring and eventful years, when so much heroism and sacrifice for principle were displayed.

Nevertheless, peace would have been better. Those who now talk of the war on public occasions are apt, in their enthusiasm, to forget that notwithstanding its glories, war is one of the worst of human scourges. A distinguished and able man and a former soldier from the north recently made a speech in Chattanooga

on the results of the war in which he attributed to the triumph of the Union arms, practically, all the present unprecedented prosperity of the country after over forty years of peace. The logical lesson to be drawn from that and similar speeches is, that if a country wishes to prosper one of its stronger sections should devastate the other, kill its men, or disable them by wounds and disease, widow its wives, orphan its children, destroy its homes and all accumulated property, as war must do, and turn the discouraged remnant of the population out to begin anew the struggle of life in the most primitive or worse than primitive conditions. He is not alone in attributing to war the beneficent results of peace. Others have done and are still doing the same thing. They forget, or neglect to state, that the country has prospered, not because of, but in spite of the tremendous destructions of the war and the heavy, lasting burdens it imposed. They ignore the fact that it was Almighty God and not the armies of men that furnished the prime elements of our greatness, the land and water and air, the climate, the sunshine and shower, the mighty forces of steam and electricity, the varying seasons, the exhaustless wealth of material on and in the numberless valleys, limitless plains and countless hills and mountains of this great country, and, withal, gave to man the power of thought, strength of muscle, energy of spirit and indomitable pluck that took hold of these powerful agencies, and notwithstanding the devastations of the war, developed them into this great prosperity. They ignore the fact that if the lives and means that were lost, had been saved, and if the enthusiasm, energy and skill and money and resources devoted during the four years of war to purposes of destruction, had instead been in peace, then and since, devoted to purposes of production and construction, the country, in all probability, would have reached its present marvelous prosperity fully a generation ago, and would now be fully a generation ahead.

Glorious as are the events and recollections of that mighty struggle, we should not magnify them beyond reason, though the temptation is great to an old soldier, especially on the winning side, to do so.

They need no magnifying. The plain and simple facts furnish glory enough to both sides for one generation and for all time to come. No human actions can ever surpass them. An irreconcilable conflict of opinion had arisen among the American people. In the providence of God it had to be settled by the fearful ordeal of war. The ability of its previous discussion has never been excelled. The spirit and force of the struggle that followed have never been equalled.

Iowa did her full share on her side of the conflict. Her soldiers measured up with those of her sister states of the north. And here, on this rugged mountain side, they did brave battle for their cause. And here where peerless Point Lookout stands guard forever, let this beautiful monument, erected by Iowa's sons, preserve the memory of their martial deeds, "till time and tide shall be no more!"

Address . . . . . Albert B. Cummins
Governor of Iowa

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Commission, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The faithful follower of Mohammed counts himself especially fortunate if once during his whole life he is permitted to walk the weary way to Mecca, and there kneel before the tomb of the Prophet. He is reinspired in his faith, reinforced in his strength, as he draws from this fountain of religion his lessons for the future. My dear friends, it seems to me that we ought to congratulate ourselves in that we have been permitted to make this pilgrimage to the shrine of the brave boys who, more than forty years ago, wrought deeds so valorous upon these heights and upon this historic spot. We are here to honor them, but in honoring them we will strengthen ourselves. What they did has been written in the annals of a grateful country; it has been carved into the enduring granite and moulded into the imperishable bronze. Let us resolve that their spirit and their purpose be graven deep upon our hearts as we turn to duties yet before us.

I was much impressed with the sentiment so beautifully expressed by my friend, Colonel Abernethy, one of the members of this commission. It was hard to climb these heights in the face of hostile guns. It was hard to preserve courage and fortitude in the midst of the fearful carnage of this assault; but, my friends, peace has its perils as well as war, and I have often thought that it was a little harder to be a patriot in time of peace than it was to be a patriot in time of war. This great country demands now the highest type of citizen, just as it demanded forty years and more ago the highest type of soldier, and we ought, as I doubt not we will, consecrate ourselves anew, as we gather to sing the praises of the boys of 1861. We ought to make a deeper and firmer resolution that we will be as faithful to the things committed to our hands as they were to the things designed for them to do. And in that thought, it seems to me, lies the great value of these dedications. I think, both north and south, we will turn away from this beautiful shaft determined to do better and to live better for the country for which these heroes fought, and for which many of them died.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band

IOWA MONUMENT ON SHERMAN HEIGHTS

Exercises at the Dedication of the Iowa State Monument on Sherman Heights, November 19, 1906

2:30 P. M.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band

Call to Order . . . . . Captain John A. Young
Chairman of the Commission

Invocation . . . . . Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie
Des Moines, Iowa

"O, God Almighty, thou alone art great. We, thy children, deriving our lives from thee, our aspirations and our hopes from thee, fancy sometimes that we are great, and we cultivate our pride and our self-sufficiency, believing that we accomplish great things in the world; but, Lord, we bow down before thee today and acknowledge that thou art indeed over all, the mighty God in whom we believe, under whom we live and by whose guidance we are sustained.

"We come here today to set apart these monumental stones in memory of those who gave themselves in earlier days that they might roll back the tide of revolution; that they might preserve an untorn flag; that they might preserve in this land the glorious inheritance of American citizenship.

"Lord, we pray thee that their devotion and their sacrifice may not be in vain, and that we may ever be a people worthy of such heroes as those who died in our defense. Let thy blessing be upon our people everywhere. Grant to us prosperity with righteousness and justice, so that we may enter into the fulfilling of the unfinished work which these brave boys began. So may we do our part in preserving for the ages to come a government by the people, of the people, for the people. Accept our thanks, O Lord, for thy guidance, support and instruction. God grant our prayer, and save the United States of America. Amen."

Address . . . . . Captain Mahlon Head
Tenth Iowa

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the Commission, Governor of Iowa, Ladies and Gentlemen:

For your information, I wish to say that I am not used to speaking in the open air, or anywhere else for that matter. I am here as one of the survivors of the struggle which occurred at this place some forty-three years ago.

On our itinerary, we have dedicated several monuments. We have listened to addresses and eulogies by men who can speak better than I, and I am inclined to let well enough alone; therefore what I have to say will have to be in another direction. I do not care to repeat what you have already heard, or to tire you with statistics, or with recorded history, because I know your time is precious.

It seems to have been the custom to erect monuments in the past. These monuments stand as milestones in the history of the world. We cannot but see that its history is made up of the histories of wars. I have often thought, "What if there had been no war?" What if all the property that was destroyed in war had been left intact? What if all the treasures that have been squandered and all the energy that was wasted or lost had been turned into the usual channels of life,—what would be the condition of the world now? It seems to me, ladies and gentlemen, that life is entirely too short to be abridged in this way. It seems to me that when mother earth surrenders to us her wealth, her material supplies, with such reluctance, that before we can call them our own we are compelled to get them by the sweat of our brows, the waste of supplies and the destruction of material wealth in war seems to me to be the height of folly; but it seems, in the economy of God, that somehow or other war is at times inevitable. It seems to me, however, that in this twentieth century we have come to a place and a time when we ought to be able to evolve some method whereby we could settle all our differences between man and man, between men and corporations and nations, in some peaceable way. Certainly, with the intelligence of this age, with the experience of all the past, we ought now to be able to formulate some plan, and

adhere to it, to see that no more military force is called into requisition to settle our difficulties.

It seems to me, as one of the survivors of the struggle which occurred here some forty-three years ago, that after listening to so much of what we did for our country, that it would be proper for us to remember what the good people of Iowa did for us. They have heard much of what we have done for them. I want to say that from the very moment that we enlisted in 1861 until the war closed, we had the sympathy and the encouragement of all the loyal people of the state of Iowa, in every manner and at every time that it was possible for them to extend it. When we entered the United States service, we agreed to submit to military law, thus surrendering, partially at least, our liberty, and we agreed to do the duties of the soldier. It is not necessary for me to enlarge upon that. We finally, at the end of four long and weary years, accomplished our purpose. We returned to our homes in Iowa, and contrary to the expectations of some, when we laid down our arms we unostentatiously stepped into our places in civil life, just as though we had stepped out a few hours before. When we returned home, we found that the people of our state had approved our work. We heard the welcome words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servants."

Since the war, in every way that the state of Iowa could possibly relieve the burdens upon our shoulders, or extend to us their sympathy, by any kindly token, they have done so. We want, here and now, to publicly acknowledge that the state of Iowa has always accorded us the most generous treatment. In nothing have they lacked, and I feel today like returning my thanks, and sending a message home that we are not unmindful of these favors; that we, the old soldiers, who are nearing the end of life's journey, are not ungrateful for their many kindnesses toward us.

(Here the speaker narrated some of his personal experiences in the battle near the point at which the monument stands.)

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank you for the kind attention you have given me. There are three splendid speakers, with voices stronger than mine, who will address you, and I know you will be glad to hear them. I therefore yield to them.

Address . . . . . Hon. N. E. Kendall
of Iowa

Mr. President:

It is first my pleasant duty to render acknowledgment of this generous greeting. I esteem it a very distinguished honor to be assigned even an informal and subordinate office in these impressive exercises. It is difficult for me to understand why I have been invited to this occasion. The heroic men, living and dead, who earned immortality here, represent the militant age of the Republic; an age which produced Lincoln and the trusted counsellors in whom he confided, which produced Grant and the faithful generals who obeyed his orders, which produced the countless hosts of that grand army, ready and eager for the strange sacrifice of blood by which the emancipation of the slave and the perpetuity of the Union were secured, while I belong to a generation born long after the civil war was terminated in a blaze of glory at Appomattox. It seems, therefore, almost a profanation for me to appear here merely to say things on this historic spot where they actually did things. The presence here this afternoon of this distinguished company from Iowa, her Chief Executive, her eminent men, her beautiful women, is not casual or accidental. It is in pursuance of the studied design of our beloved commonwealth to recognize by appropriate memorials upon all the fields where her sons were engaged, the bravery and valor and endurance which they there exemplified. We have journeyed here from our far northern home to certify that the spirit of patriotism which inspired our soldiers to enlist in the volunteer service in 1861, actuates all our people now to embalm their unrivalled deeds in the amber of memory; to establish that love of country is still grandly predominant, and that the sainted old heroes who followed Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Logan and McPherson to victory, are enshrined deep in the affections of all the loyal sons and daughters of Iowa; and to reconsecrate ourselves anew to the proposition that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

However, it may be in other sections of our common country, in the imperial commonwealth from which we come we believe

that every man who volunteered to rescue the grandest flag in all the skies from dishonor is entitled to most generous recognition from his grateful government; that every man who surrendered his life that we may live must be enrolled with the redeemed host on high; that every man who endured a thousand deaths at Andersonville must be immediately admitted into the most transcendant ecstasies of the New Jerusalem. And in the sweet gloom of this November day, out of the fullness of an overflowing heart I declare that remembering all the triumphs of my country's past, enjoying all the blessings of my country's present, anticipating all the splendors of my country's future, I have more profound pride in this consideration than in any other: that in the days of his youth and health and strength my own father, now gone to his long reward, was a faithful private soldier in the historic war for the Union.

The awful days when men with muscles of iron and nerves of steel fought and bled and died on this hallowed ground have passed into history. More than four decades have elapsed since the last gun was fired in the fratricidal conflict. We assemble now not so much to reflect honor upon the men whose bravery and valor and loyalty here contributed to preserve the integrity of the Republic, for throughout all the ages their honor is complete, as to appropriate to ourselves the invaluable lessons which their inspiring example imparts. We come to gather renewed devotion to the great cause for which they offered the last full measure of devotion. And if my feeble voice can reach the great state from which we come, I appeal to its young men and young women to look to the past for the patriotism displayed upon a thousand battlefields. I appeal for a higher, a broader, a deeper consecration to the public service, that the sacrifices suffered by those who battled here shall not have been in vain.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band

Address . . . . . Captain J. P. Smartt
of Chattanooga, Tennessee

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, Comrades of the Blue and the Gray:

After the lapse of nearly forty-three years since the memorable conflict on this historic ground, we are assembled to dedicate this beautiful and enduring memorial,—provided by the munificence of the grateful people of the great state of Iowa to the valor of her sons who fought on this field, and to the intrepidity of the American soldier.

It is a source of keen regret that the states which furnished the troops that occupied the line of defense on this part of the field have not seen proper to erect suitable memorials to perpetuate their prowess so conspicuously displayed on that occasion, but the logic of the situation teaches, that there must have been a defense, or there could have been no conflict. The battle of Missionary Ridge, so far as I am aware, was the first general engagement in which the Army of Tennessee fought behind a rude and imperfect barricade of stone and logs; up to this time it had been considered discreditable to seek shelter of any kind, but the repeated repulses sustained by the assaulting lines of the right wing at Chickamauga, entailing a loss of nearly fifty per cent, including three brigade commanders, General Helm, Deshler and Colonel Colquit, in attacking the fortified lines of General Thomas, convinced General Bragg and his subordinate officers of the utility of defensive works, and as the division of General Cleburne was perhaps the heaviest sufferer, he was quick to profit by his experience, and constructed on this line the best protection possible with the limited time and implements at his command; but it was near midnight of the twenty-fourth, that he was informed of General Bragg's decision to maintain his position on the ridge the following day; an eclipse of the moon and a heavy fire of the enemy's artillery as soon as light appeared, prevented any defensive works whatever in front of the battery on Tunnel Hill. General Cleburne was not only a stubborn fighter, but also a practical engineer,

and when his division, composed from left to right of the brigades of Smith's Texas, Govan's Arkansas, Lowry's Alabama and Polk's Tennessee, had been formed for battle, each brigade from right to left had both a front and cross fire on the attacking lines of the enemy, and in the position of his left brigade, with one regiment facing west, and two to the north, covering Tunnel Hill, two brigades and a battery commanded the approach on the north front. General Cleburne in his official report says: "On top of Tunnel Hill a space was left clear of infantry, and Swett's battery of four Napoleon guns commanded by Lieutenant H. Shannon was placed. At a point about sixty yards northeast of the right of Mill's regiment Smith's line recommenced, but instead of continuing north it ran but slightly north of east down the side of the hill for the length of two regiments. This formation made the angle on the apex of Tunnel Hill, where Swett's battery was planted, the weak point in Smith's line, but it secured Smith's flank by throwing his extreme right back within two hundred yards of Govan's left, bringing the latter officer's line nearly at right angles to his north front, thus enabling each line to assist the other if attacked." Thus formed and later supported by the brigades of Brown, Cummings and Maney and Key's battery, General Cleburne received the daring and persistent assaults of the enemy.

It is not my purpose to enter into a detailed description of this day of bitter fighting, nor to criticise the action of your commander, General Sherman, but those of us who participated in the Atlanta campaign and on to the surrender—whether under the stars and bars, or under the stars and stripes—know from bitter experience the heavy sacrifice of life required to possess an intrenched position held by Americans with the courage of their convictions of duty, as evidenced on the Atlanta and Tennessee campaigns, including the "Waterloo" of the latter, the ill fated battle of Franklin, where General Cleburne, the idol of his division, the pride of the army, and often designated as the Stonewall Jackson of the Army of Tennessee, surrendered his seemingly charmed life.

My friends of the Iowa commission and of the Army of the Tennessee, it is no reflection on the persistency of your courage that I pay this tribute to the unfaltering fidelity of that brigade and division holding this line, certainly unsurpassed in the Army of Tennessee, and under the inspiring presence of that idolized son of Erin I verily believe that every man of his division present would have surrendered his life rather than accept defeat. No, my countrymen, it is not in disparagement of your prowess, but that the world may know that you discharged your full duty as brave and obedient officers and soldiers. Some of you obeyed the command to advance and did not halt till you found yourselves prisoners in the Confederate line; many more reached the line only to be killed or wounded. Your losses were heavy, including many of your officers. You did all that it was possible for flesh and blood to endure, the position was untenable. As defended there never was the remotest possibility of carrying the position by assault, except by weight of numbers and an appalling loss of life. Unsupported, you were asked to perform an impossible task.

Governor Cummins, I desire to congratulate you and the appreciative citizens of your state on the intelligent, faithful, and successful work of your commission. Your monuments are all conspicuously located, unique and attractive in design, and are unsurpassed for durability and imposing appearance for the amount of money expended.

Address . . . . . Albert B. Cummins
Governor of Iowa

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am like the poor—you have me with you always, and I am sure that you must be growing tired of the sound of my voice. It is said, and this thought came to me as I heard the eloquent sentiments that fell from those who have preceded me,—it has been often said, that republics are ungrateful. It is not true. Your presence is the highest evidence that republics are grateful. This noble shaft, that lifts itself into the sky above

us, is the best evidence that one Republic, at least, values the heroism of its sons. Republics must be grateful, for when republics cease to be grateful, republics will cease to exist.

I wish that I could concur in the hope expressed by my friend Captain Head. I wish I could say, as I stand upon this beautiful and commanding spot, where the eye absorbs all the loveliness of nature, that wars will be no more. I do not, however, so believe. The highest, the most fundamental, the most vital questions that touch humanity have always been answered in war, and I believe they always will be answered in war. Something occasionally comes to a nation that it dares not submit to arbitration. I ask you whether, in 1861, the men of conscience in the south, and the men of conscience in the north could have found a tribunal upon the face of the earth to which they would have been willing to submit for arbitrament the vital, eternal issue involved in the war of the rebellion? No. It has been so ordered by Providence. I trust that increasing civilization may lessen occasions in which it becomes necessary for men to fight for their consciences and their judgments, but until the Ruler of the Universe, in His high wisdom, shall purify the hearts and clarify the minds of men far beyond the experience of the world, it will sometimes be necessary to appeal to the justice of the sword and to the judgment of might.

I was delighted this morning, at the dedication on the mountain over there, to meet a hero of the Confederacy. I am delighted to meet another upon Missionary Ridge this afternoon. It has touched our full and overflowing hearts to listen to the exalted sentiments which have fallen from their lips. We are, indeed, a Union once more; a Union to be loved, a Union to be preserved, a Union to be fought for if it ever shall again become necessary. It must please us all to feel that the very men who met in mortal conflict upon this spot can vie with each other in patriotism, in holding up, in defending and in dignifying the dear old flag which now represents the sovereignty of the greatest nation upon the face of the earth.

One word more. We are accustomed to think that the war settled all things relating to the Republic. It is not true. I have heard many an orator declare in lofty, eloquent phrases

that when Lee offered his sword to Grant at Appomattox, that the experimental age, the day of experiment in the Republic, had passed, and that it had become an eternal structure in the architecture of nations. It is not so, my friends. This monument would lose its significance if it were so. The age of experiment in free institutions has not passed. It never will pass, and I thank God for it, for this sense of responsibility which must rest equally upon us all, is the very life and strength of our citizenship.

And so we again drink deep at the fount of patriotism, of unselfish devotion to conscience and principle.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band

IOWA MONUMENT AT ROSSVILLE GAP

Exercises at the Dedication of the Iowa State Monument at Rossville Gap, November 20, 1906

1:30 P. M.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Nearer, My God, To Thee"

Call to Order . . . . . Captain John A. Young
Chairman of the Commission

Invocation . . . . . Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie

"Almighty God, our thoughts have been wafted up to thee on the music of the moment, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." May it be the joy of our hearts that we are surrounded still with thy love. May we never go beyond thy jurisdiction or the cognizance of thy thought. We pray that we may ever rejoice in the fact that God, our father and our friend, the mighty Ruler of Nations and of men and of all destinies, is never apart from us and never forgetful of any section of this great universe or of the beings in it, who need thy instruction, inspiration and protection. We pray thee, stay thou near by, in all the future of our history, making us more and more thoughtful and regardful of thy presence and of the requirements of thy character and of that which ought to be rendered unto God by those who are the children of God. May we be careful to render unto thee the things which are thine, without scruple and without withholding.

"We gather here today from our own state in the distant west, to dedicate these monuments to the memory of men who gave themselves in death that they might be of service to an imperiled Union. We give thee thanks for these men. While we cannot dedicate nor consecrate nor hallow the ground where they struggled, we may set apart to their enduring remembrance

these lasting memorials, and may it be that these memorials shall be but fitting emblems of a nation's remembrance and gratitude.

"We pray that thy blessing may be upon the state from which we come; upon all its people and its institutions. We pray for thy blessing upon our honored and beloved Governor. We commend unto thee the men who with such painstaking care have brought these monuments to completion. We pray thee that in the future of our state and of the Union of States there may be a growing sense of a common country, a growing sense of a community of interest, a growing fellowship in all things that shall make for good citizenship and for everything that shall be honorable to thee as well as honorable to ourselves. May we make no black chapter in history.

"Lord, grant to us the spirit of justice, that we may ever write in our history fair and legible legends of truth and right. Give us thy blessing, and bless our comrades who have pitched their tents on fame's immortal camping-ground. May our country's destiny be fulfilled, bright in the light of truth, of justice and of righteousness. May thy blessing be so upon us that thy favor shall be toward us as a people. God save the commonwealth of Iowa. Amen."

Hon. W. L. Frierson, mayor of Chattanooga, was introduced by Captain John A. Young, chairman of the commission, in the following words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:

"One of the pleasant features of our trip for the dedication of our monuments has been the generous way in which we have been assisted by our Confederate brothers. It was my pleasure yesterday to present to you two ex-Confederate soldiers, who were kind enough to take part with us at the dedication of our monuments upon Lookout Mountain and at Sherman Heights. Today I do not present to you an ex-Confederate soldier, but the son of an ex-Confederate soldier, the honored mayor of Chattanooga, who will preside over this meeting for a time."

Address . . . . . Hon. W. L. Frierson
Mayor of Chattanooga, Tennessee

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Speaking as the official representative of the people of the city of Chattanooga, I esteem it an honor and a privilege to have been assigned a place in these ceremonies commemorative of the patriotism and the valor of the American soldier. Speaking for myself personally, and as the son of a Confederate soldier who received a wound in the battle of Missionary Ridge, almost within sight of this spot, I rejoice in the opportunity to join with you in honoring those who in that battle valiantly bore the arms of the Union.

Speaking as the representative of a generation whose fathers lived and suffered and died for a flag that no longer floats, save as a sacred memory, I am unreservedly glad that, forty years after the event, an undivided American people render a wholehearted devotion to that same blessed flag which more than one hundred years ago proclaimed the birth of a nation which was to lead the world in free and independent government.

To those who love their country, this is holy ground. There rises a shaft, erected by a great state in memory of her sons who served in the victorious army of the greatest war of modern times. Over yonder, another state, prompted by the same pride and the same love and the same gratitude, has reared another monument to her soldier boys who met with bitter defeat; and standing near it is still another monument, the happy conception of a state which at once honors all her sons who fell, some in one army, some in the other.

And so, ladies and gentlemen of the state of Iowa, we gladly greet you, and join with you in this splendid tribute to your dead. I am grateful for the opportunity of presiding temporarily over this meeting, and I now present Captain John A. Young, chairman of the Iowa commission, who will have charge of the further ceremonies.

Presentation to the Governor of Iowa . . . .
. . . . . Captain John A. Young
Chairman of the Commission

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens:

First of all I desire, on behalf of our commission at the conclusion of its work, to thank the contractors, the Van Amringe Granite Co., of Boston, who did our work, for the faithful manner in which, under many unforeseen difficulties and circumstances, and at a loss to themselves of many thousands of dollars, they carried it to completion. The thanks not only of the commission, but of every citizen of our state as well, are due to comrade Humbert for the intelligent, conscientious, patient, persistent and long continued performance of his duties as our superintendent of construction. He permitted no unfit trowel of mortar, or defective stone to be placed in these monuments. By reason of his critical oversight a forty-ton shaft of granite, dressed ready for erection, was rejected by him here, on account of his discovery of traces of iron in its composition, which had not been seen either by the quarrymen or the contractors. Expecting to spend from one to two months gratuitously as our superintendent, he was compelled to give to this work nearly one year of his time, and he did it without murmur or complaint. We made no mistake in making him our superintendent of construction and we owe him more than thanks.

To his honor, the mayor of this beautiful near-by city and to many of its citizens, our thanks are due for their uniform courtesies and their unselfish interest in the erection of these shafts. To Captain Betts, engineer of the park, I especially desire to thus publicly return our sincere thanks for his readiness at all times and under all circumstances to aid us in every possible way by his time, his advice and his invaluable counsel.

My friends, we today commemorate in a sense the events of forty-three years ago. I know that to the young men and women or to the boys and girls just verging on vigorous young manhood or womanhood, events of forty-three years ago seem those of a dim and misty past. They call it ancient history. But to you, my old comrades, either Union or Confederate, who took a part in those events on Lookout Mountain, Sherman

Heights, Rossville Gap or Ringgold, they seem to have been those of but a little while ago. The intervening years seem but as a day that has passed or a night that has flown. Memory carries you back over all of this time and its occurrences and they seem very near to you. Aye, memory perhaps carries you still farther back, when as a boy under the trees in front of the old homestead the old father laid his hand on your shoulder or took your hand in his and said: "Go, my boy, be a good boy and do your duty as a soldier." Or the old mother, striving to repress the tears that welled up from her innermost soul, clasped you for the last time in her arms and printed on your cheek the last kiss. Or perhaps, a little older grown, with the girl you loved you were in the tiny cottage, where the morning glories grew up around the windows, or on the posts of the porch—where perhaps in the cradle a baby lay, and you remember its innocent prattle or the soft pat of its chubby hands or the loving embrace of its soft arms, as you bade your wife and baby good-bye when you started to become one in that great army in the civil war.

What other word of three letters has so much in it of sorrow, of sadness, of desolation, and of misery as that one word "War"? A distinguished general some forty years ago when asked for a brief definition of war, answered curtly, "It is hell." I am sure that every old veteran, either Union or Confederate, will agree that even that harsh definition lacks much of describing it in all of its hideous details of death, suffering, carnage, desolation, sorrow and woe. No artist, however deft, can fitly picture it, and no writer, however gifted, can fully describe it. Only you, who have witnessed it and been a part of it, and suffered by it, can know fully what war is. To thoughtful, intelligent human beings it seems there should be no such thing as war; and yet so far back as history or tradition reaches, from the time of Cain and Abel, on down through the ages to this year of our Lord, 1906, there has been strife among men and war between tribes, dependencies, kingdoms, governments and states. Even at this day with all our boasted civilization and intelligence, our education and our sense of right and wrong; in spite of all the efforts of our peace societies and arguments

for arbitration, the plowshares and pruning hooks of the world, seem in no danger of being overstocked by the conversion of the swords and spears, of muskets and bayonets.

The pretext or occasion for war has usually been that the strong might crush the weak; for extension of territory; to gratify the ambition of men, and even in some instances to introduce some form of christianity among those who were styled heathen.

Our civil war was peculiar in that it was not for the extension of territory or to repel a common enemy, but was a conflict between the people of one part of our country against those of another part—of the same race, the same nationality, and of those who since the formation of an independent government of their own had lived for nearly one hundred years in peace and in at least comparative harmony.

It matters not now whether it occurred by reason of two distinct types of the early settlers of the then new world, the puritan and the cavalier; or whether it grew out of the varied complications and diverse views of slavery as an institution in part of our country, or whether it was from a defective link in the chain which bound together the thirteen colonies at the formation of our national government, giving the right as claimed by some for a part to withdraw at will from the confederation thus formed. Be the cause what it may, it is enough now to know that like an electric bolt from a clear sky, the first shot at Sumter was the beginning of a conflict which in the magnitude of its operations, in the courage of the men composing the armies, and the far-reaching consequences of its termination, has never been equalled in either ancient or modern times.

It cost our country thousands of millions of dollars; its armies were numbered by millions of men, and its dead by hundreds of thousands of precious, priceless lives.

I said it was peculiar in that it was a war of our own people. It was also peculiar in that, while the men in each army fought each other with a courage often bordering on desperation, there was never a time when hatred, malice, animosity or ill will had a place in the hearts of these men, as individuals, one

against the other. Indeed, we learned then to know each other better, and to respect each other more than ever before. When, after four long years of bloody strife, and the end finally came, the armies of the north, and those of the south, laid down their arms, and although those of the south were defeated they were not dishonored nor disgraced, and the victors were neither dictatorial, overbearing nor arrogant. All were glad that peace had come, and that we could again return, as citizens of our common country, to our homes and loved ones and again commence for ourselves the battle of life.

We concede to our southern brother, he who bore arms as a soldier in the Confederate army, equal endurance, equal valor and equal bravery with those of any army the world has ever known. And yet we feel that he now must agree with us that we fought for him as well as ourselves, and that our interpretation of the original articles of the confederation which bound us together as a Union and for which we fought was—using the words of another—"everlastingly right," and that for which he fought — and honestly, too — was "eternally wrong."

While withholding no meed of praise for the soldiers of any other state, I today speak only of the soldiers of Iowa.

In 1860 Iowa was only a young state and much of it but sparsely settled. Its people were yet largely of the pioneer class, with strong hearts and sinewy arms, making for themselves homes in the virgin prairies, and pushing civilization still farther to the westward. Our total population was less than 700,000 souls; a quiet, industrious and peace-loving people, with no thought of war, or ever being called upon to serve as soldiers. But in the various calls Iowa sent over 75,000 of her sons as volunteer soldiers to the Union army. Not trained soldiers, not men who loved war, but bearded men and beardless boys, from the farm, the shop, the store or the professions, whose latent patriotic impulses were awakened into new life by the events of those days. They loved their families and homes and state, but they believed in the unity of the Republic, a union of states in one great nation, a brotherhood of Americans under one common flag. For these things they sacrificed their

plans and prospects in life, the comforts and pleasures of family and home and its surroundings, and gave of their means, their brains, their time and their lives. They made history, of which their state is proud, at Pea Ridge, at Prairie Grove, at Belmont, and Donelson, at Shiloh and Corinth, at Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post, at Vicksburg and at Jackson; and when after the surrender at Vicksburg and they were resting in camp at Black River Bridge, there came from the beleaguered army at Chattanooga the Macedonian cry of "Come over and help us," they strapped their knapsacks, shouldered their muskets and marched to the relief of their comrades in distress.

With that part of Sherman's army which came up the Mississippi to Memphis, thence by rail to Corinth and then marched towards Chattanooga, were ten regiments of Iowa soldiers and the First Iowa battery.

The Fifth, Tenth and Seventeenth Iowa regiments were in brigades and divisions of the Seventeenth army corps, while the Sixth regiment was in the Second brigade, Fourth division of the Fifteenth army corps. The other six regiments, the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first, with the First battery, formed Williamson's Iowa brigade, of Osterhaus' division of the Fifteenth army corps. Sherman's command reached the vicinity of Brown's Ferry on the evening of November twenty-third and immediately commenced crossing the river. Near morning of November twenty-fourth, when all had crossed but Osterhaus' division of the Fifteenth army corps, owing to the breaking of the bridge at Brown's Ferry that division was attached to General Hooker's command and remained with it until after the fight at Ringgold on November twenty-seventh. The four regiments first named were engaged, with honor to themselves, in the spirited attacks against the Confederate right at and near the north end of Missionary Ridge. The Iowa brigade and battery were with Hooker in the battle above the clouds on Lookout Mountain November twenty-fourth, and next day coming across the valley to Rossville Gap, they flanked the Confederate left, gained a position in their rear and compelled the evacuation by the Confederates of their strong position on the south end of the Ridge. Sher-

VIEW ON MISSIONARY RIDGE
Showing the site of Bragg's headquarters, Lookout tower and the Illinois state monument

man's persistent attacks on their right, the brilliant dash of the Army of the Cumberland on their center, and the flanking movement by Hooker on their left, after a stubborn defense by them, finally compelled the retreat of Bragg's army. Our army followed them to Ringgold, when they again convinced us, that even though defeated and in retreat, they were still good fighters and would take their time in leaving the field.

At Ringgold on November twenty-seventh, 1863, ended that year's campaign.

In honor and in memory of her sons who fought over the rocky, shaggy sides of Lookout; against the fortified slopes of Missionary Ridge; through the defile of Rossville Gap, and on rugged Taylor's Ridge at Ringgold, Iowa has builded these monuments on the ground over which they marched and fought. Markers, mementos, and everlasting reminders to her children and your children of what her soldiers did that this might be and should be a "Union, one and inseparable now and forever," over every foot of which should float but one flag.

Standing as we do today, on ground over which they fought and near where so many of them sleep the last long sleep in soldiers' graves, we feel that this is holy ground; ground made holy by the blood of those who gave all that man can give, their lives, for the life of their united country. Let us thank God the sacrifice was not made in vain, for we have a country whose people are united as never before, all loyal to the old Union and the old flag; a prosperous, happy, and contented people, proud of their states indeed, proud of their Republic too, and proud of their flag, the emblem in every land and on every sea of their country's might, and power and glory.

I am glad to have lived to see the day when only a little while ago the boys from Iowa and the boys from Tennessee and the boys from Georgia touched elbows as they proudly marched as soldiers under the old stars and stripes and commanded by a Wheeler and a Lee.

I am glad to have lived to see the day, too, when the soft south wind brings to us of the north only the smell of the smoke of your furnaces, the hum of your industries, peans of prosperity and happiness, and words alone of respect, good will and peace.

Only a few years ago from the top of Mt. McGregor came the last faint whisper of the dying old commander, "Let us have peace." His prayer is answered. Peace has come. Sweet-winged peace broods over all our land. Heaven grant it may last for a thousand years.

To no other class is our country so much indebted, in my judgment, for the peace we have, as to the soldiers, north and south, of the civil war.

My comrades, you who have carried for all these years the scars of battle; you who have sacrificed and suffered most, as you remember what your country was and what it now is, and with prophetic vision contemplate what it is to be in the coming years, the greatest nation on earth wherever shall be kept brightly burning the beacon light of liberty for men, although it has cost you much, you can but say, "It is well"; although it cost us much, it is worth the price we paid.

As on yesterday in portions of the national military park on Lookout Mountain and at Missionary Ridge in Tennessee, we dedicated monuments we have erected there, so today in this little Iowa park in Rossville Gap, Georgia, in the name of our monument commission, in the presence of the honored Governor of our state and the many other good friends who honor us by their presence, under the bending sky which seems to encircle us all, and the old flag under which they fought, in memory and in honor of our soldiers who fought in the battles of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Ringgold, by our services here we shall dedicate this monument also, this beautiful shaft of granite, as a token of Iowa's love for her soldier sons, and as a remembrance of her soldiers' deeds on these and other fields.

In 1902 our legislature made an appropriation of $35,000.00 for the erection of these monuments, and provided for the appointment by the governor of eleven commissioners to carry on the work of their erection, each one of whom should have been in the engagements here. Of the eleven first appointed, one, Captain Samuel H. Watkins of the Thirtieth Iowa, died about one year ago, and Captain Critz of the same regiment was appointed to fill the vacancy.

We have expended in the erection of the monument on Lookout Mountain $8,000.00, the same amount for the monument on Missionary Ridge, and $16,000.00 in the erection of this monument here in Rossville Gap.

Governor Cummins, the commission you honored by appointment, have finished their work. They have given to it much of labor, time and thought. They have tried so to build that it should be a credit to themselves and an honor to their state. It has been to them not only a duty as citizens of our state but it has also been a labor of love as well. Into these beautiful shafts of granite we have builded a part of our very selves, our memories of the past, our love of the present, our hopes for the future; our affections for our comrades living and dead and our love for state and country and flag. We are pleased that our work is done. We hope you will find it well done.

And now trusting that they shall stand for generations as tokens of Iowa's love for her soldier boys, in behalf of our commission I present them to you as Governor of our State for your acceptance.

Acceptance and presentation to the United States Government . . . . . Albert B. Cummins
Governor of Iowa

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Commission, Veterans of the War—in whatever army—Ladies and Gentlemen:

I would be a traitor to the imperious command of my own heart were I not to immediately acknowledge the gracious hospitality of the people of Chattanooga and its vicinity. Speaking on behalf of the people of Iowa, Mr. Mayor, we are especially grateful to you for your presence upon this significant occasion, your cordial welcome, and your participation in its ceremonies. Speaking to all the people of the south, I must be permitted to say that as we turn toward the north, we shall carry with us memories as sweet as your flowers, recollections as beautiful as your hills and your mountains, and they will endure so long as our affections gather around these monuments, and so long as we can recall the impressive scenes of this pilgrimage.

You have made easy and pleasant for us the performance of a task at once difficult and embarrassing. I assure you that we appreciate the atmosphere of friendship that we have breathed in every mile of our long journey. I assure you that the honest hand-clasp means something to these men and women of the north.

I have endeavored upon several prior occasions of similar nature to express the loving admiration we feel for Iowa soldiers, but at length my mother tongue fails me, and I am unable to adequately portray the gratitude that fills our hearts as we look upon these monuments that, so long as granite may endure, will tell the story to succeeding ages of their courage and of their patriotism. The admiration deepens as we pass from point to point in this journey. When I remember that in those fateful days, forty years ago and more, giants in war filled this valley and climbed these mountains, and when I remember that even among these giants of war the Iowa boys lifted themselves into distinction, you need not wonder that I am unable to express the pride we feel in their prowess and their valor. But there is another thought which crowds my heart at this moment—a thought that has grown upon me since the moment I stood before the first memorial erected by a grateful commonwealth. I see, shining everywhere, carved in granite and written in bronze, the names of the officers of the armies, both north and south. I stood this morning at Grant's headquarters upon Orchard Knob. I stood a little later at Bragg's headquarters upon Missionary Ridge. These men knew that history would record what they did and what they said. I do not disparage the officers of the civil war. All honor to their courage; all honor to their intelligence; all honor to their patriotism! But I am lifting my voice this afternoon in the memory of the common private soldier—the man behind the gun. They lie sleeping over there, in the beautiful home of the dead, marked with those long lines of gleaming marble, unknown to posterity. They knew that their names would never illuminate a page in the annals of mankind. They knew that those who came after them would never kneel at their tombs; and yet they offered up their lives as willingly, as freely, as the raindrop falls upon the

thirsty earth, that the flower may blossom into fragrance and into beauty. And this hour, it seems to me, is sacred to the private soldier of the war.

There are two classes of soldiers. I know nothing of war from observation and experience, but it seems to me that the soldiery of the world is divided into two magnificent armies. We have lately been the admiring witnesses of an eastern war, in which the Oriental exhibited a courage so superb that he challenged the reverence of the whole civilized world. The Oriental (I am speaking now of the private soldier) is a good soldier and a brave fighter because he is not afraid to die. The American soldier, of the north and of the south, was a brave and noble and relentless fighter because he was afraid to run away. He had in his soul that sense of self-respect, he was dominated by that spirit of high manhood, that kept his face to the foe, whatever the danger and the peril may have been.

And so the war between the north and the south became distinguished in all the carnage of the world for the dignity and the greatness of the common soldier upon both sides of the mighty contest. If it were not so, my dear friends, we could not gather upon this lovely afternoon, celebrating in peace and in amity the virtues of the northern soldier upon southern soil. It is because they were both citizens of the United States. It is because they were both animated by the eternal principles of truth, that we, their descendants, are enabled to assemble this afternoon, standing as I do in the very shadow of this sublime shaft, and take counsel with each other with respect to the destiny of a common and inseparable Union.

Another thought has pursued me from moment to moment, as I have passed from the battlefield of Vicksburg, through the shadows which memory casts about Andersonville, into the cordial spirit that we breathed as we came into this community. It is this; we sometimes stand face to face with each other and each gives the other the full credit for conscience in this fateful war, and yet we fail to recognize what I believe to have been the supreme guide in the war of 1861. I believe—I do not know whether you share with me this conviction—but I believe that the Ruler of the Universe, rather than men, determines the

issue of war. There was something more than the courage of the north; there was something more than the valor of the south, in this memorable conflict. I cannot help but think of that old battle in the years gone by, when the little band of Grecians, under the leadership of Miltiades, met the hosts of Darius by the Grecian sea. I remember that there is a little mound in which were buried the noble patriots who fought for civilization. It was God himself who gave the victory to the Greek, that the civilization of Europe might not be overwhelmed by the barbarism of the Asiatic.

And a little later, when Hannibal's legions were thundering at the gates of Rome, I remember that Nero's soldiers turned back that great torrent of savagery that threatened forever to sweep away the learning and the arts of Rome, of which we are the happy and fortunate inheritors. I remember, too, that there came later a vital moment in which the Saracen met the Christian upon the field at Tours. I remember that Charlemagne lifted up the banner of the Cross, and there was determined for Europe this fundamental, this vital, issue: Christ and the Bible against Mahomet and the Koran.

And still later, when Napoleon, dreaming of universal conquest, met the liberty of England upon the plain at Waterloo, the Ruler of the Universe again interposed his mighty hand, and it was made sure that the freedom of the Anglo-Saxon should not perish from the earth.

You know, my dear friends, that I speak with a heart overflowing with kindness for my friends of the south; you know that I believe that the southern soldier fought for his conscience just as the northern soldier fought for his; you know that I believe that the southern soldier died for his country, just as the northern soldier died for his. Nevertheless, over it all swept the overruling hand of God, an Infinite Protector, who knew that if we would accomplish the high destiny reserved for us we must accomplish it as a united, and not as a divided people. And therefore it seems to me this hour may well be sacred to that divine thought. Ah! sometimes as I stand before a monument like this, I have a vision that no master could paint in all the richness of his mother tongue. It seems to me that

God, from all time, intended the United States to lead humanity to the highest point it will ever attain, and I believe that he intended the people of the Republic to clothe the mortal race in the most beautiful garb that civilization will ever wear. We are now a mighty instrument of advance and progress. We are now fighting shoulder to shoulder for all the blessings of good government. We are now, side by side, grappling with the problems of peace in a united country, with a common heart filled with love for the old flag, filled with hope for the glory of the human race.

My dear friend, Captain Young, on behalf of the state of which I chance to be at this moment the chief executive, I accept the noble, beautiful tribute that has come from your own hands to mine, to perpetuate the memory of the valor and the courage and the dignity of Iowa's soldiers engaged in this historic region. I congratulate you and your associates upon the fidelity with which you have performed a difficult duty. I am sure I am transferring to you a message from all the people of Iowa when I say that you have discharged that duty with a faithfulness not surpassed by any of the commissions to which Iowa has entrusted her work, and as long as Iowa cherishes the memory of her patriotic sons, so long will she also value the work that you have done in their behalf.

And now, General Carman, but a day ago I had the honor to give into your keeping a sacred monument nestled among the lovely trees in the home for the dead at Andersonville, and I have more pleasure still, because my heart is not so filled with sad emotions as it was at that moment,—I have more pleasure still in delivering to you, representing the government of the United States, representing the sovereignty of this dear old flag, this tribute that Iowa has erected in memory of her children in the days of the civil war, and I give it to you, knowing that a grateful Republic will cherish these monuments and preserve them, so long as granite lasts, as the evidences of the loyalty and courage of her faithful sons.

Acceptance for the United States Government

. . . . . General E. A. Carman

Chairman of the National Park Commission, Representing the Secretary of War

Governor Cummins, Ladies, Members of the Iowa Commission, Comrades and Friends:

From the beginning of the great civil war, Chattanooga was looked upon as of great stragetic importance, as the key to the rich and populous state of Georgia, and in fact to the whole south. Our great and immortal President, Abraham Lincoln, the ablest strategist and the greatest commander the war produced, was first to recognize the importance of its occupation, and that of east Tennessee, and as early as October, 1861, directed the attention of our generals in the field to it. But no immediate efforts were made to further Mr. Lincoln's directions—all attention was directed to Virginia and other points. The campaign resulting in the occupation of this important point by the Union army began in June, 1863, when General Rosecrans, advancing from Murfreesborough, maneuvered General Bragg out of it, took partial possession, and threw his army south of it, and to the east of the Lookout Mountains.

In all great strategy and tactics there is a key point to every position. The knoll on which stood the little brick church at Antietam was the bloody fought for key of that field on that bloodiest day of the war, and of American history; the intersection of two prominent roads, in the small public square, was the key fought for at Gettysburg, and the road that led through this Rossville Gap was the key to the possession of Chattanooga, and the gateway to the south for the Unionists, and to the north for the Confederates. General Bragg gave it up when he abandoned Chattanooga and withdrew to Lafayette, and all the bloody fighting on the nineteenth and twentieth of September, 1863, on the field of Chickamauga was brought about by the desperate efforts of the Confederates to regain this road and this gap, which Bragg in his withdrawal had left open. It is not our purpose to enter into the bloody details of that battle, they are known to all of you, and to the world, and the heroism there displayed is a common heritage to the people of the north and south. The result was that Bragg regained the

ORCHARD KNOB
General Grant's headquarters, November 25, 1863

key to the position, and the Union army was thrown on the defensive, and the safety of Chattanooga greatly imperiled.

The Government took immediate steps to repair the disaster. Hooker with 20,000 men from the Army of the Potomac, came from the east and opened the "cracker line" that Bragg had closed, and Sherman came from Mississippi with the veterans of Vicksburg. Grant was put in supreme command and preparations were made to relieve Chattanooga and resume the offensive. On November twenty-third Thomas seized Orchard Knob and the battle of Chattanooga began.

Grant's plan of battle, which followed the occupation of Orchard Knob, contemplated that Sherman should cross the Tennessee river above Chattanooga, seize the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge, and sweep southward along it, while Hooker with Geary's division of the Potomac army, Cruft's division of the Army of the Cumberland, and Osterhaus' division of the Army of the Tennessee, should demonstrate on Lookout Mountain, and if opportunity favored, to carry the point of it, the bench from the end of the nose down to, and across, the plateau. There was no expectation that, in any event, he would get to the Craven house, much less beyond it. Thomas with four divisions of the Army of the Cumberland was to confront the Confederate center on Missionary Ridge, and be prepared to take advantage of any success that might attend Sherman in his attack on Bragg's right.

On the twenty-fourth Sherman seized the northern extremity of the Mission Ridge, and finding himself separated by a gorge from the Confederate line, and night coming on, fortified his position and waited for the morrow. On the morning of the twenty-fifth he assaulted the Confederate right with great determination, but was unsuccessful in all his efforts. The fighting on both sides was superb, and participated in by the Fifth, Sixth, Tenth and Seventeenth Iowa regiments, who, here as elsewhere, displayed the most soldierly qualities. Upon the field of their brave and bloody endeavor, their state has erected a fitting memorial.

Meanwhile, Hooker had more than gloriously performed his allotted task. On the morning of the twenty-fourth, from

his position in the Wauhatchie Valley, beyond Lookout Mountain, he crossed Lookout creek, ascended the rocky and wooded slopes of the mountain amidst fog, clouds, and sunshine, and at nightfall had driven the Confederates steadily before him and kept the ground at and beyond the Craven house, causing the retreat of the Confederates during the night. Lookout Mountain was won and Bragg's left turned. In this picturesque and decisive movement, Williamson's Iowa brigade—the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first regiments bore a conspicuous part, and at the point where night and success had crowned their efforts stands a beautiful monument to the memory of the Iowa braves.

When the morning sun of the twenty-fifth gilded the summit of Lookout Mountain, and there was seen by the Union soldiers in the valley below "Old Glory" waving on the topmost peak, supported by the men of Iowa and New York, Missouri and Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, there arose such a shout of joyous exultation, as had never before been heard in the valley; has never been heard since, and never will be heard hereafter. Who can doubt that the inspiration of that morning hour strengthened the limbs of the men of the Army of the Cumberland, when, later in the day, and without orders, they climbed the steep and rugged slopes of Missionary Ridge and hurled Bragg's army from its summit.

Hooker descended Lookout Mountain, crossed the valley, and Williamson's Iowa brigade, in the advance, marched over this road, cleared the Rossville Gap, threatened Bragg's line in the rear, and weakened the morale of the Confederates holding the position on the ridge.

While all this was transpiring on the left of the Confederate line and Sherman was pounding its right, the four divisions under Geo. H. Thomas were waiting their opportunity. The time had now come, and to help Sherman, Grant ordered Thomas to make a demonstration on Bragg's center by an advance to the rifle-pits at the foot of the ridge. The four divisions went forward in beautiful array, carried the rifle-pits, and without orders ascended the ridge, and drove Bragg's men down its eastern slope, and to Dalton. Once more the Union arms

grasped this gap, the key to Georgia and the Confederacy, and it rested in the palm of Grant's hand.

It was through this gateway to the Confederacy, the Rossville Gap, that Sherman marched in the spring of 1864 for Atlanta and the sea.

Chattanooga was the most picturesque battle of the war, and in what a fitting frame was the picture set. Bounded on the north by the bold ridges beyond the Tennessee, on the west by the towering Lookout, and south and east by the Mission Ridge, it was a glorious spectacle, and none who saw it will ever forget it. The result was momentous in its effects, darkening the hopes of the Confederacy, and raising the spirits of the Union.

A Confederate officer, General Loring, in writing of the campaign for Chattanooga, says: "We would have gladly exchanged a dozen of our previous victories for that one failure. * * * No man in the south felt that you had accomplished anything until Chattanooga fell. * * * It was the closed doorway to the interior of our country. * * * The loss of Vicksburg weakened our prestige, contracted our territory, and practically expelled us from the Mississippi River, but it left the body of our power unharmed. As to Gettysburg, that was an experiment. * * * Our loss of it, except that we could less easily spare the slaughter of veteran soldiers than you could, left us just where we were. * * * The fall of Chattanooga in consequence of the Chickamauga campaign, and the subsequent total defeat of General Bragg's efforts to recover it, caused us to experience for the first time a diminution of confidence as to the final result."

General C. F. Manderson, a gallant Union officer, in a speech made at the dedication of the park in 1895, said: "In importance to the cause, in far-reaching result, in the bringing of the end desired, no battle equals those fought for the possession and retention of Chattanooga. Capturing the stronghold of the south, this strategic key to open the very vitals of the Confederacy, guaranteed the holding of loyal east Tennessee; kept Kentucky within our bounds; threatened the flank and rear of the Army of Northern Virginia, permitted the Atlanta campaign, with the capture of the capital city of Georgia; made

possible the march to the sea; was the chief instrumentality in the fall of Richmond; was a prime factor in the surrender at Appomattox, and did much to prevent that recognition of southern nationality by the great powers that would probably have made of secession a fact accomplished."

Of the causes of the great war—whether states rights or slavery—we shall not discuss; it is enough to say that the result was the elimination of both from our political and social system, and the perpetuation of a Union whose corner-stone was laid in the declaration that all men were created free and equal. In the contest the Union soldier saved the south from its own folly, and put the nation on the high road to prosperity and commanding power.

The more than forty years since the close of the war has seen a marvelous development along all lines of political, industrial and mental endeavor. From 33,000,000 people we have increased to over 85,000,000. In 1860 we were worth sixteen billions of dollars, now we have one hundred and twelve billions. In 1865 we had a circulation of five hundred and fifty millions, now we have two thousand seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Then we had $16.00 per capita, now we have $33.00. Our bank capital is eight hundred millions of dollars more than that of any nation in the world. We manufacture more than one-third of all the goods produced in the world. Our immense resources of iron and coal have been developed, and of the latter we supply nearly forty per cent. of the world's consumption. In the production and manufacture of iron and steel we exceed every other country.

In 1860 we had 31,000 miles of railroad, now there are 215,000, or more than the railroads of all Europe. We raise more corn, cattle and poultry than any other country in the world, and more cotton than all the other countries on the globe combined. In this great prosperity the south has fully shared. Three-fourths of the world's supply of cotton is raised in the south, and of the 4,000,000 bales retained for home consumption, more than 2,000,000 are now manufactured in the mills of the south, where as late as 1880 only 221 bales were manufactured. Before the latter date the cotton went to the

mills beyond the states where it was grown, now the mills have come to the cotton fields. The people of the fourteen southern states, in real and personal property have $18,000,000,000, or $2,000,000,000 more than that of the nation in 1860, though the population of the south is between 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 less than that of the whole country just before the war.

Can any one doubt that, to a great degree, the valor, patriotism and sacrifices of the Union soldier had much to do with this great development of the south. He saved it from suicide, and preserved it to the Union. Except for his efforts, instead of a union of states, there would have been a division, and no one knows whether the area now covered on this continent by the "Stars and Stripes" would be now occupied by two central governments, or by twenty warring factions, and the world would never have seen the marvelous growth of the south, nor the commanding position that the nation now holds among the powers of the world.

Here, Governor Cummins, immediately on the Tennessee and Georgia state line, in one of the most picturesque of spots, here at the former gateway of the Southern Confederacy, Iowa comes today to dedicate her three monuments, that for all time shall show to her children, and to their children's children, the appreciation she has for her sons, who at Chattanooga offered their lives that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, should not perish from the earth.

These lines of an American poet are here appropriate:

"Count not the cost of honor to the dead!
  The tribute that a mighty nation pays
  To those who loved her well in former days
Means more than gratitude for glories fled;
For every noble man that she hath bred
  Immortalized by art's immortal praise,
  Lives in the bronze and marble that we raise,
To lead our sons as he our fathers led.
  These monuments of manhood, brave and high,
Do more than forts or battleships to keep
  Our dear-bought liberty. They fortify

The heart of youth with valor wise and deep;
They build eternal bulwarks, and command
Eternal strength to guard our native land."

By direction of the secretary of war, and in behalf of the United States, whose territorial integrity and free institutions Iowa's sons did so much to save, we accept these three beautiful memorials for perpetual custody and tender care.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band

Address . . . . . Major R. D. Cramer
Thirtieth Iowa Infantry

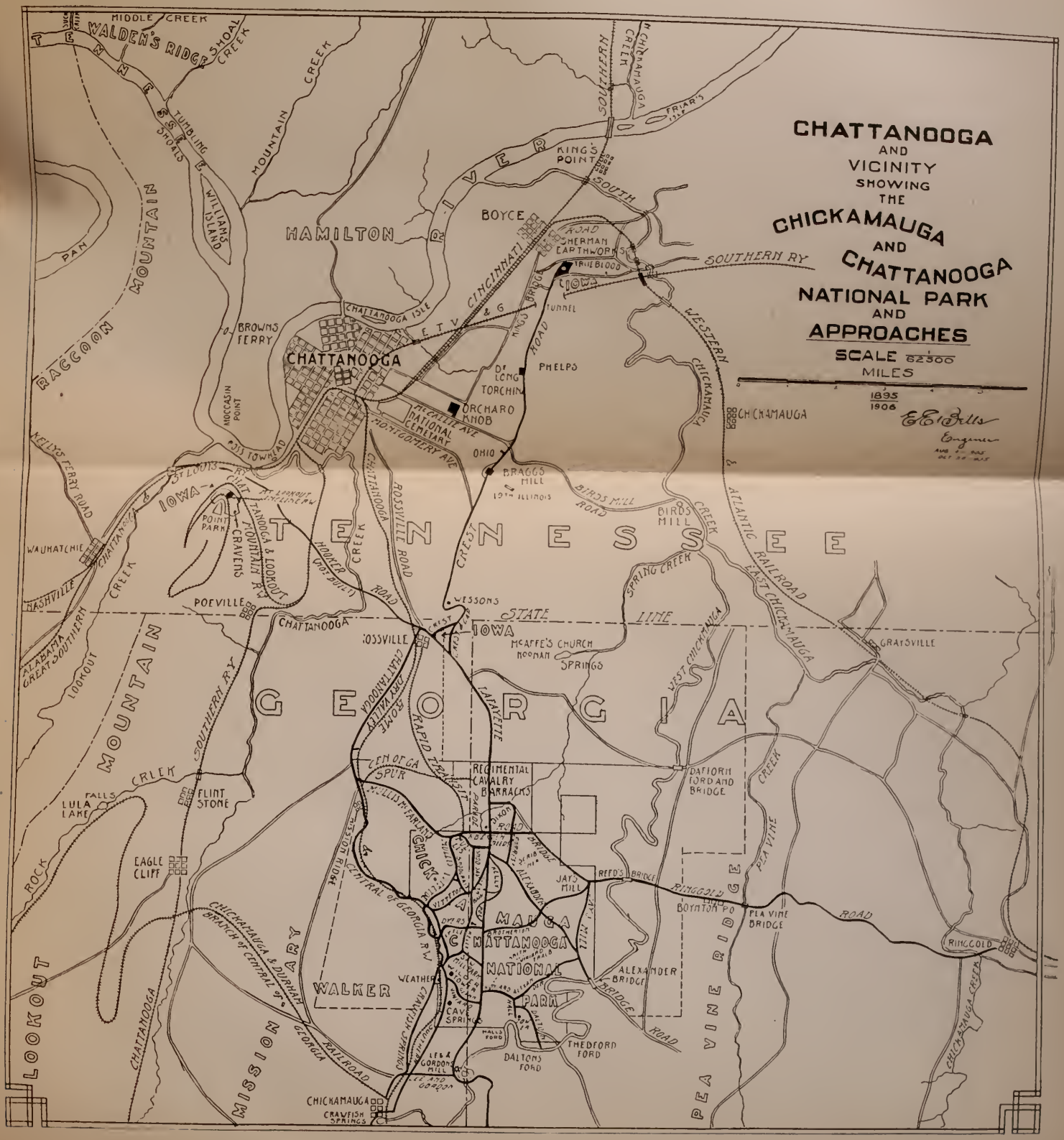
Mr. Chairman, Governor Cummins, Members of the Iowa Commission, and my Fellow Countrymen:

Forty-two years ago I stood within this narrow gap, and upon this historic spot, surrounded by a mighty soldiery clad in all the habiliments of war, possessed of a patriotic zeal and devotion to freedom's cause and freedom's land that knew no such thing as defeat. And as I stand here today and look upon the towering heights of Lookout Mountain, and the rough and rugged rocks of Missionary Ridge, and remember the day when these very heights by the booming thunder of cannon, the rattle of musketry and bursting of shells, seemed to make the very mountain tremble beneath our feet, while the earth and these rocks drank of the best blood of American manhood, I am lost in memory, and can but exclaim:

"Lord God of hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Yes, forty-two years the rose has flowered and faded; forty-two years the golden harvest has fallen, and the furrows of the plow have covered the furrows of artillery. And today we are here assembled under the sweet and sweeping wings of a patriotic peace, with no east, no west, nor north, nor south; but from the warm shores of the gulf to the ice-bound lakes

LOO
CHATT
MISSIO
ORGIA
RAILROAD
CHICKAMAUGA
CRAVFISH
SPRINGS
SPRINGS
LEE & GORDON'S MILL
FORD
DALTON'S FORD
THEDFORD FORD
PEA V
CHICK


CHATTANOOGA
AND
VICINITY
SHOWING
THE
CHICKAMAUGA
AND
CHATTANOOGA
NATIONAL PARK
AND
APPROACHES
SCALE 1/62500
MILES
1895
1906
E. E. Bills
Engineer
TENNESSEE
GEORGIA
HAMILTON
WALKER
CHATTANOOGA
CHICKAMAUGA
CHATTANOOGA NATIONAL PARK
RACCOON MOUNTAIN
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN
MISSION RY
PEA VINE RIDGE
WALDEN'S RIDGE
MIDDLE CREEK
SHOAL CREEK
MOUNTAIN CREEK
TUMBLING SHOALS
WILLIAMS ISLAND
PAN
BROWNS FERRY
MOCCASIN POINT
POSS TOWHEAD
KELLYS FERRY ROAD
WAUHATCHIE
NASHVILLE
ALABAMA GREAT SOUTHERN
LOOKOUT CREEK
POEVILLE
CHATTANOOGA
POINT PARK
CRAVENS
MOUNTAIN RW
CHATTANOOGA & LOOKOUT
ST LOUIS RY
CHATTANOOGA & ST LOUIS RY
CHATTANOOGA ISLE
E T V & G
CINCINNATI
BOYCE
KING'S POINT
SOUTHERN
N CHICKAMAUGA CREEK
FRIAR'S ISLE
SOUTH
SHERMAN EARTHWORKS
TRUEBLOOD
IOWA
SOUTHERN RY
TUNNEL
KINGS BRIDGE
ROAD
PHELPS
DR LONG
TORCHIN
ORCHARD KNOB
McCALLIE AVE
NATIONAL CEMETARY
MONTGOMERY AVE
OHIO
BRAGGS MILL
19TH ILLINOIS
BIRDS MILL ROAD
BIRDS MILL
CREEK
WESTERN
CHICKAMAUGA
ATLANTIC RAILROAD
EAST CHICKAMAUGA
CHICKAMAUGA
CREST
ROSSVILLE ROAD
HOOKER ROAD
WESSONS
STATE LINE
IOWA
McAFFE'S CHURCH
NOONAN SPRINGS
SPRING CREEK
WEST CHICKAMAUGA
GRAYSVILLE
ROSSVILLE
CHATTANOOGA
CHATTANOOGA DRY VALLEY
ROME
RAPID TRANSIT
LAFAYETTE
CEN OF GA SPUR
REGIMENTAL CAVALRY BARRACKS
DIXON ROAD
MULLIS McFARLAND
MISSION RIDGE
CENTRAL OF GEORGIA RW
CHICKAMAUGA
CHICKAMAUGA & DURHAM BRANCH OF CENTRAL OF GEORGIA
CHATTANOOGA
FALLS
LULA LAKE
FLINT STONE
EAGLE CLIFF
ROCK CREEK
DAFIORN FORD AND BRIDGE
JAYS MILL
REED'S BRIDGE
RINGGOLD
BOYNTON PO
PEA VINE BRIDGE
ROAD
RINGGOLD
PEA VINE CREEK
ALEXANDER BRIDGE
BRIDGE ROAD
WEATHER
CAVE SPRINGS
CRAWFISH SPRINGS
HALLS FORD
THEDFORD FORD
DALTONS FORD
LEE & GORDONS MILL
LEE AND GORDON
CHICKAMAUGA
CRAWFISH SPRINGS
CHICKAMAUGA CREEK

of the north, and from ocean to ocean, one country and one flag.

It has been a custom since the ancient days of Greece and Rome that great events of nations and kingdoms and of their great men, have been marked by monuments and pyramids; and judging from the description given of their massive grandeur, and durability, one is led to believe that we are but in our infancy in this, a national historic art. We learn from Grecian mythology that three thousand years before the birth of Christ, the Egyptians were noted for their various monumental structures, and with but few exceptions these marked the tombs of departed kings and warriors. Jacob, the ancient patriarch, erected the twelve stones on the plains at Jericho, as a monument to his wonderful experience in seeing the hand of approval of an overruling Providence. In a later period, tombs were prepared by vast excavations in the solid rock, and upon which or over which were erected vast marble monuments, including within their structure beautified rooms and decorated halls, upon the walls of which were carved the inscriptions to the memory of their departed heroes. Access to this and these artistic halls or rooms was had only by small apertures cut in the face of the marble at extended heights from the base, thus shutting out from the public the carvings and inscriptions of the life and character of the departed, leaving the passerby to look only to the highest peak of the monument, where was placed the statuary of the deceased, with the artistic accuracy of the Grecian architect. The traveler of today on the river Nile and at that ancient city of Memphis may behold a pyramid erected to the memory of their ancient King "Cheops." Its height, 479 feet; width, 764 feet at base. The weight of the marble in its construction, 6,316,000 tons. The only entrance to the beautiful halls and caverns within, and the carved inscriptions in memory of their once illustrious King is on the east face of the marble shaft, and sixty-seven feet above the base, where an entrance is had leading into a hall or chamber 46x27 feet, and 11½ feet high; this connected by a narrow defile and opening out again into what is known as the Queen's chamber 17x18 in width and 20 feet high, and on through

beautiful satellites of adorned marble, you pass to the sepulchre of the departed King.

But while these ancient monuments far surpass us in architectural grandeur and beautiful adornment, they were erected only in memory of their Kings and rulers. But with us, how different! We are here today to pay a nation's tribute to the humble soldier, the boy that wore the blue, the boy that carried the gun.

It was our lot on the night of the twenty-fourth to be cut off from the Fifteenth Army Corps, by the enemy destroying our pontoon bridge by floating logs upon it and tearing it out. And our division, commanded by General Osterhaus, was ordered to join General Hooker at Lookout Mountain, and all day we fought our way up the rugged heights, and not until the shades of night had fallen around us did we reach its summit, and when we circled around the base of that mighty rock, the enemy still held possession above us, and their cannon belched forth no uncertain sound. There, facing a cold northern November wind, with no chance for building fires, we hugged to the rugged rocks through the long weary hours of the night, and at morning dawn, not knowing if the enemy had gone from above us, we crept silently out and soon found they had fled.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth, we moved down by the little log cabin that stood there then, and on into the valley below and the First Brigade of the First Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps, commanded by General Woods, was ordered to move in the direction of Rossville Gap. Here permit me to digress a little, to relate a personal circumstance, that happened at the battle of Rossville Gap.

The movement of our brigade down the valley was by the right flank. Off to our left the battle between General Sherman and General Bragg was raging, and General Woods directed that a detail under charge of an officer be thrown out on the brow of the ridge to prevent surprise. I was the officer chosen. The men I do not now remember nor to what regiments they belonged.

The moving column made headway faster than we could, and some distance from the Gap we beheld a mounted officer attempting to scale the opposite side of the mountain; seeing us he reined his horse more directly to the top, but the guards saw him and turning their guns on him commanded him to halt. He had come dashing down through the narrow gap at full speed, and seeing our troops in the valley below at rest, but in line of battle, he had sought to make his escape by climbing the mountain.

When asked who he was, he replied, "John C. Breckinridge's son." "Your rank?" "Major, sir." "Your command?" "I am on my father's staff." "How are we making it over there?" "Whipping you like H——"

We walked together down into the valley, somewhere along here, and I turned him over to the General, stating who he was. The General put the same questions to him, and he answered him about the way he did me. He had a beautiful Kentucky mare, called Fannie, and when the General ordered that he be taken to the rear with the other prisoners, he put his arms around the mare's neck and kissed her, and said something like this, "Fannie, you have taken me through many a dangerous place, but we must part at last. Goodbye."

In July, 1888, seeing there was in Congress a C. R. Breckinridge, and thinking he might be the one that was captured here, I wrote him a letter, giving him all the facts, and of his bravery and his manly deportment, of the mare, Fannie, and his kissing her, and what he said on parting. And in due time, by letter, I learned that the Breckinridge in Congress was not the one captured, but his brother, and that he had forwarded my letter to him at Olympia, Washington Territory, where he was in the U. S. survey service, under Cleveland, and that in due time I would hear from him. Here is his letter:

OLYMPIA, September 8, 1888.

MAJOR R. D. CRAMER, Memphis, Mo.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your letter of July 16th, last, addressed to my brother, C. R. Breckinridge, Washington, D. C., and forwarded by him to me.

It was I who was captured at Rossville during the progress of the battle of Misisonary Ridge, and well do I remember most of the circumstances to which you have alluded.

While I do not feel that I deserve any special praise for doing a soldier's duty, it is none the less pleasant to know that my manly captors considered my conduct praiseworthy, and I will feel a certain pride in sending your letter to my oldest son, who is at school in the East, and who is just the age that I was when captured, though much larger.

It is a tribute to American manhood that those who so fiercely opposed each other during our civil conflict can have friendly gatherings such as was recently witnessed on the ground where the battle of Gettysburg was fought, and I believe today that the truest friends of the Union are the men who fought in the opposing armies.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

J. Cabell Breckinridge.

And now we come again, in this, the evening of life, to these battlefields, to perform the last sad, but grand and patriotic duty, we owe to these our comrades in the days of the war, by dedicating and consecrating these lasting marble monuments to the memory of the brave and patriotic soldiers of Iowa that laid down their lives that this beloved land might become and indeed be the land of the free and the home of the brave; and that when we shall have passed over the river, and when our children's children shall visit these national cemeteries, in this far-away southland, and shall look upon these towering monuments and read the inscriptions carved thereon, they shall be stimulated and inspired to that high and noble citizenship, of patriotic devotion to this beloved land and the flag that floats triumphantly over these grassy mounds, in this, the City of the Dead.

And may we not hope that the fact of the erection and dedication of these monuments to American patriotic manhood, in the days of the war, may be borne on the wings of the wind to earth's remotest bounds, and when all the people of this be-

loved land shall joyously join in that patriotic and poetic verse of Whittier:

"Flag of the free heart's only home,
By angel's hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welcome dome,
And all thy hues were born in Heaven."

All honor to the lasting and patriotic memory of the people of Iowa and to her law-making power—her legislature—and to her governor, who signed the bill, that became the law, that has made the erection of these lasting marble monuments in these National cemeteries and battlefields a possibility; and that we, at this opportune time, should be here to dedicate and consecrate them to the loved ones of Iowa's fallen.

And when the last great trumpet shall sound to awake the sleeping dead of earth and ocean's caves, may we with them be counted worthy to sweep through the gates of that city whose Builder and Maker is God, and where war's alarm shall come never more.

I thank you.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Dixie"

Address . . . . . J. A. Caldwell
of Chattanooga, Tennessee

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the Commission, Ladies and Fellow Countrymen:

I am not here today because of any personal acquaintance with any citizen of your state. For eight long, weary months, I heard, but did not heed, the call of Iowa's sons and others seeking admission to the little city of Vicksburg. Our welcome to them there was so long delayed that I was deprived of the pleasure of a personal acquaintance. And when they came here, I was back of those hills, enjoying a furlough which I carried as a memento of General Grant's kindness, and waiting for an exchange of prisoners that would put me back in the

ranks. And it has never yet been my good fortune to know very many of you. I am here today because I am a member of an Ex-Confederate organization, and I esteem it an honor to stand before you as a representative of N. B. Forrest Camp No. 4, U. C. V., a noble band of Confederate veterans, the avowed objects and purposes of whose organization are:—To perpetuate the memory of their fallen comrades; to minister to the wants of those disabled in service; to preserve the sentiment of fraternity born of the hardships and dangers shared in the march, the bivouac and the battlefield; and to extend to our late adversaries, on every fitting occasion, courtesies which are always proper between soldiers, and which, in our case, a common citizenship demands at our hands.

We took for our camp the name of the "Wizard of the Saddle," because his military genius and deeds of valor won our admiration, the respect of all those who felt his steel, and the encomiums of the civilized world. He and his gallant men fought as soldiers while the armies opposed each other in the field, and when peace came they made first class, patriotic citizens. Their swords became plowshares, and they struggled with equal zeal and earnestness in the efforts to rehabilitate a devastated country, under a constitution, their construction of which had been settled against them forever by the arbitrament of those swords.

We have honestly endeavored to carry out and live up to the well known objects and purposes of our camp, and this is another one of those auspicious occasions, provided for in our by-laws, when we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity, so generously and courteously offered by the committee in charge of these exercises, and cheerfully lend a helping hand in this grand work of perpetuating the memory of their comrades who fell on the world renowned battlefields in this vicinity. We appreciate your kindly courtesy, and I am commissioned to assure you of our pleasure in being with you today. Standing on this historic ground, under the shadow of this beautiful cenotaph, midway between three of those memorable fields of strife with their thousands of markers and monuments erected by so many organizations and states to commemorate the hero-

ism of the men who sacrificed their lives on the altar of duty in the dark days of the sixties, and surrounded by these grand old hills and fertile valleys of Georgia and Tennessee, which now sing the same sweet songs of liberty and patriotism that gladdened the ears and hearts of our common forefathers in the eighteenth century, and inspired them to fly to arms at their country's call—in the name of N. B. Forrest Camp, I bid you God speed in the noble work of this day. We respect and honor you because you love and reverence your dead, even as we hold dear and sacred the memory of our comrades in arms who suffered, endured and died at the bidding of the states which gave them homes and firesides.

In years to come, Iowa's sons and daughters, when they visit the scenes of their childhood or the homes of their ancestors in Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee, will look with patriotic pride upon this and other monuments erected to perpetuate the courageous valor of those who went to war at her call. Thousands will make pilgrimages to this section and learn patriotic lessons from reading these inscriptions and contemplating the scenes of the long ago conflicts in which another generation engaged. It is well to remember the dead and to pay frequent and lasting tributes to their memory. I love the sentiment uttered many years ago by a veteran General, who afterward rendered his people faithful and conspicuous service in the United States senate. When a fund had been contributed for the erection of a memorial as a tribute of love to the sons of the state who had laid down their lives in our great conflict and it was suggested that the money be utilized in erecting a public building so as to serve a useful purpose while at the same time honoring their dead, the old hero said, "Never! Let us make of it a memorial which shall have no other purpose under heaven than that of honoring the dead."

By the blood of tens of thousands of immortal heroes on both sides—15,000 of whom sleep over there—blood shed in hundreds of fiercely contested struggles, the well remembered blue and gray have blended into white. The gallant contestants laid down their arms, shook hands, and returned to their homes.

The great, silent victor said, "Let us have peace." We have it. For us and millions yet unborn it is most important to cultivate and foster a feeling of patriotic pride and reverence for the great institutions of our magnificent, common country. We should be and we are deeply grateful for the existence of that sentiment of fraternity so prevalent in these latter days, which enables us to meet together today as comrades and friends; to vie with each other in patriotic devotion to the grand old standards of our reunited country; to forget the criminations and recriminations of by-gone days, and strive together, as one man, for the uplifting and upbuilding of this whole country and the permanent good and lasting welfare of all its citizens. Let each and every one of us do our duty now and hereafter, as we did during those four years of memorable strife.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"America"

IOWA LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE MONUMENT COMMISSION

THE COMMISSION AND ITS WORK

MEMBERS.

Thomas C. Alexander, Oakland, Fourth Iowa infantry.
Elias B. Bascom, Lansing, Fifth Iowa infantry.
Alexander J. Miller, Oxford, Sixth Iowa infantry.
Alonzo Abernethy, Osage, Ninth Iowa infantry.
Mahlon Head, Jefferson, Tenth Iowa infantry.
Fred P. Spencer, Randolph, Seventeenth Iowa infantry.
John A. Young, Washington, Twenty-fifth Iowa infantry.
Joseph D. Fegan, Clinton, Twenty-sixth Iowa infantry.
*Frank Critz, Riverside, Thirtieth Iowa infantry.
Solomon B. Humbert, Cedar Falls, Thirty-first Iowa infantry.
Elliott Frazier, Morning Sun, First Iowa battery.
Chairman—JOHN A. YOUNG, Washington.
Secretary—ALONZO ABERNETHY, Osage.

The Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge Monument Commission appointed by Governor Cummins, in compliance with chapter 197, laws of the Twenty-ninth General Assembly, for the erection of monuments on the battlefields about Chattanooga, Tennessee, let the contract early in 1903 for three state monuments, as provided by law.

Two of the monuments were completed early in 1904, and the material for the third and larger one was all in position a month later, except a half dozen blocks of granite, one of the number a thirty-foot shaft, weighing forty tons. Three successive accidents occurred in attempts to place this shaft in position. Each time it received some injury.

Finally a third shaft was shipped from Barre, Vermont, in January, 1906, placed in position two months later, and the whole monument completed and accepted March 15th. This completed the work of the commission.

*Appointed to fill vacancy caused by death of Samuel H. Watkins.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE MONUMENTS.

Each monument contains a number of historical, patriotic and memorial inscriptions. The principal inscriptions on each monument are placed on the four faces of a large square block of polished granite called the die, and one face of each die has its polished surface so margined as to represent the shape of the map of Iowa, with its river borders on the east and west. The name IOWA appears also conspicuously on nearly every face of each monument, so that when approached from any direction by friend or stranger, no one need ask: "Whose monument is this?"

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

The monument on Lookout Mountain stands near the center of the Government reservation, in a sightly place, in front of the famous Craven House, around which raged the fiercest conflict of the contending hosts for the retention and the capture of this imposing stronghold, on that dismal afternoon of November 24, 1863, while gloomy clouds encircled the towering palisades and sunshine crowned the summit. This first victory of Chattanooga was named the same night, by Benjamin F. Taylor, an eye-witness, as "The Battle Above the Clouds." The monument is fifty feet high upon a fifteen-foot square base. The main shaft is eighteen feet four inches in length by three by three feet in width. The die course contains four panels, with areas four feet seven inches by five feet each. The fourth course contains eight panels, with areas one foot two and one-half inches by two feet two inches each. The inscriptions on this monument are as follows:

Front Panel:

Iowa remembers her patriot sons
Who went forth at the call of duty
To honor their country
In the dreadful carnage of war.

Right Panel:

Williamson's brigade assisted
In the capture of this position
And was engaged
On the Union right and front
Throughout the afternoon and evening,
The 31st Iowa on the right,
Reaching the foot of the palisades.

Left Panel:

"In the battle above the clouds."
Williamson's Brigade, Osterhaus' Division, 15th Army Corps.
Lookout Mountain, November 24th, 1863.
Missionary Ridge, November 25th, 1863.
Ringgold, Ga., November 27th, 1863.

Rear Panel:

May the heroism
Which dedicated this lofty field
To immortal renown
Be as imperishable
As the Union is eternal.

Fourth Course:

Front— 4th Infantry, Lieut. Col. George Burton.
9th Infantry, Col. D. Carskaddon.
Right—25th Infantry, Col. George A. Stone.
26th Infantry, Col. Milo Smith.
Rear —30th Infantry, Lieut. Col. A. Roberts.
31st Infantry, Lieut. Col. J. W. Jenkins.
Left — 1st Battery, Lieut. J. M. Williams.
(Cartridge box and forty rounds.)
(Design.)

SHERMAN HEIGHTS.

The Sherman Heights monument is also fifty feet high, and stands on the Government reservation, near the summit of the north end of Missionary Ridge, on the spot captured by General Corse's Iowa brigade on the morning of November 25th, and held till the close of the battle. Around this spot raged till nearly nightfall the fiercest fighting of the day that crowned Grant's final victory in the west for the year 1863.

The base of this monument is an octagon fifteen feet six inches by fifteen feet six inches. The main shaft is eighteen feet in length by three by three feet in width. The die course contains four panels with areas of three feet six inches by four feet each. The inscriptions on this monument are as follows:

Die Course.

Front Panel:

Iowa dedicates this monument
In honor of her sons
Who on this and other fields
Proved themselves worthy sons
Of patriotic sires.

Right Panel:

This monument marks the position
Carried by the 6th Iowa
In the assault of Corse's Brigade
The morning of Nov. 25, 1863.
Repeated charges were made later
On the enemy's line north of the tunnel.
The 5th, 10th and 17th Iowa
Were hotly engaged and lost heavily
On the immediate right.

Left Panel:

5th Infantry, Col. Jabez Banbury,
3d Brigade, 2d Division, 17th Army Corps.
6th Infantry, Lieut. Col. A. J. Miller,
2d Brigade, 4th Division, 15th Army Corps.
10th Infantry, Lieut. Col. P. P. Henderson,
3d Brigade, 2d Division, 17th Army Corps.
17th Infantry, Col. Clark R. Wever,
2d Brigade, 2d Division, 17th Army Corps.

Rear Panel:

IOWA LOSSES ON SHERMAN HEIGHTS, NOVEMBER 25, 1863.

	KILLED		WOUNDED		MISSING		TOTAL
	Officers	Enlisted men	Officers	Enlisted men	Officers	Enlisted men	
5th Infantry	.....	2	2	20	8	74	106
6th Infantry	1	7	4	53	.....	.....	65
10th Infantry	2	10	6	36	1	7	62
17th Infantry	.....	12	3	29	1	13	58
	3	31	15	138	10	94	291

Fifth Course.

Front Panel:—"You have made it a high privilege
To be
A citizen of Iowa." (Kirkwood)

ROSSVILLE GAP.

The Rossville Gap monument is seventy-two feet high. It stands in the National Military Park, Iowa reservation, and is erected here in memory of all the Iowa soldiers who took part in the battles of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Ringgold, Georgia.

The base of this monument is an octagon twenty by twenty feet. The shaft is thirty feet in length by four by four feet in width. The course contains four panels with areas of three

feet nine inches by four feet ten and a half inches each. The fourth course contains four panels, with areas of one foot ten inches by five feet four and one-half inches each. The third course contains twelve panels, with areas two feet by three feet six inches each. The inscriptions on the various panels of this monument are as follows:

Die Course.

Front Panel:

May this shaft register alike
The sacrifice of our fallen brothers,
And our purpose to perpetuate their memory
By citizenship worthy of the heritage they left us,
A reunited and glorious union.

Right Panel:—Coat of Arms of Iowa, with the words:

"Our liberties we prize,
And our rights we will maintain."

Left Panel:

In the final contest for Missionary Ridge,
Four Iowa regiments were engaged on the Confederate right flank,
Six others with battery on the Confederate left and rear.
The movement from Rossville brought the latter past this position,
Ending later in the assault upon the Ridge,
And two days afterwards in the battle of Ringgold, Ga.

VIEW SHOWING SITE OF SHERMAN'S ASSAULT AT TUNNEL HILL, MISSIONARY RIDGE, NOVEMBER 25, 1863

Rear Panel:

IOWA LOSSES.

	KILLED		WOUNDED		MISSING		TOTAL
	Officers	Enlisted men	Officers	Enlisted men	Officers	Enlisted men	
4th Infantry	1	9	1	36	.....	2	49
5th Infantry	.....	2	2	20	8	74	106
6th Infantry	1	7	4	53	.....	.....	65
9th Infantry	.....	3	.....	12	.....	.....	15
10th Infantry	2	10	6	36	1	7	62
17th Infantry	.....	12	3	29	1	13	58
25th Infantry	.....	.....	7	22	.....	.....	29
26th Infantry	.....	3	4	9	.....	.....	16
30th Infantry	.....	4	1	22	.....	.....	27
31st Infantry	.....	2	1	16	.....	.....	19
1st Battery	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
	4	52	29	255	10	96	446

Fourth Course:—Right Panel:

Iowa erects this monument
In memory of all her soldiers
Who took part in the battles of
Lookout Mountain,
Missionary Ridge,
and Ringgold, Ga.

Left Panel:

"The state of Iowa is proud of your achievements
And renders you her homage and gratitude,
And with exultant heart claims you as her sons."

—*Kirkwood.*

Third Course:—Twelve Panels:

4th Infantry, Lieut. Col. George Burton.
5th Infantry, Col. Jabez Banbury.
6th Infantry, Lieut. Col. A. J. Miller.
9th Infantry, Col. David Carskaddon.
10th Infantry, Lieut. Col. P. P. Henderson.

17th Infantry, Col. Clark R. Wever.
25th Infantry, Col. George A. Stone.
26th Infantry, Col. Milo Smith.
30th Infantry, Lieut. Col. Aurelius Roberts.
31st Infantry, Lieut. Col. Jeremiah W. Jenkins.
1st Battery, Lieut. James M. Williams.

(Cartridge box and forty rounds.)

(Design.)

SHILOH

Battle of Shiloh, April 6-7, 1862

[Extract from General U. S. Grant's Memoirs, pages 355-356]

"Shiloh was the severest battle fought at the west during the war, and but few in the east equaled it for hard, determined fighting."

The following statement of numbers engaged and losses sustained, is compiled from the official reports of Union and Confederate commanders and is historically correct.

The Union Army of the Tennessee numbered 39,830 and the Confederate Army of the Mississippi 43,968 on the morning of April 6, 1862.—On the second day of the battle the Army of the Ohio numbering 17,918 re-inforced the Army of the Tennessee. The total loss of the Union Army on both days was 13,047—or 22 per cent. The total loss of the Confederate Army on both days was 10,699—or 24 per cent. The total number on both sides was 101,716 and the total loss was 23,746—or 23½ per cent. Iowa had 6,664 engaged with a total loss of 2,409—or 36 per cent.

INTRODUCTORY

The ceremonies attending the dedication of Iowa monuments on the battlefield of Shiloh as outlined by the official program, were arranged for November 23, 1906, 1:30 P.M., at the Iowa State Monument, near Pittsburg Landing.

The commission desiring that further tribute should be paid to the Iowa soldiers at Shiloh on the sacred ground where, with their respective regiments they met the foe, was instrumental in so arranging the itinerary as to give a day for services at the Iowa regimental monuments in various parts of the Shiloh field. Accordingly it was planned that two days should be spent on the battlefield, the party to arrive at Pittsburg Landing Thursday morning, November twenty-second, and to depart the following evening, and that the regimental exercises should be held on the morning of the first day.

These exercises involved the matter of transportation for one hundred and fifty people or more over a five-mile circuit at a place where there were no public conveyances. To obviate the difficulties anticipated, an arrangement was made to bring carriages from Corinth and other distant towns; but while at Chattanooga the commission was notified that this plan had been abandoned because of high water which had made the streams next to impassable. In the dilemma the chairman of the commission, Colonel W. B. Bell, left the governor's party, going by rail to Corinth, thence by team to the Landing, and spent a day driving through the surrounding region, rousing the inhabitants to the necessity for providing transportation of some sort, and notifying them to bring what they had to "the store" at the Landing at 8:30 A.M. the next day. The Tennesseans came, some twenty-five in number, with teams of horses and mules, with lumber wagons in variety, and as the governor's party marched up from the river preceded by

the band, all were given seats in the unique conveyances and the procession moved out upon the field.

The exercises of this day were in charge of Captain Charles W. Kepler, who led the procession and determined the order in which it should move, which was, proceeding first to the extreme right of the Union battle line, thence dedicating the monuments in the order in which they came while moving from the right to the left. At each regimental position the company alighted and forming in a group about the monument joined in loving tribute to those whom the memorial honored.

The dedication ceremonies began at the monument of the 16th Infantry.

ONE OF THE ELEVEN REGIMENTAL MONUMENTS ERECTED AT SHILOH

Exercises at Sixteenth Iowa Regimental Monument, November 22, 1906

9:00 A. M.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Nearer, My God, To Thee"

Invocation . . . . . Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie
of Des Moines, Iowa

"We give unto thee, O God, our thanks that we are permitted to gather in the beautiful sunshine of today, to dedicate to good men and brave men and true men and patriotic men, these monuments. In the name of the Lord God of Hosts, Iowa here dedicates them to the memory of these men. May it be that from this day and from these exercises and from all that shall be carried back to our state from the influence and the ceremonies of these days, there may be awakened a deeper spirit of patriotism, a deeper consecration to the great ends for which governments are established among men. We rejoice that the efforts of these men, who here surrendered their lives, were not in vain. We rejoice that if they know now anything of the result of their sacrifices, they are permitted to rejoice that they did not die in vain.

"We pray that thy blessing may be upon our state, upon her families, her youth, her soldiers, and may we so learn the duties of citizens and be so inspired by the spirit of patriotism, so appreciative of the higher virtues of citizenship, that we shall be truly a greater people than we have yet been, learning lessons of the past, and made rich in the wisdom which is from above.

"Lord, accept our thanks and our petitions, and give us the help that we need, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Address . . . . . Lieutenant John Hayes
Sixteenth Iowa Regiment

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Upon a Sabbath morning in the long ago, a body of newly made soldiers disembarked at Pittsburg Landing, marched by companies to the brow of the hill, for the first time received ammunition, were told how to load the new Springfield muskets which had been given them at St. Louis but a few days before, and then formed as a regiment under the banner of the Sixteenth Iowa Volunteers.

This, the last Iowa regiment enrolled under the call of '61, had been a long time "filling up," as the phrase was. Fall and winter had passed since the first companies went into camp and the regimental organization had been completed only thirteen days before this eventful morning, so that a common prophecy, "the war will end before the men reach the field," which had been derisively hurled at the "Sixteenth" for months, seemed in a fair way to be fulfilled.

But all such delusions were now swept away by the warlike surroundings, the roar of artillery and the order to march which quickly followed—for the battle of Shiloh had begun.

About ten o'clock the regiment emerged from the timber at the northeastern part of this open field—now known as Jones' Field. It moved westerly about half across the field, then took a southerly course, descended into the draw, and after briefly halting there again moved forward. Preceded by the Fifteenth regiment, it was marching by the flank, or, as known in present tactics, in column, and the band was playing, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The officers supposed that they were being conducted to join McClernand's division, but soon after passing the draw, the regiment was opened upon by the enemy's artillery and musketry from the timber toward which it was marching. It advanced further, then formed line of battle, and after some confusion of orders took a position here. At times lying down and at times standing, the men fought as best they were able, some seeking the protection of a fence which then bordered the field. No support at right of them, no support at left of them, other than

the Fifteenth regiment, while a Confederate battery and infantry in the timber at their front dealt destruction to the command. In an hour or more a retreat was ordered, and the regiment retired with a loss of 131 men.

Of these, some found here a soldier's sepulchre; some stricken unto death were removed from this locality and in hospital passed away; some incapable of further service sought their homes, there to nurse their wounds till life's sad end, while others, restored, rejoined their command and with it moved onward through death-dealing camps to further conflicts, to wearisome marches and long campaigns.

To Corinth, to Iuka, to Vicksburg, to Kenesaw, to Nickajack, to Atlanta—names that in memory stand for agonies endured, for battles, sieges, prison pens which typified the hell of war. Then onward in the historic march to Savannah, to Columbia, to Bentonville, to Raleigh, and with the conquering hosts to share in the Grand Review at the National Capital.

Only a fraction of the Union army, its organization 926, its subsequent enlistments 521, in all 1,447 men, followed the Sixteenth flag. Among them, during the years of their service, there were 859 casualties classified as "killed, wounded, died of wounds, died of disease, and discharged for disability," and there were 257 captures, making total casualties 1,116. What sorrows at home and in the field these numbers speak. They tell of days of pain and nights of anguish, of broken hearts and grief which knew no end.

And death and suffering like this, a thousand times multiplied, befell the great Union army,—360,000 dead at the close of the war, of which Iowa gave 13,000 young lives.

> "Spreading the board, but tasting not its cheer,
> Sowing, but never reaping;
> Building, but never sitting in the shade
> Of the strong mansion they have made."

A grateful commonwealth has erected this monument thus to honor her sons, who, for love of country, fought and suffered here. So long as it endures, it will stand a witness to the

patriotic fervor which inspired the high resolve to maintain the American Union; a witness to lofty purpose faithfully executed; to sacrifices unto death.

For all the kindness a dear state has shown to those who followed the colors of her Sixteenth regiment, and for this testimonial to their fidelity, they who remain of that command, for themselves, and for voiceless comrades, extend a loving acknowledgment.

Exercises at Fifteenth Iowa Regimental Monument, November 22, 1906

9:25 A. M.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"America"

Address . . . . . Major H. C. McArthur
Fifteenth Iowa Regiment

Governor Cummins, Members of the Iowa Commission, Comrades of the Old Army, Ladies and Gentlemen:

"Truth is mighty, and will prevail." The principle of truth, justice and right did prevail on this battlefield in 1862, and, we are happy to say, again in this year 1906, else survivors of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Iowa Volunteers would not be present on this occasion with survivors of other Iowa regiments to recognize heroic action, pay homage for noble deed and valuable service rendered in preserving the best Government on earth. With you, Governor Cummins, and the noble people of our beloved State, we rejoice at the completion of this monument with the exact truth inscribed thereon. It is a good omen when patriots are honored and patriotism exalted. It did not, however, require this monument to convince the survivors of the Fifteenth Iowa Volunteers of the willingness and desire of our people to honor her sons who, in this, the first great field fight of the war, and up to that time the greatest battle of modern times, bore the stars and stripes in victorious conflict. Our citizens, though crowded with the busy cares of life, remember well, how forty-four years ago, the sixth and seventh of last April, armies were contending here over a principle vital to the very existence of our government; and that Iowa had eleven regiments engaged upon this battlefield who did nobly in defense of the flag. This ground is made sacred

and historic by deeds of valor and sacrifice in the noblest cause —human liberty. We celebrate the achievements of patriot heroes. The nation's life had been assailed, defenders sprang to the call, ready to die that the nation might live. Although one of them from 1861 to 1865, and proud of the distinguished honor, I claim nothing unduly when I say the members of the Fifteenth Iowa Infantry Volunteers deserve the approbation so freely bestowed. What your soldiers bore of danger here, no one can adequately describe. The command arrived at Pittsburg Landing from St. Louis, Missouri, about daylight on Sunday morning, April 6, 1862; soon artillery was heard in the distance, the command, in light marching order, was hurriedly disembarked, forming line on top of the hill. About eight o'clock A.M., General Grant arrived, and while conversing with Colonel Reid of the Fifteenth Iowa, a staff officer approached in great haste, reporting General McClernand's right sorely pressed and desiring reinforcements. Colonel Reid with the Fifteenth and Colonel Chambers with the Sixteenth Iowa, were directed thither. Between eight and nine o'clock A.M., both regiments were put in rapid motion toward the point designated. The recollection of that march to this point of attack, is as vivid to my mind as if made but yesterday. We hear again the command of the officers, the roar of distant artillery and musketry; we see dashing orderlies, the rapid advance, the forming line, the charging column, the wounded, the dying, the dead. Oh, how plainly we see, in panoramic view, the scenes of that morning.

How well do we remember the discouraging remarks made by the wounded and stragglers—a very trying experience for new troops on the eve of battle. A terrible volley of musketry in advance satisfied us the fighting line was not far away.

> "Hotter and fiercer grows the din,
> Deeper the panting troops press in."

While marching through yonder field the band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me." This familiar tune seemed to nerve the men to step with firmer tread, determined to do their

duty when the battle's front was reached. We were marching in column of fours, therefore unprepared to resist attack, neither thinking that—

"In these woods there waiting lay
Hidden lines of dingy gray,
Through which we must cleave our way."

The front of the column had passed two-thirds across that field.

"Hark! on the right a rifle rings,
A rolling volley back it brings.
Crash, crash, along the line there runs
The music of a thousand guns,
Spurring the panting, steaming steed,
Dash orderlies at top of speed."

The discharge of artillery in our very faces was the nature of our reception. We formed line of battle from the flank, the Sixteenth Iowa promptly taking position on our right, and for two hours, from ten to twelve o'clock, forenoon, these two Iowa regiments had their engagement, unsupported on the right or left by any other troops. They had been ambushed some distance back of the front general line of battle by a Confederate force which had passed through a gap in our line, which we now know existed to a damaging extent, between the left of Sherman and McClernand's right; although so unexpectedly assaulted, officers and men behaved with great gallantry. Another hath said: "Seldom, if ever, had older troops withstood the shock of battle with greater fortitude or more heroic courage than did these new Iowa regiments." The men were unused to war. This was their first experience in skirmish or battle. The command had received their arms but a few days before. No opportunity of learning their use until brought face to face in mortal combat with a very active foe. The blast of artillery and volley of musketry, coming so unexpectedly as it did, together with the formation in which we were moving, the wonder of it all is, the command had not been driven in utter confusion

from the field. Not so, however. Under a raking cross-fire the regiment was changed from flank to line of battle; moved forward like veterans, forced the enemy from their concealments, and held this position for two hours, until, to escape capture, it was ordered to retire. The casualties of our regiment, 206, as per the revised records of Iowa, discloses the character of our engagement. The time the enemy was held in check evidences the staying quality of these Iowa boys—worthy followers of the older Iowa troops. This proved a bloody baptism for the regiment, but glorious in patriotic achievement. Officers and men counted no effort too great nor dangerous, nor sacrifice too dear while defending the "old flag."

"How they cheered and how they rallied,
How they charged mid shot and shell,
How they bore aloft the banner,
How they conquered, how they fell."

Nowhere on this field, nor in any other field of battle for the Union, was the honor of Iowa put in jeopardy by the action of her soldiery, and upon no field of conflict did she achieve greater honor for stalwart bravery and patriotic devotion than on this historic ground. They were battling for the unity of the nation, for the very life of the Republic.

War, dread war; here on that eventful day it was indeed a reality; it seems like a dream, yet terrible. Intervening time has to a great extent healed the wounds caused by cruel war. We thank God it is so. We hope and believe no future act will mar the beauty of the dear old flag, stain its purity or degrade its authority. It is a guarantee of protection to ourselves and children within the confines of every civilized nation on earth. Isn't such a flag, with such complete and happy protection, a precious boon? Its authority was upheld on this hotly contested ground by the Union army, and Iowa troops contributed their full share toward the grand result.

The commonwealth of Iowa believing her soldiers performed their duty here faithfully and well, have, in a spirit of magnanimity and patriotism, caused these monuments to be erected—

a glorious consummation of generous desire and noble intention. This expression of their gratitude and confidence is greatly appreciated by the survivors of the Fifteenth Iowa Veteran Volunteers. It is a very great satisfaction in being fully assured, as we are, that the memory of our fallen comrades who gave their last and best measure of devotion, their lives, that the Union might be preserved, and that the deeds and sacrifices of all are enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people. We are happy in the belief that this block of granite must defy the corroding touch of time if it fully represents the lasting gratitude the people of Iowa have for what her patriotic sons did here on April 6, 1862. And now, here upon this spot made memorable and sacred by loyal sacrifice in a noble cause, to you, Governor Cummins, the members of the Iowa Shiloh Commission, and through you to the citizens of patriotic Iowa, in behalf of the survivors of the Fifteenth Iowa Volunteers, and for those whose white tents are pitched on "'fame's eternal camping-ground," I thank all most heartily and sincerely for this magnificent monument, a testimonial of our good conduct, devotion to duty, flag and country in time of national peril.

Benediction . . . . . Rev. S. H. Hedrix
of Allerton, Iowa

"May the grace of our Father rest upon all. May we continue to move under the banner of the wings of His love, and all that we think, say and do be approved by Him, and all be kept in the knowledge and love of the truth in this world, and saved to an eternal home in heaven in Jesus' name. Amen."

Exercises at Sixth Iowa Regimental Monument, November 22, 1906

9:45 A. M.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Lead, Kindly Light"

Introduction of Speaker . Captain Charles W. Kepler

A son of Lieutenant Colonel Alexander J. Miller, who at the time of the battle of Shiloh was Lieutenant of Co. G, Sixth Iowa, but who on July 18, 1863, became Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, will speak a few words for the Sixth Iowa Infantry.

Address . . . . . Jesse A. Miller
of Des Moines, Iowa

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have heard this morning that certain regiments went into this battle as green troops. That is true of almost all the regiments that were here, for this was one of the early battles of the war, but there was no regiment that was placed here in as bad a predicament as the Sixth Iowa. On the morning that the battle commenced, its Colonel was in command of a brigade. Its Major was away on staff duty, and its Lieutenant Colonel was drunk and unable to command the regiment. The regiment fought here on this field for some time, without any commanding officer at all, except its company commanders, and when the commander of the brigade found that the Lieutenant Colonel was drunk he had him placed under arrest and sent to the rear. Captain Williams, who was not a ranking captain, was placed in command, and he commanded the regiment during the battle, until he was wounded, and then Captain Walden was placed in command. And so, while I say they were green troops, they

were even worse off than other regiments, for they started without any commanding officers at all, and when they got one, he was not the one who had commanded them in the past. And yet this regiment did as valiant service as any regiment engaged. This regiment lost more men killed and mortally wounded in this battle than any other from Iowa, and more than any other regiment engaged, either north or south, with possibly one exception. I believe the Ninth Illinois had more men killed or mortally wounded here than the Sixth Iowa.

Throughout this battle, when Albert Sidney Johnston in the front was charging them, this regiment stood as a wall until they were driven back, and when driven back, although separated into two detachments, they again formed and on the second day of the battle they again went into the fight and fought until the end of the engagement.

This monument is erected to the memory of those who fought and suffered here, and it is a fitting memorial. The thing it teaches to us is not so much the valor of those who died and suffered here, as that we who come after them must live a high and noble life to merit what our forefathers have done for us. I, as one who was born after the war, as one who knows nothing of the war except as I have heard and read, feel that I am a better man and will live a better life for having visited these battlefields; and I believe that the people of all the states of this Union would be better citizens if they would visit the battlefields and see what we have seen and hear what we have heard. I hope that as the days go by and as the years roll on, that annually there will be pilgrimages from the north and from the south to these fields, that inspiration may be received by others, as it has been received by us, and that these memorials will ever tend to raise the citizenship of this country and make the people of this nation a better and higher type of civilization than any that has gone before.

Benediction . . . . . Rev. S. H. Hedrix
of Allerton, Iowa

"Our Father and our God, we praise thee for all of this great work and for this great regiment. Do thou bless the

Sixth Iowa, its living and its dead; Lord bless and care for them all. Help us who are here today to know that our part is linked together with all of these great regiments on this and other fields, and do thou keep us all near to thee, looking forward and upward to better things, with purity of heart and life. May we keep our schools, our churches, our homes and our land, in all of its civilization, growing wondrously, in the great Redeemer's name. Amen."

GENERAL W. H. L. WALLACE'S MONUMENT AT SHILOH

Exercises at Eleventh Iowa Regimental Monument, November 22, 1906

10:00 A. M.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"The Vacant Chair"

Address . . . . . Captain G. O. Morgridge
Eleventh Iowa Regiment

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Today we stand in the presence of the dead. It is a day full of solemn memories to those who participated in the events that transpired here in 1862. It was at this place that the regiment which this monument commemorates gave up many lives and endured much suffering in its country's service. After Iowa resolved to commemorate her heroes by rearing monuments to mark the places where they fought, I was appointed by Governor Shaw commissioner for the Eleventh regiment. His action was recommended by Colonel A. M. Hare, Colonel Ben Beach, and many officers and men of the regiment. Today it is my pleasure to present to you a mass of granite located where the regiment fought and many fell. It will say to the world after we who remain have joined our comrades, and until this stone shall crumble in the dust, "These stood for Liberty."

*The inscription on the front of this monument gives in brief the regiment's place on this field. The rear inscription I did not prepare and have never approved, nor has it ever been approved by the Iowa commission. It is not in accord with our Colonel William Hall's official report of the part taken by our regiment in the engagement.

*NOTE—In order to avoid anything which might mar the spirit of the occasion, this paragraph was omitted in reading.

Colonel Cornelius Cadle, chairman of the Shiloh national military park commission, said:

"Mr. Chairman:

"The regiment whose monument has just been dedicated was commanded by Colonel A. M. Hare. In this battle he commanded the First brigade of McClernand's division, was severely wounded and carried from the field. His daughter has just placed upon the monument a wreath of immortelles, in memory of her father and his comrades. I present to you Mrs. Ida Hare Warfield."

Mrs. Warfield expressed her appreciation of being present on the ground where her father fought.

Benediction . . . . . Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie
of Des Moines, Iowa

"Accept, O God, this stone, before our people and before thee—lest we forget. We would cherish in our hearts thoughts for those who gave themselves for us, for our common country—who contributed all that they were that government by the people might stand perpetually. We thank thee for the sacrifices made here, and we pray thee that from them we may learn the lesson of true devotion; that so we may become a people that shall stand among the people of the earth able to govern ourselves.

"And may the peace that passeth understanding, the peace that rests upon the dead, the Divine peace of truth and right, be upon all the people, in the Redeemer's name. Amen."

Exercises at Thirteenth Iowa Regimental Monument, November 22, 1906

10:15 A. M.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Home, Sweet Home"

Address . . . . . Captain Charles W. Kepler
Thirteenth Iowa Regiment

Comrades of the Thirteenth Iowa, Governor Cummins, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Forty-four years ago and more, on this sacred spot, the Thirteenth Iowa Infantry formed its first line of battle to resist the assaults of the enemy.

Fortunate mortals are we to live to see this day; to witness with our own eyes what the loyal and generous people of Iowa have done to perpetuate the memory of her soldiers. Standing here before this beautiful monument, placed here by the generous and loyal people of Iowa, what memories come thronging back to us from the distant past, mingled with joy and sadness; memories of those dark and stormy days when a war cloud hung over this country like a pall of night. Brother had taken up arms against brother. The air was filled with the melody of the fife and drum. The whole earth seemed to tremble with the mighty tramp of the armies going forth to battle; memories of a young, happy manhood, with all the hopes and ambitions of the future; the camp life; the drill; the inspection; the reveille; the tattoo; the wounded; the dying; the dead; our gallant and brave commander, Colonel Crocker; our company commanders; our bunk-mates; our mothers and sweethearts all left behind; the thoughts of loved ones at home, just before the battle, all come thronging back to us on this occasion. Is it all a dream? No! it is a reality.

If all the living officers and men of that grand old regiment that formed its first line of battle here more than forty-four years ago were here present today, but few of that gallant old regiment would answer. Why? Because they have made their last march, fought their last battle, heard the last tattoo on earth and are now answering the roll-call beyond the skies.

Forty-four years and more battling with the problems of civil life have left their impress on our physical bodies. Our steps are not as elastic, our eyes are not as bright and sparkling, we are not quite as handsome as we were forty-four years ago; but in our hearts and imaginations we are boys again. We shall never grow old.

Isn't it sad to think that the grand old army of the Union shall soon pass from this earth?

Eleven Iowa regiments fought on this battlefield. The legislature of Iowa appropriated $50,000 to erect monuments on this field to commemorate the memory of her sons who fought here. The governor of Iowa appointed eleven commissioners, one from each regiment, to procure designs, determine the kind and character of the monuments, and to locate the same.

I had the honor to be selected the commissioner to represent the Thirteenth Iowa. Comrades of the Thirteenth Iowa, I have performed that trust to the best of my ability. I have taken great pains to keep all my comrades in touch with what we were doing. Not one penny of the state's money has been misappropriated. The commissioners have worked hard to carry out the trust reposed in them, without any consideration to themselves except the great honor conferred in their appointment. It is not for us to say how well we have performed our work. We can only point you to the monuments which we have erected, and it is for you and the people of Iowa to say whether or not we have faithfully performed our trust. If our work in the selection of the monuments and of the location of the same are satisfactory to you and the people of Iowa, I shall feel well paid for the time and labor I have expended in carrying out my part of the work.

Comrades, much as you may shrink from it, our fighting days are over. If other wars shall come to our beloved country, from foes without or foes within, others must fight those battles but it will be a pleasure and comfort to us in our declining years to remember this most enjoyable trip to the southland, in company with our beloved governor and to know that when we are gone, and the generations that shall follow us are gone, this beautiful monument will stand as a silent witness that the people of Iowa fully appreciate the sacrifices, sufferings and devotion of her sons who fought for the Union on this battlefield—the hardest fought battle of the west, and one of the hardest fought battles of the civil war.

Benediction . . . . . Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie
of Des Moines, Iowa

"We thank thee, O God, for the conspicuous success that has marked the endeavors of the commission which has erected these monuments. We pray thee that thy blessing may be so upon us that we shall move forward in these days of peace, to fight the battles which must yet be fought, that the work begun by these brave soldier boys may be carried on, and that the blessing of the Lord Jesus Christ may be upon us. In His name we ask it. Amen."

Exercises at Second Iowa Regimental Monument, November 22, 1906

10:30 A. M.

Music (Brass Quartette) . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Blest Be the Tie That Binds"

Address . . . . . General James B. Weaver
of Colfax, Iowa

Governor Cummins, Members of the Commission, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This was a very hot place on the day of the battle. Iowa did not have a bad regiment in the field, nor a regiment that failed to reflect credit upon the commonwealth and the flag, and she had no regiment in the field that excelled the Second Iowa Infantry. The men in that regiment were as gallant as ever shouldered a musket or faced an enemy in battle. I will tell you some things that took place right here.

Standing here to my left is Captain McNeal, of the Second Iowa Infantry. This was the right of our regiment,—the left extended along the "Sunken Road." Captain McNeal at that time was an orderly sergeant, and he had upon his cartridge box this piece of brass (shows piece of brass). It was convex when he took his position down there on the left of the regiment, but it is concave now, as you see. It was made concave by a solid shot, and I saw it strike him. This piece of brass upon his cartridge box saved his life. I saw the same cannon ball strike another man and mortally wound him.

The battle here was so hot that the very birds were confused, and the quail absolutely played around my feet. They did not know what to do. They forgot their cunning and knew not how to fly. The little swifts with which you comrades are familiar, were confused, and could not run nor get

out of our way. It was a most terrific battle, here at the "Hornet's Nest."

I feel that I have been highly honored in being permitted to accompany this party of citizens from Iowa to dedicate these monuments, and I am especially thankful to Almighty God that my strength has been so spared that I can return here, after forty-four years, and participate in the dedication of these memorials. Unless some vandal displaces them, they will stand here until the end of time.

Our commission is entitled to the gratitude of every soldier and of the whole people of the state for having selected such enduring material for commemorating the valor and courage of those who fought here. May God in His mercy bless us and bless posterity and keep alive the love of God, the love of country, and the love of the flag—the trinity of affection which will make for the greatness of this nation for all time. I thank you.

Benediction . . . . . Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie
of Des Moines, Iowa

"Grant, O God, thy continued favor as we go on with our pilgrimage of peace. In these days of prosperity, we pray that we may learn wisdom from the past, and remember the sublime victories that are to be won in peace through citizenship and character; that so we may be helped continually to approach the higher levels of life by which alone our nation shall attain its proper greatness. Guide us on our way, and accept our thanks for all thy mercies to us through dark days to the days of brightness and of peace, in the name of Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Exercises at Seventh Iowa Regimental Monument, November 22, 1906

10:50 A. M.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Star Spangled Banner"

Address . . . . . Major Samuel Mahon
Seventh Iowa Infantry

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

When Moses of old ascended the holy mount, the voice of Jehovah commanded, "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." To us today on this holy ground is allotted, by the people of Iowa, the sacred duty of dedicating this granite to the men, living and dead, who stood in the breach on the fateful sixth and seventh of April, forty-four years ago.

We are standing in the historic "Hornet's Nest," which for seven hours was held by an insignificant force against the repeated attacks of the flower of the south. How vividly the survivors of that stubborn resistance recall in their minds, the scenes of that eventful Sunday;—an April sun shining brightly on the camps of Wallace's division back near the Landing, the soldiers, without thought or expectation of battle, engaged in exchanging messages with the loved ones at home in far-off Iowa. Suddenly on the morning air were borne the ominous sounds of the opening battle far to the front;—the hurried orders and formation, the rapid march to the front past disordered and retreating fragments composed of all arms of the service, until this position was reached. It was a contest of endurance, perhaps the hardest test to which a soldier can be subjected, but the men who had received their first baptism on the bloody field of Belmont, and later who had formed in the

storming column that ascended the steep slopes of Fort Donelson's crest, on that wintry day in February, crowning defeat with victory, presented an undaunted front and settled to the grim task allotted to them; for seven hours they tenaciously held their ground against repeated attacks of the gallant foe, in the intervals subjected to the relentless fire of shell and shrapnel from batteries which they could neither attack nor silence, all the while realizing by the ominous sounds of the firing, that both flanks of the position were being enclosed and that they were fighting a losing battle. "Hold the position at all hazards," were the parting words of General Grant to our division commander, the gallant William H. L. Wallace, who sealed with his life, his obedience to the orders of his chief.

Through the long hours of the afternoon could be seen, across the historic Duncan field, the ceaseless movement of the gray infantry columns hurrying toward the apex of the acute angle which still projected toward the hostile lines. This was the only fixed point in the shifting kaleidoscope of disaster which befell the force of McClernand and Sherman on the right and Prentiss and Hurlbut on the left.

Let, however, one of our gallant foes bear testimony as well, to the valor of these men whose monument we now dedicate. William Preston Johnston, in the life of General Albert Sidney Johnston, relates:

"This portion of the Federal line was occupied by Wallace's division and by the remnants of Prentiss' division. Here behind a dense thicket on the crest of the hill was posted a strong force of as hardy troops as ever fought; to assail it an open field had to be passed; it was nicknamed by the Confederates, by that very mild metaphor, "The Hornets' Nest." No figure of speech would be too strong to express the deadly peril of the assault upon this natural fortress, whose inaccessible barriers blazed for six hours with sheets of flame, and whose infernal gates poured forth a murderous storm of shot and shell and musketry fire, which no living thing could quell or even withstand. Brigade after brigade was led against it, but valor was of no avail. Hindman's brilliant brigades which had swept everything before them from the field, were shivered into frag-

ments and paralyzed for the remainder of the day. Stewart's regiments made fruitless assaults, but only to retreat mangled from the field. Bragg now ordered up Gibson's splendid brigade; it made a charge, but like the others, recoiled and fell back. Bragg sent orders to charge again; four times the position was charged, four times the assault proved unavailing; the brigade was repulsed. About half past three the struggle which had been going on for five hours with fitful violence was renewed with the utmost fury; Polk's and Bragg's corps intermingled, were engaged in the death grapple with the sturdy commands of Wallace and Prentiss.

"General Ruggles judiciously collected all the artillery he could find, some eleven batteries, which he massed against the position; the opening of so heavy a fire and the simultaneous advance of the whole Confederate line resulted first in confusion and then in the defeat of Wallace and the surrender of Prentiss at about half past five. Breckinridge, Ruggles, Withers, Cheatham and other divisions which helped to subdue these stubborn fighters, each imagined his own the hardest part of the work."

But the end had come. Enclosed by converging lines the order came to fall back. Facing about in line, steady as if on parade, the survivors retreated from the position they had held so long to find themselves confronted again by the foe; surrounded, almost bewildered, they forced their way through the enfolding lines, subjected to the fierce fire which they were unable to return, except here and there a man loading as he ran, turned to fire a Parthian shot. Retreating beyond the zone of fire and the impact of the onset, these men from Belmont and Donelson rallied to the colors and behind Hurlbut's desolated camp faced about in battle line once more. A brief halt in this position waiting for comrades who never came was followed by an orderly march to the last line of defense covering their own camps.

Three of the five Iowa regiments tarried too long on the order of retreat and were captured entire by the victorious foe. Two only, the Second and the Seventh, maintained their organizations and participated in the second day's conflict.

More sacred than our poor words, more enduring than this granite, will the memory of those who fell here live in the hearts of posterity, and the bitterness of strife will fade in the remembrance of the bravery and sacrifice of both the blue and gray alike.

"No more shall the war cry sever,
Nor the winding river run red,
They banish our anger forever,
As they laurel the graves of our dead.

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

The south will vie with the north in the upbuilding of our common country, in the upholding of the flag, and placing her in the forefront of twentieth century civilization, the arbiters of the peace of the world and a refuge for the oppressed.

Here on the banks of the mighty Tennessee, whose name their army bore, and on whose bosom they were borne to this fateful field, we leave the dead to their long sleep until the Resurrection Morn, with the murmur of its waters for their requiem.

Benediction . . . . . Rev. S. H. Hedrix
of Allerton, Iowa

"And now may the grace of our Heavenly Father be with us. May we learn the great lessons of life, and at last receive the crown of everlasting life which the Lord has prepared for them that love Him. Hear us, keep us and save us, in the great Redeemer's name. Amen."

Exercises at Twelfth Iowa Regimental Monument. November 22, 1906

11:10 A. M.

Address . . . . . Major D. W. Reed
Twelfth Iowa Regiment
Secretary of the Shiloh National Military Park Commission

Ladies and Gentlemen:

General Tuttle, marching toward the sound of battle, led his regiment along the road here to our right, and as he came to this spot where I stand he saw in the fringe of woods beyond him a rebel battery going into position. He immediately turned, ahead of his brigade, down that ravine, and formed his brigade in this ravine which we see just at our rear. The "Sunken Road" ran immediately behind this monument. In this position, the Twelfth Iowa, with the rest of the brigade, held the Confederates at bay all day long. The fight which has just been described at the Seventh regimental monument applies to this regiment also. Just to our left is a tablet, where Colonel Dean, of the Second Arkansas, was killed, within a few steps of the Fourteenth Iowa.

It is unnecessary to talk of what the Twelfth did. Their record has been told among the other regiments. They held a position here that was practically impregnable. A gallant Iowa officer coming here lately, in looking over it said, "I have always thought that the record of the Hornets' Nest Brigade was a myth, but I see now, in looking over this position, that an overruling Providence directed General Tuttle, at the head of the right men, to the right place, at the right time, to save Shiloh on this bloody battlefield." The fringe of woods up yonder represents the position held by Ruggles' batteries. His sixty-two guns, playing upon this position from

three o'clock to five o'clock, failed to move the Union forces from their position.

I thank you, gentlemen.

Benediction . . . . . Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie
of Des Moines, Iowa

"We give thanks to thee, thou who art over all, for all these instances of thy care and direction, and that thou didst devise all means by which we have been protected. Now lead us still, as thou hast led us; lead us on, that we may ever attain the better things—the better life—the diviner prosperity and that true freedom in which we shall share and share justly, and dwell happily together in the name of Christ, our Lord. May thy peace abound toward us forever more, in His name. Amen."

Exercises at Fourteenth Iowa Regimental Monument, November 22, 1906

11:25 A. M.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Iowa"

Introduction of speaker by Captain Charles W. Kepler. Mr. Kepler said:

"If it were permissible for any eulogy to be pronounced upon any one particular regiment or its commander, I would say, as I did not belong to that regiment, that Colonel Shaw, who commanded the Fourteenth Iowa, would be entitled to it. Captain Matson, a warm personal and intimate friend of Colonel Shaw, will read a communication from Colonel Shaw which he is unable to deliver in person."

Address . . . . . Colonel W. T. Shaw
Fourteenth Iowa Regiment

Captain Daniel Matson, after explaining the inability of Colonel W. T. Shaw to be present at the exercises, read Colonel Shaw's address:

Men and Survivors of the Fourteenth Iowa:

Under the weight of eighty-four years, together with the partial loss of sight, and a broken limb, which renders it impossible for me to get about without assistance, I am unable to be present on the occasion of the dedication of the Iowa monuments on the battlefield of Shiloh.

It would give me great pleasure to meet you and once more greet my companions in arms, on the spot made sacred by the blood of the members of our regiment who fell on April 6,

1862. But I am subject to the orders of the Great Commander, who forbids my being with you. I can only send you a few words of greeting. I shall be with you in spirit, and I know that you will enjoy your meeting together.

If the service rendered to our country by Tuttle's brigade and the Eighth Iowa, at this point, constituted the sum of their work, which it did not, it were sufficient to cover them with imperishable renown. The fact that this command held the center of the Federal lines for an hour and a half after both wings of the Union army had been driven back, enabled General Grant to form a new line of defense and hold the enemy at bay until night closed the first day of the eventful contest.

This fact is clearly established by official data, which shows that the Fourteenth Iowa surrendered to the brigade under Chalmers, which constituted the right of the Confederate lines and of Bragg's corps, while the Twelfth Iowa surrendered to Pond's brigade, which constituted the extreme left of the Confederate forces; thus showing that the entire rebel army had surrounded and enveloped our little command.

Having served with General Bragg in Mexico, I was personally acquainted with him. At the time of our surrender he recognized me, and asked me how many men we had. Not knowing the full extent of the Union forces enclosed by the rebel lines, I replied, "About five hundred." Bragg expressed his disgust in language more forcible than elegant, and said: "We have lost an hour and a half in this affair," when he immediately gave orders for the Confederate troops to deploy towards the river and press the Federal forces.

This proves clearly that the entire Union army had been swept back from the field to the new line around the Landing, leaving our command as the necessary sacrifice for our salvation. There can be no doubt but that the obstinate courage of the troops composing "The Hornets' Nest Brigade," in holding their position without wavering for hours after their supports on the right and left had given away, stayed the rebel advance, and made victory possible the next day for us.

Colonel Tuttle, having withdrawn the two right regiments of the brigade, the Second and Seventh, sent orders to Colonel

Wood, of the Twelfth, to about-face his command and fight the enemy approaching from the rear. Seeing the Twelfth executing this movement, I called on Colonel Wood and asked him what he meant. He repeated the order he had received from the brigade commander and added, "I expect further orders." I received no orders from anyone. I left Colonel Wood and returned to my regiment and for a time we held the line; realizing that we were isolated and alone, I attempted to withdraw my regiment and retire, following the rest of the brigade, but being pressed by the enemy was compelled to about-face to check his advance. Again we attempted to retire and again were so closely pressed that I was compelled to about-face the command and for the third time we were hotly engaged, once more checking the foe. From this point, we retired to the camp of the Thirty-second Illinois, where being surrounded I surrendered to the Ninth Mississippi Infantry, Major Whitfield commanding. The following letter will be of interest, showing his estimate of and admiration for the brave men who composed the "Hornets' Nest Brigade":

CORINTH, MISS., April 10, 1884.

Colonel W. T. Shaw,
Anamosa, Iowa.

My Dear Sir:

I cannot exaggerate the expression of my regret when I learned that you had visited the Shiloh battlefield on the sixth and seventh instant, and I had missed the opportunity of meeting you again and knowing as a friend the man and officer who won my admiration as an enemy.

Our encounter at Shiloh is one of the most striking episodes of my war experience. It was a curious vicissitude of war that repaid with captivity the courage and gallantry that held its position last upon the field when you held your regiment and part of another fighting gallantly in open field with perfect line and well dressed ranks, long after both the regiments on your flanks had fled and yielded only when assailed both in front and rear. The fortunes of war owed you something better. But after all one can never safely count on any reward save that

which comes from the satisfaction of knowing that we have performed our duty well. I was very much in hope that you would extend your visit to Corinth and accept from me for a few days that hospitality you once declined as a prisoner, because it could not be shared by your "boys." I even heard that you were coming over and I placed a man to intercept you and bring you direct to my house, where my wife had prepared a chamber for you and swung the camp kettle with some very excellent Glen Levat and lemon, in waiting, on the mantel. But you did not come and I seek refuge from my disappointment in writing this letter to you, which I trust will find you reciprocating my desire for a more intimate acquaintance.

Very truly yours,

F. E. Whitfield.

When we arrived in Corinth as prisoners, Major Whitfield's father, who resided there, hunted me up and asked me to take a seat in his buggy and go with him to his house. He stated that his son had been wounded and brought home. He said further, if agreeable to me, he had influence at army headquarters to pass me through the lines to our army. I was forced to decline both his hospitality and good offices in securing my liberty, believing that my services were necessary to my men during their captivity; and believing that it was my duty to remain with them to share their privations and imprisonment. This I have never regretted.

When I surrendered my command, no private or officer had offered to yield until I decided that further resistance was useless. During the three years that I commanded the Fourteenth Iowa I never gave an order or command that was not promptly obeyed. There is not a single act of the regiment that I cannot look back to with pride whether it be on the many well fought battlefields on which they were engaged, in camp or on the march. It was a soldierly and brave organization, and to no incident in its career do I now look back, over the long stretch of years that have intervened, with more pride and satisfaction than that after their retreat and struggle for near half a mile, fronting to the rear and repelling the enemy, over broken and

heavily timbered ground, surrounded and pressed on all sides by an overwhelming and victorious enemy, I was able, when necessity compelled it, to surrender with closed ranks and lines well dressed. The Fourteenth Iowa at the time of its capture was reduced to about two hundred men.

In closing, let me join you in expressions of appreciation for the liberality shown by our state in commemorating upon imperishable granite and bronze the record of your services upon this battlefield. For many years, until the infirmities of age compelled me to give place to younger men, it was my pleasure to labor to secure the creation of "The Shiloh National Military Park," together with this recognition by our state. Now that it is accomplished, it gratifies me beyond expression.

I am the only surviving colonel of the eleven who commanded the Iowa troops at Shiloh. For this kind interposition of Divine Providence, I trust I have due regard; and today, in the quiet of my home, far from Shiloh's field, I speak to you men of the Fourteenth. It is fit and proper that you and I, in this manner, remember our fallen comrades. It is fit and proper that our great commonwealth erect these monuments to commemorate the valor of the Iowa regiments which upheld the flag of their country and the reputation of their state, upon this battlefield.

As a final word I can only say I know that you will remain steadfast in support of the cause for which you fought on this field; that in your everyday life you will be faithful to every trust reposed in you, and that you will teach the lessons of patriotism to those who follow you.

I will not say farewell, for I hope to meet you again in my home, where a warm welcome awaits you.

Benediction . . . . . Rev. S. H. Hedrix
of Allerton, Iowa

"May the God of all wisdom and consolation abide with the dear Colonel who sends these words of cheer, and may it be with us all as we go from this place. May every one of us resolve that while life shall last we shall do everything in our

SHILOH CHURCH
This picture was made from a sketch of the original Shiloh church, which was standing at the time of the battle

power to consecrate and keep new the great bright fruits of God, that shall keep us free and lead us on in the great prosperity that has attended us since the days of this historic struggle; and may the Lord in His mercy have compassion on us in our weakness. Keep and direct us forever in Jesus' name, and bear us at last to a home in Heaven, a home that shall be ours throughout eternity. Amen."

Exercises at Eighth Iowa Regimental Monument, November 22, 1906

11:35 A. M.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Introduction of speaker . . Colonel William B. Bell

Governor Cummins, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have a few words to say on behalf of the Eighth Iowa regiment on this memorial occasion. Colonel James L. Geddes commanded this regiment during the first day's fight at Shiloh. In the evening he was taken prisoner. He is now gone to his reward.

I had expected to have Professor A. N. Currier of the Iowa State University, who was a private soldier in this regiment, make some remarks on this occasion. It was impossible for him to be here and I have selected another private soldier of the Eighth Iowa regiment who is present here today to make the address. Before introducing him, however, I am gratified to be able to announce to the audience that two sons of General Prentiss are with us and we will introduce them at the conclusion of the address.

Address . . . . . Private Asa Turner
Eighth Iowa Regiment

Governor Cummins, Members of the Commission, Comrades and Fellow Citizens:

I have sometimes wondered what made Iowa's troops invincible. I have thought much over the matter, and I believe I can tell you why. Drummond says, "The greatest thing in

the world is love." The Divinity who walked the Galilean shore said, "Greater love hath no man than this: that he lay down his life for his friends."

When the call to duty came to the Iowa boys, they hurried from the schools, from the farms and from the shops. They received the benediction of those who waited behind—whose mission it was to love, to watch, to wait and to weep. A farewell kiss upon the cheek from wife and mother and sister and sweetheart. Do you wonder that having stood, they were able to stand, with the eyes of the motherhood and the wifehood and the sisterhood and all the sweethearts of the north upon them, backed by the greater love of Divinity?

For the first time under fire right there (pointing)—a boy of eighteen—what a flood of memories come trooping up when I think of those days and of the boys who came with us. Was it hope of reward or fame or wealth that brought them? No! It was this greater love, that coming at the crucial period in the nation's history, made them willing to stand, and they did stand, upon this very spot, laved in the blood of the forty who died here, of the eighteen who died of mortal wounds, of the one hundred and thirteen wounded; and we will say that all the rest were taken south. So today we commemorate their deeds. Would that I had the power to send a wireless message up through the ether blue to the comrades who have gone before. I would say, comrades, though you are absent, you are not forgotten. We have kept your memory green. We have told of your deeds of valor to the child and the grandchild at our knees. At our firesides, at campfires, at gatherings, on decoration days, we have remembered you.

Now we know that the eventide of life is coming. It is not for long ere the reveille will sound for us the last time, for we are gathering home, one by one; and then, comrades, we will join glad hands with you, feeling that the men behind the guns acted well their part.

Governor Cummins, to you, who so ably championed the cause of the two sister regiments whose cause was dear to us, we commit this monument. I thank you.

Colonel Bell said:

"I have the pleasure of presenting to this gathering two sons of General Prentiss who fought so nobly upon this field—Jacob H. Prentiss and E. W. Prentiss."

Mr. E. W. Prentiss said:

Governor Cummins, Survivors of the Battle of Shiloh, Ladies and Gentlemen:

While we did not come here to talk we take this opportunity to express our appreciation of this great privilege, of attending these beautiful ceremonies. It is too bad that so few of the brave men of Shiloh survive to see and hear these splendid tributes to their sacred memory and to their bravery.

While the two Iowa regiments assigned to father's division —the Fifteenth and Sixteenth—were not with him here in this Hornet's Nest; these other Iowa regiments of which you have heard were very close to him and to his command and the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth were taken prisoners with him. And as they were very close to him in the line of battle, so were they ever close to his heart and lovingly treasured in his memory. They were with him in prison and he loved them and never forgot them.

We thank you for the warm greeting that you have extended to us for the sake of his memory, and accept it in the same spirit.

Benediction . . . . . Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie
of Des Moines, Iowa

"We offer thee praise, Almighty One, because of the free and generous gifts—an offering of love, the love of true hearts, the love of homes and fathers and mothers, and of all who loved the young men who came forth that they might champion the great cause for which they suffered and died,

that they might redeem their land from peril, that they might save the nation. We thank thee for their success, for the nobility of their sacrifice, and the love which animated them. And now, our Father, guide us still, and help us to be worthy of all the sacrifice that they made for us, in the name of Christ. Amen."

Exercises at Third Iowa Regimental Monument, November 22, 1906

11:50 A. M.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Onward, Christian Soldiers" "Rock of Ages"

Introduction of speaker . . . Colonel G. W. Crosley

Mr. Chairman, Governor Cummins, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Representing the Third Iowa Infantry upon the Iowa commission for the erection of monuments upon this historic battlefield, it becomes my sacred duty to my comrades of the old regiment—both the dead and the living—to give personal testimony as to the courage and devotion they displayed upon this field on the sixth and seventh of April, 1862. This monument is erected upon the line of battle where the Third Iowa fought the longest and suffered its greatest loss. Extending to the left you see the monuments of the Twenty-eighth, Thirty-second and Forty-first Illinois regiments which—with the Third Iowa—constituted the First Brigade of the Fourth Division of the Army of the Tennessee. For long hours the fighting on this line was hard, determined, and persistent. The brigade was at last compelled to fall back by the enemy forcing the troops immediately on our left to retire, thus rendering this position untenable. The inscription upon the bronze tablet attached to this monument tells how the regiment fought, and shows its loss to have been one-third of the number engaged. That inscription is its best eulogy.

It gives me great pleasure to present to you one who fought in the ranks of the Third Iowa here, as a private soldier, and who afterwards suffered as a prisoner of war at Andersonville—a typical Iowa soldier and citizen—who will add his tribute to the memory of his comrades who fought and fell upon this field: The Honorable Joseph A. Fitchpatrick.

Address . . . . . Private J. A. Fitchpatrick
Third Iowa Regiment

Mr. Chairman, Governor Cummins, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The Third Iowa Infantry landed here about March 20, 1862, and went into camp about one-half mile north of this monument. It was a part of the First Brigade, Fourth (Hurlbut's) Division, and went into action Sunday morning, April 6, 1862, on the south side of this field, but in order to get in allignment with other troops, soon fell back to this line, leaving the open field in our front. We maintained this position for about five hours, repelling frequent assaults resulting in terrific slaughter of the enemy and considerable loss to ourselves.

According to the official reports of the eight regiments of Confederates suffering the greatest loss in the battle of Shiloh, the losses of seven of them occurred in this immediate front, and the loss in killed and wounded in our brigade here posted was the greatest of any brigade on the Federal side in the entire army engaged on the field of Shiloh.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, by reason of the turning of the left flank of our division, we fell back two hundred yards and there maintained our position for one hour more, and then for like reason we retired to Wicker field, two hundred yards farther and remained until four o'clock when both flanks having given away, the regiment retired, fighting all the way to its camp, and there finding itself nearly surrounded broke through the ranks of the enemy and all, except thirty, who were there captured, succeeded in joining the command of Colonel Crocker about one-half mile from the Landing and there remained in line during the night.

On Monday the survivors were in action under Lieutenant Crosley, he being the senior officer present for duty, and charged and captured a battery near Jones' field. No losses occurred on the second day.

On Sunday the loss was 23 killed in action, 17 mortally wounded, who shortly afterwards died; 117 others wounded,

most of them seriously, and 30, including Major Stone, captured. Total number engaged in line was about 500 on the first day and 250 on the second day.

The total loss of the regiment during the war was 127 killed and died of wounds; 122 died of disease, 321 wounded and 227 discharged for disabilities contracted in the service, making a total of 798 casualties of a total enrollment of 1,099.

On the whole we claim for the Third Iowa a record made upon the field of Shiloh as honorable and effective as that of any other organization here engaged.

Address . . . . . Albert B. Cummins
Governor of Iowa

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the Shiloh Commission:

There has been gradually growing in my throat since we began this journey a lump that effectually precludes speech. Possibly, however, I can find words to thank the members of the commission for the beauty of their regimental monuments. It seems easy to design a memorial to commemorate the soldiers of the whole state, and into which a great part of an appropriation may go, but I desire to thank the members of this commission for having presented regimental monuments which I believe have no superiors upon any of the battlefields that we have visited.

We seem to be getting a little closer to the army—a little closer to our "boys" as we hold these memorial exercises upon the very spots where the regiments fought and lost their men. I believe a little more sacred emotion is expressed here than can possibly be expressed over there where tomorrow we will dedicate all these monuments to the honor of the Iowa boys.

Some one said this morning that the men from Iowa were inexperienced; just from their homes. It is so, but remember that bravery is not a matter of experience; bravery is not taught to men. Courage is born in men, or it is never attained. And so it is not wonderful that these boys from Iowa were courageous upon this field, even though they had never before heard the sound of battle and knew nothing of the

horrors—the awful horrors—of war. They were brave because they were born of brave, righteous mothers. They were brave because they had breathed the spirit of fidelity to duty, and they came to suffer and to die for their country, and they did suffer for it and die for it as bravely, as courageously, at the beginning of the war as they did at the end of the war. I am sure that we feel now the very climax of the pride that has so often run like a thrill through our veins in the last ten days. I am sure that we feel it renewed as we pass from point to point upon this great battlefield, and find that here, as we have found before, whenever and wherever the fight was hottest, there we find monuments to the Iowa soldiers. We of our state, I am sure, grow in gratitude as we observe that the boys of 1861 knew that the post of honor was the post of danger.

And so we love these lasting monuments, and dedicate these, with all the others, to the dear memory of the men who died here,—not only to the men who died here, but the men who suffered here, because these monuments are not reared alone for those who have paid the last debt of patriotism, but they are reared to the honor of every Iowa soldier who, upon this battlefield, offered his life, whether the relentless god of war took it or not. And so we part upon this morning's journey, another step in the sad, beautiful mission upon which we are engaged; and I know that there is not a heart here that has not been inspired to higher, better things because we have stood around these regimental monuments, and have rendered our final tribute to the memories of these men, at the altars upon which some laid down their lives, and before which all of them earned their title to eternal fame.

Benediction . . . . . Rev. S. H. Hedrix
of Allerton, Iowa

To me the Third Iowa is dear. When they fell back to the Second Iowa, my regiment, the Twenty-third Missouri, touched shoulders with them; and listening to the eloquent words of Governor Cummins and others around here it seems to me that God's inspired servant uttered a great truth. We are all

poor mortals and walk only as we are directed. Oh, how we need God's help:

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

"But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

"The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

"Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

"For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

"And now, may God recognize and approve the great good work of our state, of our governor, and of our great nation and guide us under the shadow of the wings of his great love, to an eternal home, in Jesus' name. Amen."

Taps . . Bugler, Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band

IOWA MONUMENT AT SHILOH

Exercises at the Dedication of the Iowa State Monument on the Battlefield of Shiloh, November 23, 1906

1:30 P. M.

Call to Order . . . . . Colonel G. W. Crosley
Vice Chairman of the Commission

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"America"

Invocation . . . . . Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie

"Unto thee, O Lord, belong power and dominion and majesty. Unto thee would we render that which is thine, with humble and grateful and trusting hearts. Teach us, first of all, to acknowledge our obligation to thee; to remember that thou art indeed, over all, and that thou art also blessed forever. We know not all thy ways. We understand not all the mysteries of thy being, but thou dost permit us to know very much of thy Fatherhood, of thy gracious disposition, thy fatherly spirit, thy love for us. And because thou hast had these thoughts toward us, thou hast mercifully led us throughout many years of trial—years of bright and years of sad experience; and thou hast taught us that our dependence is upon thee. Therefore, we humbly pray that thou wilt stay near by during all the history we are to make; during all the development for which we hope. We pray that thou wilt be our Leader, bringing us through a prosperous voyage to a blessed port.

"We have been making a pilgrimage of blessing, of memory, of gratitude, and of peace, and as we come to the conclusion of our special duty, and see now the completion of that which we began, we pray that we may go hence with hearts prepared to appreciate the multitude of favors we have received. We have had occasion to commune with the dead.

We have stood where they were buried, who died loyally and faithfully, giving themselves wholly that they might secure the permanence of this nation. We thank thee that this Union of states was so precious to them that they held nothing back, but gave themselves utterly to maintain its permanence. We thank thee, O Lord, that through all the suffering and martyrdom and battle shock and pain, these men held steadfast to that which they had begun. And Lord, for these brave of the brave, the twice five thousand men that stood here meeting the battle's shock, and the many times five thousand men who on other fields withstood the shock of battle—for these we give thee our thanks, for we recognize in them the preservers of the Union. We pray that the people may all cherish their memories with gratitude; that we may all remember that we have not come upon these blessings by any manner of accident or of experiment. May we remember that they have been won by those who devoted themselves with their best intelligence and highest consecration to secure them; by those who gave themselves with unfaltering devotion that they might maintain them. May we go hence with renewed determination that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth. May we see, and may others see, more and more, that these mercies have been ours because of infinite sacrifice. Lord, we pray that thy blessing may be upon our whole land—not divided, not dismembered, but one land, with one flag, with not a star erased.

"Grant thy favor to this portion of the Union, where all this was carried on, and where so much of suffering and loss was endured. And so upon north and south, upon one land, may thine own good light shine through all the days.

"Accept our thanks, we beseech thee; guide us safely to our homes. Bless the people of our state who sent us forth upon this mission, and be so with them and with us that the grace of the Lord Christ may be revealed, and justice and truth may be everywhere established. Accept our thanks, bear with us in our weaknesses and guide us in wisdom and love, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Presentation of Monuments to the
Governor of Iowa . . . Colonel William B. Bell
Chairman of the Commission

Governor Cummins, Fellow Citizens:

On the morning of the thirteenth instant, we left Chicago on the governor's special to the southland, on a mission of love. Many of us, especially those who are commissioners, looked forward with a great deal of anticipation to a memorable time, and one that appeals to the best sentiments of the human heart. We arrived at Vicksburg in due time, there to dedicate the monuments on that great battlefield, where Iowa was more numerously represented than on any other field of the war. Vicksburg was termed the "Gibraltar of the West," and situated as it is on the Father of Waters, its importance as a strategic point was recognized by all. We there witnessed a program for the dedication of our Vicksburg monument which was perfection. Many papers were produced there which will go down in history. The monuments erected by the Vicksburg commission are an honor to the state as well as to the commission.

I cannot dwell on these points. We left Vicksburg for Andersonville. The goodly party, the members of which were more or less acquainted and growing more so day by day from association, arrived at Andersonville, and visited the city of the dead. We were not assembled there as an army with banners. We did not go there to conquer. With us was a cumulative force of unarmed soldiers—the heroes of many battlefields from all along our battle line—some of them captured from time to time, and congregated there. When we looked at the markers there for the thirteen thousand dead, and joined in the exercises, well might Governor Cummins, even, plead the poverty of language in describing the situation, the surroundings, and the feelings of men. The occasion was an appeal to our sympathies, so deep that the only fit response was from the welling up in our hearts and the flow of tears. It is difficult for any one to talk of the experiences of men under those circumstances. We will hastily step out from the

city of the dead over into the stockade, where an aggregate of over thirty thousand men were imprisoned at the same time, with no protection from the inclemency of the weather; with the ground for their bed, and the starry firmament for their covering. Who can realize, who can picture the thoughts of those men, as they lay down for the night, looking up into the heavens, in such a condition of hopelessness? Their thoughts, their heroism, are not recorded anywhere for man to peruse. In man's extremity is God's opportunity. The little creek that flowed through that stockade became so polluted from the very nature of things that men became diseased, and suffered from the impurity of the water. There was no Moses there, with the rod of Aaron, to strike the rock that would bring forth the supply of water necessary for these perishing men. They became debilitated in mind, but, just as is recorded there, God's thunderbolt opened the earth, and pure water flowed out so that those men were supplied. Veterans sing that they have drunk from the same canteen. We were privileged there, as a party, to drink from the same spring.

> "God's mercies flow, an endless stream,
> Through all eternity the same."

Every man and woman in this party who visited the stockade and witnessed the exercises that took place there, came out a better man and a better woman. I think they all realize it.

We leave Andersonville, nevermore, in all probability, to return. We come to Lookout Mountain. We are privileged to go over Lookout Mountain, where the battle was fought above the clouds—a historic point in this country. Battles on every hand, for terms of months and months. The views there are unequaled, perhaps, in this country. The Iowa Lookout Mountain Commission has erected three monuments that are a credit to themselves and an honor to the state. I remained there long enough to see two of these monuments dedicated, and then left, going to Corinth, and thence here to Shiloh, in order to prepare, as best I could, for these exercises.

And now, fellow citizens, we are at Shiloh; and as I turn to speak of the great event that calls us together on this occasion, the scenes and events of that memorable sixth of April, 1862, come pouring into my mind like a flood. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning. Nature had commenced to put on her summer garb. The leaves were only developed sufficiently to slightly obscure the view in the woods; the troops were having morning inspection, many of them simply armed citizens and some of them loaded their muskets for the first time on the field. About eight o'clock, the booming of artillery and the roar of musketry burst upon this encampment, and we realized that the battle of Shiloh was on. About half past eight o'clock we were ordered to the front and formed a line about nine A. M. Five Iowa regiments formed a brigade, and while I wish to speak of this particular brigade, six other Iowa regiments did as hard fighting and some of them suffered greater loss than any of this brigade.

They held the position assigned them until about four P. M. During this time, as we reported officially, this brigade repulsed four separate assaults and suffered heavy loss. The Confederates report that after having made four unsuccessful assaults, they placed sixty pieces of artillery in position. They decided that owing to the great natural strength of the position, they would not attempt the fifth assault, but flanked the position, and captured the remnants of three of these regiments, and named our position the "Hornet's Nest," and to verify the statement they have placed sixty pieces of artillery on the same ground as you see them today. But one fails to discover any great natural strength in the position, and can only account for the result by stating that they fought lying down, and made a heroic defense. One thing is certain, each side thereafter had a profound respect for the fighting qualities of the other, and realized they were all Americans. At the close of this contest, they were full-fledged soldiers.

We look upon the city of the dead near by to-day, and we are here to commemorate their patriotism and devotion to their country's cause by dedicating these monuments as a memorial to their fame.

Some seem to think that a soldier that gives his life in defense of his country thereby has a passport to Heaven. This is a mistake. He that secures a title to a mansion in the sky must accept it as a free and unmerited gift. In midsummer a few years ago I sat in yon city of the dead. The magnolia was in bloom, the mocking bird was singing in its branches, and flowers were blooming all round, and the beautiful Tennessee River quietly, like the years of our lives, passing away. I felt it was good to be there, and it seemed to me that any true soldier, Confederate or Federal, would find in his heart a desire to strew flowers on the graves of all.

Turning again to the battle, the total number on both sides engaged was 101,716, and the total loss 23,746—23 ½ per cent. Iowa had 6,664 engaged, with a total loss of 2,409, or 36 per cent.

Some seven years ago, Iowa made an appropriation of $50,000.00 to erect monuments on this field of Shiloh, and the present commission was appointed. For various reasons this dedication has been postponed, although the monuments have been completed several years since, but it seems fitting that the state after having appropriated more than a quarter of a million dollars for the erection of monuments on some of the prominent battlefields of the war of '61 and '65, the dedication of all should be provided for together, and now that we close our sad but enjoyable and ever memorable trip at Shiloh, let us hope and pray that nothing in the future of our country will occur to make it possible for any of its citizens to be called upon to perform ceremonies similar to these that we are now engaged in.

The flag of our country at the beginning was baptized in blood by sprinkling; in the war of '61 and '65 it was baptized in blood by immersion, so to speak, but thank the Lord it is now clean, no blotch, stain or wrinkle. No man can commit crime and claim its protection, but it is the true emblem of liberty, and floats over a reunited country, "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

And now, the Iowa Shiloh Commissioners have completed the work assigned to them; feel that they have used economy and good judgment, and believe that Iowa people will be well pleased with their work. At the proper time a full report will be made by the commission.

And I now, on behalf of the commission, turn over these monuments to the chief executive of the state, Governor Albert B. Cummins.

Acceptance and Presentation of Monuments to the United States Government . Albert B. Cummins

Governor of Iowa

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Iowa Shiloh Commission, Mr. President and Gentlemen of the National Shiloh Commission, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As I rise to perform my last official act upon this most memorable journey, my mind and heart are swept with memories of Vicksburg, of Andersonville, of Lookout Mountain, of Sherman Heights, of Rossville Gap; and now, to this flood of recollections, patriotic, glorious, tender, sorrowful, there is added the overwhelming current which always flows from this historic, sacred fountain of the war. It seems to me, my friends from Iowa, that the week we have devoted to the memory of our soldiers will be a week long remembered among the grateful and patriotic children of our commonwealth. Standing here, in the glory of this calm, beautiful, peaceful sunshine, it seems impossible to believe that on such a day, forty years ago and more, these hills, valleys and plains were crowded with eighty thousand men in mortal conflict. Can you transfer yourself, in the exercise of your most vivid imagination, to that day, when eighty thousand men strove here for the mastery? I have endeavored to call to my vision that fateful struggle. We are now in the midst of a profound, and as I hope, an enduring peace. We are now forty-one years from the day upon which the light of peace dawned upon a distracted, disunited land, and yet we are still too near the mighty conflict to see it in its true perspective. We think of it still

as involving only the shock of arms, the skill of commanders, the endurance of mortal man, of suffering soldiers, of dying patriots; but the future will look upon it from a higher, a holier and a truer standpoint.

As I look upon that dear old flag, it represents to me, better than can any other symbol, the full meaning of the war of 1861, not to the people of our own country alone, but to the people of the whole civilized world. When these boys from Iowa, these boys from Tennessee, the boys from all these states, were here, that old flag was drooping in dejection, in every part of the civilized world, and there were few so poor as to do it reverence. Forty years have gone by; forty years of peace, forty years of achievement, forty years in which the genius of the American has worked upon the opulent resources of nature, and now look at the old flag! It streams in triumph and beauty in every part of the world, and my friends, it ought to make your hearts beat a little faster, it ought to make the blood run a little more rapidly through your veins, when you remember that at this moment there is not a ruler under the sun so proud and so mighty but that he takes off his hat and bows his head as Old Glory goes floating by. This is the real heritage of the war of 1861. I remember, too, that when these boys were struggling for the possession of these hills and valleys, Old Glory marked the sovereignty of the United States upon the golden sands of the Pacific. But when peace came, the American began his journey, his peaceful journey of triumph. Destiny took up the old flag and carried it across the western sea, so that now, although I am speaking to you in mid-afternoon, in the full tide of an autumn day, the morning's sun has not yet gilded the beautiful colors of the stars and stripes as they proclaim the sovereignty of the United States in the far away islands of the Philippines.

And so it seems to me that whatever may be the memories of those who are about me, this mighty struggle, whether they fought over there (pointing), under the stars and bars, or whether they fought here under the stars and stripes, they are equally the heirs of a glory we never could have enjoyed

if, in the end, the Union had not been triumphantly maintained.

I have been impressed, as we have gone on from day to day, by one phrase which we have constantly employed. We look at a monument and we say, "the boys were worthy of this tribute." Why do we call them boys? Why is that name so dear to the hearts of the succeeding generation? We call them boys because they were boys. Of the eighty thousand men the first day, and of the one hundred thousand the next day, upon this field, I venture to say the average age was under twenty-one; not more, at least, than twenty-one. Your boys, fighting for the honor of your country's flag and the permanence of your country's institutions. Ah, I do not wonder that we come here weeping. To their mothers, to their wives, to their sisters, to the maids who loved them, these men, some now gone beyond the river, some now sharing the gratitude of a succeeding generation, will always be boys. And to us they shall always be boys. The thought in my mind, however, is this, and it should fill us with transcendent hope when we reflect upon it—that boys of eighteen, twenty and twenty-one could, by the summons of war, change in the twinkling of an eye into the mature heroes of conflict. The boys who climbed the banks of the Tennessee River, and here offered themselves up that their country might live, became men—stern, unyielding men—when the storm of shot and shell fell upon them. The days of their boyhood were gone forever, and they stood, as stalwart giants, full of the sense of responsibility, with minds attuned to the music of the Union, and with arms strong to execute a high and sacred purpose.

It is not for me at this time to speak in detail of this, the first great battle of the war in the west. Here, for the first time, the flower of southern chivalry, led by that prince of men, Albert Sidney Johnston, met the sturdy men from the west, commanded by that hero, that silent hero, both of war and of peace—Ulysses S. Grant. And here, for the first time, I believe, the great armies of the south and the north knew the full significance of war. I see (pointing to the monument) Fame chiseling in the flinty granite not only the names of these

heroes, but I see her writing their great and noble deeds, and as I have said more than once, upon an occasion like this, we cannot honor them, for what they did is already carved imperishably upon the tablets of time. It is for us to patriotically hearken to the echo of their deeds. It is for us to so live, in these times of peace, that history, with her inevitable verdict, history, with her unerring accuracy, shall, when we have passed away, write of us, not the glory that she has written of them, but may she say of us, "the world was better because they lived in it."

And now, Mr. President, speaking in behalf of the commonwealth of which we are both citizens, I accept the tribute which you have presented, in gratitude and in honor of Iowa's soldiers at the battle of Shiloh. I need not say that the design you have chosen is a beautiful one. It speaks for itself more eloquently than I possibly could. On behalf of all our people, I thank you for the fidelity with which you have executed the commission imposed upon you, and I say of you, as I have said of others, "Well done, thou good and faithful servants."

And now, for myself, I dedicate this shaft, as it rears itself into the beautiful air of this sunshiny afternoon. I dedicate it to the high and holy purpose for which it was established and erected. May it, so long as time endures, stand there as the evidence of a courage and a patriotism never exceeded in the history of mankind.

And Colonel Cadle, of the National Commission, representing the United States government, it is with a pleasure unsurpassed in all this journey that I now take what has been given to me by the Iowa Commission and deliver it into your keeping. The pleasure is magnified a thousand-fold when I remember that I am transferring these beautiful memorials of our Iowa boys to one of Iowa's distinguished sons, a valorous, courageous soldier from our own state. I doubt not that the government which you so ably represent will surround these monuments with a loving care and a scrupulous attention, so that succeeding generations may read and know the kind of men who fought for their country and their flag in the days of 1861.

Acceptance of Monuments on Behalf of the United States . . . . . Colonel Cornelius Cadle

Chairman Shiloh National Military Park Commission

Governor Cummins, Gentlemen of the Iowa Shiloh Commission, Ladies and Gentlemen:

When I was notified that Iowa would dedicate her monuments here today, I so advised the Secretary of War and asked that either he or the Assistant Secretary of War Colonel Robert Shaw Oliver, who was a Union soldier in our civil war, should receive these monuments from you, Governor Cummins. In reply, Mr. Taft asked me to express his regrets that his official duties, as well as those of the Assistant Secretary of War, would prevent their attendance today, and directed me as Chairman of the Shiloh National Military Park Commission to receive, from you, sir, on behalf of the United States, these magnificent monuments that the state of Iowa has placed here in commemoration of what her soldiers, dead and living, did on this field over forty-four years ago.

When we fought here, we fought for the preservation of the Union. We did not realize that we were making history in that first great decisive battle of the war, nor that the work of the Union soldiers would result years afterward in making the United States one of the greatest of nations.

The last line of one of the verses of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," reads, "The world offers homage to thee." This should be amended to read: "The world offers homage, honor and respect to thee."

For now no one of the great world nations decides upon an important matter without first considering, "What will the United States say." We, who are living of the army, that fought here and at Corinth, Vicksburg, Atlanta, the March to the Sea, and the campaign of the Carolinas, to the end of success, are glad that our work resulted in a united nation and resulted too in making us a world power.

Upon this monument is inscribed in the granite, just finished apparently by the figure "Fame," lines written by Major S. H.

M. Byers, an Iowa soldier, that would be imperishable even if not cut in the stone and are applicable to this occasion:

> "Brave of the brave, the twice five thousand men
> Who all that day stood in the battle's shock,
> Fame holds them dear, and with immortal pen
> Inscribes their name on the enduring rock."

I, sir, as an Iowa soldier in the battle of Shiloh, feel a pride and honor to receive for the United States these monuments, and to assure you that they will be cared for hereafter by the government.

And now, Mr. Chairman, I will describe briefly our park; its inception and the work that we have done to beautify and maintain this historic battlefield.

The Shiloh National Military Park was established by act of Congress, approved December 27, 1894. The bill was drawn by our friend and comrade, Colonel D. B. Henderson, and provided that a national military park should be established on the battlefield of Shiloh; that the armies who fought there, the army of the Tennessee, commanded by General U. S. Grant, the Army of the Ohio, commanded by General D. C. Buell, and the Army of the Mississippi, commanded by General A. S. Johnston, "may have the history of one of their memorable battles preserved on the ground where they fought;" that three commissioners should be appointed, one from each of the armies engaged, and a secretary and historian, all of whom should have served in the battle of Shiloh, and that the commissioner appointed from "Grant's Army of the Tennessee" should be the chairman.

There were appointed by Mr. Daniel S. Lamont, then secretary of war, Colonel Cornelius Cadle, of the Army of the Tennessee, chairman; General Don Carlos Buell, of the Army of the Ohio; General Robert F. Looney, of the Army of the Mississippi, and Major David W. Reed, of the Twelfth Iowa Infantry, as secretary and historian.

General Buell, at his death on November 19, 1898, was succeeded by Major James H. Ashcraft of the Twenty-sixth Kentucky Volunteer Infantry.

Colonel Looney, at his death, November 19, 1899, was succeeded by Colonel Josiah Patterson of the First Alabama Cavalry.

Upon Colonel Patterson's death on February 12, 1904, he was succeeded by General Basil W. Duke of Morgan's Cavalry.

The commission as now constituted consists of myself, Major Ashcraft and General Duke and Major Reed.

The act of Congress required us to restore the battlefield to as near as possible the condition existing at the time of the battle. The park includes about 3,650 acres, the absolute fighting ground of April 6 and 7, 1862. The roads then existing, public and camp, have been placed in thorough condition, as you have seen from riding over them.

Two hundred bronze cannon such as were used at Shiloh and mounted on iron gun carriages mark the position of artillery fighting.

The eighty-three Union organizations encamped on the field when the battle opened have their camps marked with a tablet in shape like a cross section of a wall tent.

Every headquarters, Union and Confederate, are marked with a monument of shell, suitably inscribed.

About four hundred iron historical tablets describing the battle lines of both sides have been erected.

Mortuary monuments have been erected for the commanders who were killed or mortally wounded in the battle, as follows:

Union: Wallace, Peabody and Raith.

Confederate: Johnston and Gladden.

Five burial trenches where the Confederate dead were buried, by order of General Grant upon Tuesday following the battle, have been suitably, and I think properly, marked.

The first day tablets are square; the second day, oval. The colors of the Army of the Tennessee are blue, the Army of the Ohio, yellow and the Army of the Mississippi, red.

One hundred and ten monuments have been erected by the various states at a cost of about $213,000. I think that I can safely say that those erected by Iowa are the most artistic.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Rock of Ages"

Address . . . . . General Basil W. Duke
of the Shiloh National Military Park Commission

Governor Cummins, Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Iowa Commission, and my Comrades:

I am glad to say, from Iowa (for such we all are) comrades of both contending armies who once fought each other on this field in enmity, but now meet as friends, and ready to move, if necessary, against a world in arms in defense of that flag, which Governor Cummins has so eloquently apostrophised.

When the great battle was fought here so many years ago, the battle in which the men to whose memories this monument has been erected as a testimonial which they so justly deserve, at the time of this battle, it was in no man's mind, perhaps, that such a thing as this would be done, and least of all was it expected by the men who are thus honored. I, who was then upon the other side, who stood in hostility, if not in hatred, against these fallen heroes, could not have believed then that I would be asked, nearly half a century later, to assist in such a ceremony, and that I would do so earnestly and gladly, with no feeling to mar the pride with which I might remember the valor and devotion exhibited here, except, perhaps, the recollection that these qualities were displayed in civil war; that American soldiers died upon this field in fraternal strife, and not fighting in generous rivalry against a common foe. Nevertheless, in the light of a better understanding which the lapse of years has brought us, we can look back upon that time with more of pride than of sorrow, and with admiration for the courage displayed by our comrades, both of the north and south.

In that terrible ordeal we learned that we were truly the same people, and must remain the same nation. We who fought for the Confederacy discovered that this Union can not and shall not be destroyed; you who fought for its preservation learned that its maintenance would be valueless unless the

just rights of all the states be respected. Civil war is a stern school, a dreadful school, but it teaches a discipline and imparts a knowledge which can be acquired, perhaps, in no other way. In that sharp and stern experience, we learned much, as I have said, that was of benefit. It accomplished much of good. All misunderstanding, all sectional misconstruction and jealousy and antagonism were removed from American life and eliminated from the conduct of national affairs, and we realize now that, as a people, we have been fitted by that lesson—painful as it was—to confront and deal successfully with other problems perhaps as grave and dangerous, which may confront us or our children in the unknown future.

But at any rate, we who are here today, and especially those of us who have survived that terrible struggle—veterans of both contending armies, are grateful for the deeds done by the men who then fought here, and who now lie sleeping yonder, and we are stimulated to the fulfillment of higher duties.

And assembled upon this consecrated ground, this field made memorable by brave achievement in the past which shall serve to exalt and to influence the national spirit and character, we can more fully realize the value and full meaning of patriotic sacrifice. The lives that were lavished here were not given in selfish effort for fame or preferment; not even for the glory and aggrandizement of the country of which those who gave them were citizens, but in the honest belief that such sacrifice was necessary to the safety and protection of the land which had borne them.

We often hear comment made upon an occasion like this that it is a strange spectacle which is presented, when the men who confronted each other in civil war, forgetting the resentment which such a conflict might be expected to have created, gather to render mutual tribute of honor and affection to the dead. It is strange in one respect—strange in that it is novel. In all the history of the nations with which we are best acquainted, with whose annals we are most familiar, we find for it no precedent. Just such a thing has never occurred before. Not even in the record of our British ancestors, who more than any other people have been familiar with the exercise of

political toleration and amnesty, has just such a thing as this occurred. A war was waged in which an entire people virtually participated—a people of the same blood, of the same speech, sharing the same history, cherishing and loving the same traditions, determined to preserve the same form of government, entertaining in the main the same ideas of the purpose of political institutions; and yet these same people suddenly rushed to arms, and for four years stood against each other in furious and bloody anger. Thousands of lives were lost, the fiercest animosity aroused, and yet, within the span of a single generation almost, all that passion has been allayed. Wrath has given place to amity, and the heroism of both those who wore the gray and those who wore the blue have become the common heritage of a reunited country. I can make no logical presentation of this subject. I believe that the story of this war, its causes and conduct, will furnish the historian and to the thoughtful student of history a lesson and a theme far surpassing anything in civil strife which the world has ever witnessed, of earnest purpose and determination. It was the precursor, the forerunner of the greatness which this country has since achieved. In the first place, it was the most stupendous civil war of which mankind has any record, and, by the eternal, if we Americans have to fight, we want such a war as no other nation has had. It should have been the biggest fight that men ever made.

When we consider the means employed to conduct it, the strength of the armies placed in the field, the immense extent of territory over which it was fought, it far exceeds in magnitude any struggle of like nature which the world has ever seen. I might say that a new people had arisen up upon the face of the earth.

Now, it would be neither timely nor appropriate to discuss the causes which induced the war. It is enough to say that I do not believe that history furnishes an example of any other great war which was fought out simply as a matter of sentiment —a conflict of ideas. I do not mean to say that there were not grave and important issues at stake, but I do mean to say that, looking back upon the past, all of us can understand and be-

lieve that all of those issues, economic and political, could have been settled and adjusted really with little difficulty, certainly with no serious difficulty, but for the stubborn spirit and unyielding pride of opinion of the people of both sections; men who were willing to make any sacrifice rather than yield—that was the difficulty in the way of avoiding this war. And looking back upon it I can see, and all of us can see, that it ought to have been avoided. We should not have been cutting each other's throats, yet that old Anglo-Saxon instinct drove us into the conflict. The battle of Shiloh was the first really great battle fought in the war, and it was a remarkable battle in some respects. In that battle, for the first time, these Americans, living on different sides of an imaginary line, found out that they were exactly alike. They were all Americans. We on my side used to boast that one Confederate could whip five Yankees, but we changed our minds before the war was over, and I think the Yankees found some of their ideas respecting us also inaccurate. The fact is that here, in this battle, were people of the same blood who had been living apart for some time and had lost their former acquaintance, and met again here for the first time. They did not shake hands, it is true. They met in a different manner, but were reminded of something that they had forgotten; that they were of the same breed and temper. Yankee and Reb found upon the other side his long lost brother, with the strawberry mark on his arm.

Now, as I have said, taking up the sentimental aspect, it is a very remarkable thing when you come to think of it, and it is what gives to it more than anything else, its peculiar characteristic. It will be a great lesson to us. In that regard, it was different from anything in modern times. Other nations fight about some practical matter, about territory or for some commercial advantage. We fought, as I have said, simply in that stubborn conflict of ideas and opinions. In that respect it resembles more than anything I can think of the European wars immediately succeeding the Lutheran Reformation, when religious sentiment was the chief factor in the strife. Not only had we the greatest civil war in its material aspect, as I have said, that the world ever saw, but never before was there ever

a war brought on by such merely sentimental provocation. Other nations and other peoples have had their civil wars, and with those races which have wrought most effectively for human progress which have been able to impress themselves most strongly upon history, such conflicts have been the sternest. It was probably inevitable in the very process of our national development that we should have our civil war. It may be that we have reason to congratulate ourselves that it came when it did. No matter who was wrong and who was right. No matter what we may surmise about the political aspects which induced it. No matter what historians may say about the motives of the statesmen who were responsible for it—no blame can be rightly attributed, no word of reproach can justly be spoken against the soldiers who fought in that war; against the men who stood in the ranks and met the brunt of the battle. They had not sought it, but they accepted it with all its dangers, with all its sacrifices, with all its inevitable sorrows.

"Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die."

Governor Cummins has spoken of one thing: that the men in the war were so young—mere boys—and this is very true, as we know. Most of you who were in the war were boys yourselves. These young men responded to the call, and rushed to arms in defense of the land that had borne them. Think of the wide extent of territory from which they came, all animated by the same feeling, the same sentiment, the same purpose—the highest that men can feel—from the forests of Michigan, from your own prairies of Iowa, from the green fields of Kentucky and Tennessee, from the hills of Vermont, and from the wild plains of Texas, gathered here to battle and slaughter. And where are they now, those boys who wore the blue and the gray? Battle and march have passed, privation and hardship have been endured unflinchingly; the home left, never to be seen again, that the country might be defended, and the boy has looked no more into the loving

PITTSBURG LANDING, TENNESSEE

From a copy of a photograph taken in April, 1862, a few days after the battle. The steamer farthest up stream is the Tycoon, dispatched by the Cincinnati sanitary commission with stores for the wounded; the next steamer is the Tigress, which was General Grant's headquarters boat.

eyes of his mother. Loosed like young eagles, for their first flight between the mountain and the sky—where are they now? Many of them lie on innumerable battlefields, in unknown graves. The soldiers of the Union are gathered together in that beautiful cemetery, by the banks of the river over which floats the flag which they followed. The Confederate dead remain where they fell, in the glades of the forest. All of these resting places are consecrated by affection and honor. About them cluster memories and associations which are tender and loving. And "Glory guards with solemn round this bivouac of the dead."

Address . . . . . W. K. Abernethy
Representing Governor Cox of Tennessee

Gentlemen of the Commissions, Governor Cummins, Ladies and Fellow Citizens:

No words can express to you my appreciation of the honor which this occasion and this hour confers upon me. The chief executive of our state, who so much desired to be present today, and who has been prevented by the press of official business, has requested that I say to the distinguished representatives from the state of Iowa, for him and for the people of Tennessee, that nothing could have afforded him more pleasure than to be present with you, and join with you in the ceremonies connected with this gathering.

Speaking for our governor, I take pleasure in saying that the state of Tennessee, within whose borders and confines this magnificent military park has been located, bids you a most hearty welcome, and her citizens will vie with one another in making your visit a delightful one, and this occasion a memorable one.

Those who love their country and its many glorious institutions rejoice at these manifestations of love, loyalty and devotion that have made possible this and similar gatherings here since the dedication of this National military park. People from distant and neighboring states have congregated here from time to time to pay a tribute of love and respect to the mem-

ories of sons whose valor, heroism and bravery won for them undying fame in the years long gone by.

A little more than forty-four years ago, there were struggling on and over the grounds on which we now stand, two mighty armies. The historian has recorded the result of that great struggle and of the war in which it occurred. He has written of the causes that precipitated that conflict. He has given to the world the story of the privations of the armies; he has told you of their battles, their defeats and their victories. That great conflict is over and belongs to history, and I shall not therefore take up your time upon this occasion in dwelling at length upon the war between the states. What I know of it, I have gathered from the pages of history, and from the experiences of those who endured it from the beginning to the end. I can but rejoice that the war is over, and that we are here today the representatives of a reunited country, American citizens, enjoying the advantages and privileges of this peaceful present and joyfully contemplating the future.

Representing as I do a generation born and reared since the smoke of the late conflict between the two great sections of our country cleared away, and Peace resumed her wonted sway over a united and satisfied people, prosperous today in their pursuit of life, liberty and happiness, welded together by the bands of fraternity as strong as steel, and as enduring as the very foundations of the hills, it is difficult for me to realize that there has ever been the sanguinary estrangement, the great fratricidal strife, to which many in this distinguished presence were eye-witnesses and in whose deadly conflicts so many were active participants.

This friendly, this fraternal gathering, has brought together veterans who wore the blue and those who wore the gray, once arrayed in deadly, aggressive war, each swinging high his banner bright and flashing his polished steel, marching to death under shot of musketry and storm of leaden hail, keeping step to drumming cannon, urged on by the maddened kings of war, the blue stabbing at the life of his antagonist in gray, the gray parrying the thrust only to dip his blade in the blood of the blue; it is difficult, I say, for me to reconcile this and simi-

lar gatherings all over the land to the record of history. But such is history's record, reinforced by the testimony of the presence of those today who fought in that terrible war, and in the bloody battle of Shiloh, those whose comrades lie sleeping in the quiet sanctuary of the tomb yonder, overlooking the beautiful, the historic Tennessee, or resting peacefully in unmarked graves beneath the whisperings of the oaks or the moaning of the pines in yonder forest.

The civil war was a decisive one in the history of this nation, and the battle of Shiloh was a decisive battle in that war. The civil war settled the many great questions that had been perplexing to the statesmen of that day and age, and the bloody battle fought here on the sixth and seventh of April, 1862, settled the result of that war. Without that war, deplorable and unfortunate as it may appear, this land would have been the scene of many violent outbreaks, and the end could not have been foreseen. Constitutional liberty, aye the very constitution of the government was involved; the life of the nation was at stake; dangers from without and within were real and apparent. Whether this government could exist half slave and half free, whether there should be the perpetuation of the institution of slavery, or whether it should be abolished, whether this was a union of indestructible states, an indissoluble one, or whether it was a voluntary compact, from which one could withdraw without the intervention or consent of another, these and other kindred and delicate questions had to be determined. Wars before had been waged, but no such questions had ever arisen as those confronting the American people in the early days of the sixties and prior thereto.

The Revolution had been fought and the liberty of the colonists had been won on bloody fields, and against great odds.

The constitution had been written long before; the war of 1812 had been fought and its results had gone on the pages of history without the settlement of these great questions which were agitating the public mind and threatening the dissolution of the Union. It was now that the American people were facing a crises. They looked and beheld on the political horizon a cloud, flecked and afar, standing against the sky. They

saw that cloud enlarge and grow until it hid the sun and sky, and darkness covered the land. But it was only that darkness that preceded the sunburst of universal freedom in this land.

Another conflict of arms must be waged, but it was not to be a conflict of conquest and subjugation, but of the claims of constitutional government, prompted and carried on by sentiments of unsullied patriotism. These claims were denied by a people who loved their country and its traditions. He who wore the gray and marched under the stars and bars was alike loyal to his home and his principles as was he who wore the blue and marched under the stars and stripes.

A peaceable solution of these great questions had been sought in legislative councils, in judiciary proceedings, and at the ballot box, but in vain. The issues were well defined, and all arbitrament but that of the sword must be abandoned. At Sumter, Bull Run and Manassas, the signal cannons pealed forth the incipient strife. The salutation is answered in hurrying troopers from every nook and corner of the divided land; there is heard the farewell bidding to home and loved ones, and seen the hurrying of platoons to the embattled front. Grant, hurrying up the Tennessee and Cumberland, and planting the victorious stars and stripes at Forts Henry and Donelson, and then in a hand to hand conflict at Shiloh, on this red field of battle, with Johnston, the Blucher of the Confederacy, and on to the Father of Waters to open the gateway to the sea, Bragg and Johnson thundering against Buell and Burnsides. Thomas standing like a rock at Chickamauga, Hooker scaling the heights of Eagle's Nest and fighting the battle in the clouds, Johnson like a giant with arms of steel, holding in check the advancing foe, challenging them to battle at Dalton, Ringgold and Kennesaw, making the last grand stand at Atlanta, Sherman's march and encampment at the sea, Lee heading his army at Gettysburg, the bloody encounters of Spottsylvania, the Wilderness and along the Rappahannock, the battles of Vicksburg, Franklin and Murfreesborough, and the dashing campaigns of that matchless chieftain, the wizard of the saddle, Nathan Bedford Forrest, all of these closing in the

imposing scene at Appomattox, surpassing in its grandeur anything in the annals of war.

Marathon had its Miltiades; Thermopylae its Leonidas; Arbela its Alexander; Marengo and Austerlitz their Napoleon; Waterloo its Wellington, and Yorktown its Cornwallis and its Washington. But it was reserved for Appomattox to crown the climax and to encircle with immortelles the brows of her Lee and her Grant. The latter, unwilling to humiliate the heroic leader of the cause he had so gallantly defended and gloriously lost, appears not with sounding trumpet and bugle blast, caparisoned as the conqueror comes, but in the costume of the camp and saddle, he appears, his great heart swelling with emotions of gladness and gratitude that the end had come. He has shown himself the general worthy of his country and cause, as well as the proudest mention of history. He now, in this imposing hour, with the gaze of the world fixed upon him, does not mistake the opportunity of adding to his laurels as a soldier the grander glories of the statesman, philosopher and humanitarian. Lee, the pride of the south, who had led many bloody charges, the victor on many hard fought fields, but whether in victory or in defeat, the same calm, self-possessed, masterly man, has now come to lay down his sword at the grave of the cause he had so loyally defended, thus yielding to the inevitable—defeated, but his pride still pulsing through his great soul, he is soon to quit the life of the soldier to serve his country in the noble example of an American patriot and industrious citizen.

These and other events of military and patriotic sacrifice, occurring in rapid succession, make up a history fraught with victories and deeds of heroic daring, long marches, privations, great suffering, and achievements in military science and strategy unknown to former wars.

In this connection I cannot refrain from speaking briefly of the sequences of this unprecedented conflict. I see these two mighty armies, each strong and firm in the righteousness of its cause, made up of the boys and young men from the glebe and fallow, from the shop, mine and factory, from hamlet, town and city, responding with alacrity to the call of arms from

the respective heads of the warring sections, melt away like snow. I see the soldier in gray shaking in friendly grasp the hand of his erstwhile foe in blue, while the soldier in blue divides his rations and his money with his defeated but unconquered brother in gray, each bestowing his blessings upon the other, and they are foes no more but friends forever, the heirs of a common heritage, each proud of his valor and achievement in war. The bivouac is ended; the tattoo and reveille will be sounded no more. The sky for a covering at night and the blood-stained earth for a bed, have been exchanged for the comforts of home. While many of the homes in this southland were desolate and in ruins, it was still home, sweet home. The knapsacks are hung up, and the old dented canteen is put on duty in the field. Tales of war entertain the fireside and social circle, and war songs are sung as the days come and go. Only a few months elapse until the neglected fields are blooming with the products of his labor. The horse that pulled the cannon or bore upon his back the dashing cavalier in January, now pulls the wagon to church for the discharged soldier and family in August.

In this beloved southland, with all of its tender memories, and sweet associations, no battalions of soldiers or armed constabulary are needed to troop the land, to enforce allegiance to the flag borne by the victors in 1865. The south appealed to the sword, the last arbitrament of nations, she staked her all and lost. She accepted the result proudly and with patriotic ambition set to work to redeem her waste places and to rebuild her fortunes by the sweat of honest brows. Trained in the school of liberty and democracy as preached by the Apostle of the New Dispensation of Freedom, our purposes and aims have been and ever will be, henceforward and forever the same. Sectional lines have vanished, and social economic and moral questions engage our time and thought. My faith in the wisdom, the patriotism and the integrity of the American people causes me to believe that the great questions and issues left us by the civil war, as grave and complex as were ever addressed to mankind, will be settled and settled right. Let

us confide in one another and in God, and our peace and salvation are assured.

My friends, you have come from far off Iowa, to dedicate these monuments to your heroic and immortal dead. We all know that these, your testimonials of love and reverence will soon pass away. The tooth of time will destroy that proud monumental shaft, and those beautiful patriotic lines will soon be effaced and no longer read. But while the monuments of brass and marble will crumble, there is builded in your heart and in mine, in the hearts of all who love freedom, liberty and a peaceful united country, one that shall stand so long as the human heart can love. The deeds of your sons and of ours who wrote the history of a great struggle with their own blood, and who piled upon the altar of their country the most precious sacrifice, will continue to live when these proud monuments shall have gone to dust, for

> "On Fame's eternal camping ground
> Their silent tents are spread;
> While Glory guards with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead."

You who have come to our own Tennessee will soon return to your homes, and these imposing monuments, these testimonials of a grateful state to her heroic dead, will be left to and entrusted to us of the south. Tennessee assures you that her citizens will care for them, and upon the graves of your soldiers, who sleep in this southland, will bloom the rose, the violet and the lily, and on the periodical recurrence of lovely springtime, when the decoration day shall come, these mounds, whereunder sleep your dead, will be beautified by loving hands, and if in your northern country some southern soldier may sleep, guard well his mound and keep it green. Some loved one here has prayed for one who never returned, and as some mother whose son, or some wife whose husband, or some sister whose brother weeps over an unknown grave here, planting thereon some sweet flower, caring for it with tender hand and

watering it with her tears she will believe that loving tender hands are caring for the one yonder.

My friends, as we go hence from these grounds, hallowed by tender memories and baptized with the blood of heroes in the long ago, let us gather inspiration for the conflicts of the future, rejoicing that we are all citizens of the same country, living under the same flag, enjoying the same blessings. As you shall return to your homes, we assure you that you carry with you our warmest and kindest feelings. The southern country through which you have journeyed is enjoying an era of prosperity. Her furnaces are aglow; her sons are in the forefront; her industrial development is the pride and marvel of the world. Our joys are your joys; our prosperity is your prosperity. A more glorious day has dawned upon this nation, and we are all rejoicing in the hope of a more glorious future.

Our distinguished governor, who presides over the destinies of two millions of peaceful, contented, prosperous and patriotic people, speaking for our citizenry, extends to the people of Iowa through her illustrious governor who graces this occasion with his presence, assurances of friendship and good will. If in the future it shall not be our good fortune to meet you again, may the ties that bind us here draw us together in a reunion beyond the River, under the shade of the trees in that sinless, summer land.

Governor Cummins, Ladies and Gentlemen, it has been a pleasure to meet you.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Onward, Christian Soldiers"

Address . . . . . General James B. Weaver
of Iowa

Mr. Chairman, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Forty-four years and seven months have passed away since the sanguinary conflict known as the battle of Shiloh took place here.

With some of you, I was numbered among the 6,664 Iowa men who, on that occasion, sustained the shock of battle and I

bore an humble part in both days' engagements. This is the first glimpse I have had of the field since April eighth or ninth, 1862, immediately following the battle, when we turned our bronzed faces towards Corinth, Mississippi, another Campus Martius in the neighboring state some twenty miles away to the southwest. The visit and the occasion which have called us hither have profoundly impressed my mind, inspired and quickened my memory. This serious thought, among a multitude of others, impresses me. All the great commanders who faced each other in this arena are gone. Some of them fell here—notably, Generals W. H. L. Wallace, of the Union forces, and Albert Sidney Johnston, of the Confederates. These men fell by the side of thousands of the brave men who served under them. Nearly all of their subordinates, and the rank and file—as gallant as were ever marshaled or led to battle upon the earth, have passed into the realm beyond. And yet it seems but as yesterday since we were here in the strength, bloom and fire of our youth. Friends, there is no time. We live in eternity. We count what we call days and years by the rising and setting of the sun, the recurrence of the seasons and the return of the equinoxes. But neither sunshine nor shadow, darkness or light; neither the seasons nor the movements of the heavenly bodies can separate us from eternity in which we live and move, and which (a most comforting thought) is also the dwelling place of our Almighty Creator and loving Father.

It seems to me that the firmament above our heads is full of the disembodied spirits of our old comrades. The blue and the gray are at peace over there, and I fervently thank Almighty God that their surviving friends, now constituting a united and mighty nation, are at peace also—peace among themselves.

If our eyes should be opened as were the eyes of the servant of the Prophet Elisha, we would behold the air filled with chariots and with horsemen. They are certainly all about us, and we can almost feel them fanning our brows, hear the rustle of their celestial garments and can almost grasp them by the hand.

But why was this battle fought, and what lasting good was accomplished for civilization by the prodigious sacrifices made here and then—a combat so epoch making that a half century after it took place it calls for the erection of these cenotaphs and mausoleums, designed to challenge the attention of mankind for all time? The world knows what was accomplished at Marathon in the year 490 B. C. But for that victory all Greece would otherwise have become a part of Persia. Persian power was on that occasion broken forever. The 192 Greeks who laid down their lives to accomplish that result were accorded the honor of burial upon the field and the tumulus which covers their dust remains to the present day. Ten thousand Greeks under Miltiades, with a loss of only 192 men, vanquished 110,000 Persians under Darius. The important achievement secured to the world by that victory is easy of comprehension.

We know what the battle of Pharsalia signified. In the year 48 B. C., Caesar, the Commoner, brought the civil war to a close by overthrowing Pompey, the aristocrat, and with him the hosts of the Roman aristocracy. It ushered in the era of peace throughout the Roman empire and prepared mankind for the advent of the new conscience from Palestine. From two households then formed or forming in the atmosphere of love's sweet affiance, were soon to issue John the Baptist from the one, and the Virgin Mother and the Prince of Peace from the other. A greater than Caesar came. We can grasp, then, the significance of the great conflict at Pharsalia. We can also understand the value to mankind the triumph of Charles Martel. Eight hundred years after Pharsalia, at the end of seven days of hard fighting Charles the Hammer, on the banks of Loire, midway between Tours and Poitiers, hurled the Saracens from France, drove them beyond the Pyrenees, saved Europe from the grasp of the Turk, and made it the abode of our blessed Christian faith. Had Charles Martel failed, all Europe would have become Mohammedan. Although these great battles occurred 2,500, 2,000 and 1,300 years ago, respectively, their ripe fruits in an ever increasing harvest is

constantly falling into the lap of civilization and will continue to bless all generations of men through all time.

I have mentioned these three great battles of antiquity and merely hinted at their lasting significance in order that I might help you, as well as myself, to grasp more clearly the far reaching character of the victory at Shiloh. It was indeed a costly victory and can not be justified by the considerate judgment of mankind unless some lasting good was secured. The first day, the Union forces consisted of about 40,000 men and the Confederates about 44,000. The second day the Union army was reinforced by nearly 18,000 men under General Buell, which gave us greater preponderance over the Confederates on the second day than they had over us on the first.

The total loss of the Union army in both days was 13,047—or 22 per cent, the total loss of the Confederate army, both days, was 10,699—or 24 per cent, the total number of men engaged on both sides was 101,716 and the total loss was 23,746—or 23 ½ per cent. Iowa had 6,664 men engaged with a total loss of 2,409—or 36 per cent.

General Grant says, in his Memoirs, "Shiloh was the severest battle fought at the west during the war, and but few in the east equalled it for hard, determined fighting." Grant was a competent judge. He was here in person. His impressive figure, stern face, and resolute bearing were photographed indelibly upon my brain as I saw him ride along our depleted lines. He knew what victory would mean and grasped the full significance of possible defeat. The victory, dearly purchased, was with the Union arms. The Confederate army, sorely decimated, was sent reeling in despair to the southward.

When Albert Sidney Johnston attacked our lines so furiously and so unexpectedly on Sabbath morning, April 6, 1862, he knew that Grant's army, including Buell's forces, numbered less than 60,000 men. He knew that this was the only obstacle between the Confederate army and the banks of the Ohio. If that force could be overcome, the cities of Louisville, Cincinnati and Nashville with their adjacent territory were within his grasp, and that henceforward the war would have to be fought out in the north. Johnston knew further that the defeat

of the Union forces here meant the annihilation of Grant's army—for remember that yonder river (pointing to the Tennessee), swollen to its brim, was back of us, and in case of defeat, made our retreat impossible and our capture certain. If defeated, we would have no army left in the west. The west, then, was saved by this victory and the Confederate forces were hurled southward upon their own territory, and their dream of northern invasion from the west was gone forever. Henceforth, they were to act chiefly upon the defensive. This was the immediate result achieved on this field. It opened the way for the later triumphs at Corinth and Vicksburg, and made it reasonable to expect success at Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain. It enabled Sherman to enter upon his succession of victories which made his march to the sea possible. Our victory here then was of tremendous consequence to the Union and Confederate forces, and to their respective governments. Yea more, it was one of the bloody blows delivered during the war for human rights, and for the equality of all men before the law. It was one of the great events of the war that made final emancipation of the black race possible, and it lit up the Declaration of Independence with its original effulgence. Along with other similar battles, it quickened the conception of all the world of that unalterable truth that "all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and that governments are instituted among men to secure these rights and not to destroy them. That the unconstrained consent of the subject is essential to all good government. This declaration, and the amendments to the constitution which followed the civil war, must and will forever stand. They "were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever." All attempts to shake them are frivolous and merely loquacious.

The things accomplished in the sixties are numbered among the eternal verities, and their logic is inexorable. The fifteenth amendment is among these verities. To disturb or attempt to disturb them can in no way afford a solution of the perplexing problems bequeathed to us by the civil war. On the contrary, it would delay their solution indefinitely.

I noticed a few days ago that Governor Vardaman of Mississippi—a gentleman for whose exalted talents and sincerity of purpose I have the highest appreciation—is reported to have said, on the occasion of the dedication of the Illinois monuments at Vicksburg, that he did not believe that all men are created equal. He thinks there are inferior races. I deny it. God's inferior family is found among the brute creation and over them man has complete dominion. But he was never given dominion over his brother. You cannot find it in the commission. Can he find a race of men not endowed by their Creator with the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? If he can not, then all races of men are entitled to an opportunity to develop all the good there is in them, and the privilege of doing this within their own governments instituted by themselves. But when a race of a lower order of development is domiciled with a race of superior development, must the race of inferior growth be allowed to dominate the superior? A thousand times no. It is contrary to the natural order. It can never be. One of the errors both of emancipators and the apologists is that having developed one truth they have too often failed to reason on to other cognate truths. They stop short in their investigations and think there is no more truth beyond. They see one star through a rift in the clouds, and conclude that it is the only star in the firmament.

I observe that the Honorable John Sharpe Williams, in a recent utterance, advises the people of the south to import white labor to take the place of the present industrial force. This is most excellent advice, and should be acted upon in every southern state at once. But it does not touch the alarming situation that confronts the southern people. It does not touch the real dilemma that confronts the whole country, and that concerns us all—What is to be done with the Negro? I realize that the question to which I am now addressing myself is unquestionably one of the overshadowing contentions of the age in which we live. It is the second and complex phase of the controversy that precipitated our civil war. I cannot at this time treat the subject fully—simply suggestively. But why temporize? It must be met. We must look squarely at it and settle it justly

and quickly. While I cherish firmly the doctrine that all men are created equal, I also hold that this is a white man's government. The two apothegms are not in conflict. They are both true. This has been made clear to me by the lapse of time, the growth of the problem, and by research. Formerly I abhorred the latter when it was made to do service for slavery. But I now suggest that it be made the slogan of final emancipation. France is the Frenchman's government, England is the Englishman's government, China is the government of the Mongolian. This is the white man's government and Africa the black man's government, or country. But all nations of men were created equal. There are four great mountain peaks that stand hard by the stream of human history and lift their heads through the clouds into perpetual sunshine. First, in the councils of eternity, God said, Let us make man. Thousands of years afterward, He sent His Son into the world to redeem man—not any one race of men—and by the grace of God, Jesus Christ tasted death for every man. Less than a century after the crucifixion, that marvelous man Paul stood up at Mars Hill and said to the learned Greeks, "Of one blood God hath created all the nations of men who dwell upon the face of the whole earth and hath defined the bounds of their habitations." There is a scientific, ethnological fact clearly stated. If your streets are stained with blood, your chemist can tell you whether it is the blood of a human being or of one of the lower animals. But he can not tell you whether it is the blood of a white man or a black man. But 1,700 years after Paul's speech at Mars Hill, Thomas Jefferson, with Pauline faith, declared, and our forefathers proclaimed it, that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that to secure these ends governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Now there are the four mountain peaks upon whose majestic brows is gleaming and will forever gleam the Divine halo—creation, redemption, unity of blood and equality of rights for all men derived from heaven. I thank my Creator that these great landmarks are forever beyond the reach of malice, ignorance or greed.

But if all men are created with equality of rights, and at the same time this is a white man's government, what is to be done with the Negro? Did you catch Paul's meaning when he said that God had created of one blood all the nations and "defined the bounds of their habitations?" America is not the Negro's habitat. This country is not within his habitation. God never domiciled two nations of men together. Heaven loves peace and commands justice. When one nation invades another, you have war. When the Mongolian attempts to crowd in upon us, there is trouble, and they are excluded by law. Commercial relations are natural and tend to peace. But all attempts to settle two distinct and antagonistic races within the same territory is unnatural and destructive of social security. The Negro does not belong here. He was brought hither by crime, which was prompted by greed. He is out of his latitude and away from home. He can never reach his natural and proper development here. He has a country richly endowed with everything necessary to the comfort and happiness of man. There he can live in peace, equality and respectability. He can never do so on this continent. Two distinct races can not dwell together in happiness. We might as well recognize this burning fact first as last. Neither can the Negro be held among us in a position of inferiority and dependence. It is contrary to sound ethics, at war with the whole genius of our institutions, and it makes the Golden Rule a farce. While here of course the Negro must be secure in his rights before the law, and the door of opportunity open to him. But he should be prepared for his exodus —not by forcible deportation, but by voluntary, intelligent migration. Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt. That people never could have been incorporated into the Egyptian body politic. They went to their own country through forty years of rough discipline, in order that they might accomplish their Divinely appointed work. The Negro has had a like probation. Our whole national policy toward him has been false, cruel, and unchristian. At the close of the war, he should have been sent home by deportation instead of being made the plaything of politicians. It was not done, however, and now the problem is upon us with tremendous weight. It is estimated

that they are increasing at the rate of 1,500 per month. They numbered four millions at the close of the war. They now number ten millions. At the end of the next forty years they will reach the forty million mark, and within the lifetime of children now born they will nearly, if not quite, number one hundred millions.

Now what is to be done with them? Talk of the problems which are pressing upon us for a solution—and they are many and mighty; but none of them are equal in importance to this awful storm now gathering upon our horizon. We of the north are too far from the storm center to be properly sympathetic with our white brethren in the south, and they are too near to have an accurate perspective of the situation. One thing is sure—they can not be retained here as hewers of wood and drawers of water for the cultivated men among whom they dwell. They can not be kept here for exploitation. They can not be retained in the south, for soon the south will not be big enough to hold them. They can not, in any considerable numbers, he diffused throughout the north, for they are fast becoming as distasteful to us as they are to the south. We must awake to the fact that the Federal government has not discharged, it has scarcely begun to discharge, its full measure of duty toward these people. It liberated them and sent them adrift without chart or compass. It must now promote their exodus. Let the whole Negro race in this country set their faces toward Africa and a Black Republic. I would have the colored schools and colleges make the study of Africa a part of their curriculum. They should send expeditions of their brightest young men and women to Africa to study its climate and resources, and they should return and make report as did the spies who explored Canaan, and these reports should be scattered among the colored people like the leaves of the forest. When they learn of their inheritance, they will go, and their Moses will appear. The coasts of Africa should be surveyed and its harbors sounded, its rivers navigated, its forests penetrated and its mines prospected. Colored medical students should be sent to study climatic diseases and remedies. The Federal government should encourage this, open the way by its splendid diplomacy,

GOVERNOR AND MRS. CUMMINS, MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNOR'S STAFF AND THEIR WIVES
Photograph taken in front of the Iowa monument at Shiloh

and all good people of the north and south should speak of the contemplated exodus with favor.

The immigration of white labor will be slow, of course, and so will the exodus of the blacks. The one will come in as the other goes out, and there will be no resultant shock to industrial progress. The young and the middle-aged among the Negroes should lead the way to the promised land, and the older classes can go later. These people were brought here in chains in the dismal holds of slave ships. Let them return as freemen in our modern ocean steamers and with the flag of the Black Republic streaming from the masthead. I pray God that the people of the United States may awake to the situation ere it is too late.

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"Star Spangled Banner"

Address . . . . . Nathan E. Kendall
of Iowa

Mr. President, Members of the Shiloh Monument Commission, Veterans of the Civil War, Ladies and Gentlemen:

For the distinguished honor which is now conferred upon me I return the acknowledgment of my sincere gratitude. Two score and four years ago at this hour this splendid nation of ours, now so happy and peaceful and contented in every section of its territory, was engaged in a tremendous conflict to determine whether any government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, could maintain its own integrity among the peoples of the earth; a conflict so significant, so appalling, so unparalleled in the written records of civilization that the imagination, however vigorous and resourceful, is incompetent to delineate its immeasurable magnitude. I am profoundly impressed by the consideration, Mr. President, that we are at this moment assembled upon one of the principal battlefields of all history. It is a theater upon which, in April, 1862, there was illustrated the sublimest exhibitions of American bravery, American endurance, American patriotism. Here

the intrepid Johnston, sustained by the fearless daring of the south, encountered the invincible Grant, supported by the superb courage of the north. And in the carnage of that awful collision were blood and death and immortality. The heroes who shall sleep forever in this sacred soil, whether robed in the blue of victory or in the gray of defeat, each battled to his grave for a principle which he believed with every aspiration of his soul to be right; each rendered to his country the last final measure of duty as he conceived it; and the incomparable valor of each is now the priceless heritage of all our people. And as, with uncovered heads, we tarry momentarily at this historic spot made holy by the lives here sacrificed for free government, in the shadow of this imperial column erected by the pride and gratitude of a mighty state, let us again highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, and let us consecrate ourselves anew to the great cause for which they surrendered their precious lives. When the statesmanship of the Revolution organized this government and adopted our constitution, it guaranteed to all citizens, catholic and protestant, puritan and cavalier, royalist and republican, equal security in life, property and the pursuit of happiness; and bottomed upon this principle the United States of America entered upon its long career of prosperity and usefulness and honor. The student of affairs is interested and yet perplexed when he is compelled to consider that even at the remote day when Washington was inducted by unanimous acclaim into the first presidency, there existed radical difference of opinion respecting the character of the New Republic. One school of thought affirmed that it was merely a voluntary association of sovereign states subject to be dissolved at the election of any one or number of its membership. Another school of thought maintained that it was an Union, inseparable, imperishable, perpetual. Out of this disparity of belief, honestly entertained and earnestly defended, there arose as the years elapsed heated discussion, bitter controversy, crimination and recrimination; all to be adjudicated forever, to be adjudicated irrevocably, to be adjudicated right, at Vicksburg, and Shiloh and Appomattox Court House. And in that dark and doubtful day there were patriots tried and true. It affords

us infinite satisfaction to remember, Mr. President, that in that supreme crisis which wrenched and almost wrecked the Republic, our own peerless commonwealth sustained no inconspicuous part and achieved no inconsiderable renown. Her brave boys in blue were on every tedious march, in every sweltering trench, at every deadly charge; always the first to the front and the last to the rear. And they did not sheath their swords nor stack their guns until the emancipation of the slave and the permanence of the Union were assured.

It is not possible to refer to the heroes living and dead who struggled here except in language which, in any other connection, would be condemned as inexcusable extravagance. They are the most resplendent stars in all the firmament of humanity. Nobler than the Roman, grander than the Greek, they suppressed an insurrection without a precedent and without a parallel. I have for every one of them a deep and reverent affection, and I seldom deliver public address without acknowledging my individual obligation to the men who rescued this Republic when it was attacked by open treason at the south, and assailed by covert disloyalty at the north. No hope of conquest induced their enlistment in the great army of freedom; no ambition of office reconciled them to the indescribable sacrifices which they embraced. The historian of the future will not discover in all the annals of the past a more inspiring example of human grandeur than that presented by the volunteer soldiers of America who conquered the armed enemies of their government upon the bloody battlefields of the civil war. Nothing could be more gratifying to the martyrs who perished here, could they be conscious of it, than the reflection that their unrivalled exploits are recounted with solemn but exultant approval upon every proper occasion. So long as we understand the principle of gratitude, so long as we comprehend the beneficence of liberty, so long as we canonize the exhibition of loyalty, so long will we preserve the splendid history of the most gigantic civil struggle in the annals of humanity. The soldiery of any country represents its physical sovereignty, and no nation can organize an army so imposing or so powerful as were those invincible battalions which mustered under the stars and stripes

from 1861 to 1865. No soldiery ever entered a field with such noble purpose, and none ever emerged with a record of such glorious accomplishment. When our beloved flag was insulted, when our territorial integrity was threatened, when our national life was imperiled, they promptly responded to the appeal of President Lincoln, and cheerfully embraced self immolation to secure the perpetuity of this government of the people, by the people and for the people, and to render forever positive the certainty that that government, after being baptized in the sacred blood of the Revolutionary fathers, should not disappear from the earth, but that it, under God, should have everlasting life.

The civil war was an unprecedented catastrophe. Reflect a moment. The terrible loss of life, the tremendous destruction of treasure, the firesides ruined, the hearthstones desolated, the families beggared, the national travail and wretchedness and misery, the individual suffering and sacrifice and death! Think of the faithful husband, as he renounces the sweet and tender associations of home; think of his goodbye to his devoted wife and his cherished children, and then think of him on the bloody field of battle, slowly dying of a mortal wound, and all for principle, all for liberty, all to maintain an united government of indestructible states, one and indivisible, then and forever! Think of the dutiful son, the silent joy of an affectionate and solicitous mother, the stalwart support of an aged and declining father, think of his farewell to those sorrow-stricken parents; farewell, not until tomorrow, not until next week, not until after a while, but farewell until they all shall stand at the last day, in the presence of each other, before the judgment bar of God! Think of the romantic suitor, as he sighs *au revoir* to the soft-voiced siren who has long reigned empress in his heart. Behold a splendid handsome fellow, strolling in a quiet woody place with the maiden he adores! Perhaps it is the last interview they ever will have on this earth. The surroundings are of an inspiring character. There is the fife and the drum and the uniform and the march, and there are the grand old patriotic songs that stir men's souls. Here are the sweethearts under the shade and sanctity of a leafy arbor;

all without is tumult and confusion, all within is confidence and love. The fragrant flowers are swinging and swaying and blooming in the summer sunset, the care-free birds are warbling forth their sweetest strains in the stately treetops, the solitary nightingale is singing his song of joy and pain, and this rueful Romeo is whispering to his gentle Juliet the old, old story which always is new at every repetition. But suddenly the drums beat, the advance is sounded, they must part for a time—it may be forever. Think of that young hero as he marches away to the wild, grand music of the war:

> "His not to reason why,
> His but to do and die."

And then think of him on this sanguinary field, yielding up his young life that the Great Republic might live. My countrymen, you may suggest that in the painting of these pictures I have employed only the darkest and most somber colors, but I insist that they are only typical of an hundred thousand similar tragedies. We try to measure all the sorrow and the sacrifice, and we are transfixed with horror. The eyes grow dim, the lips are silent, the heart is still. Oh, how superb, how magnificent, how glorious, how cruel, how terrible, how remorseless is war to the victorious and to the vanquished!

It was a calamity unspeakably sorrowful, that fratricidal misunderstanding between the people of the north and the people of the south. But we long ago learned to know beyond all doubting truly, that the Almighty has his own purposes and that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. There could not be a new birth of freedom so long as the old institution of slavery survived. There could not be a more perfect union in peace until the doctrine of the states' rights perished by the sword. There could not be remission of national sin without the shedding of individual blood. And so the war was inevitable. It was an awful retribution, but its compensations were more than manifold, for out of it there emerged the regenerated, the reunited, the real Republic, which is now the miracle and the marvel of all the civilized communities of

the earth. The conflict itself has become a priceless and imperishable memory, cherished everywhere throughout the length and breadth of our common country. And it is our common country now. A little while ago I witnessed a spectacle which to me was a genuine revelation. There were miles of carriages, civic societies in full uniform, salvos of artillery, regal pomp, and military pageantry. The occasion was the unveiling of that historic statue erected on the Lake Front by the gratitude and generosity of the state of Illinois in honor of General John A. Logan. Throughout the five miles of that remarkable procession, the atmosphere was enriched with continuous cheers, as Federal and Confederate emulated each other in tribute to that redoubtable warrior, the superb "Black Eagle" of the Fifteenth Army Corps. And as I looked upon that demonstration, I said to myself, it is our common country now. In the national park at Chickamauga, the sovereign state of Kentucky has erected a single monument to her sons in blue and her sons in gray, who fought and fell on that decisive field. And on that magnificent marble there is inscribed these significant and inspiring words:

"As we are united in life, and they in death, let one monument perpetuate their undying deeds, and one people, forgetful of all the bitterness of the past, ever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of the terrible conflict which made all men free, and retained every star upon our nation's flag."

And when but yesterday I stood in the shadow of that imperial column and read that noble sentiment composed by a Colonel who commanded a Confederate regiment, I said to myself again, it is our common country now. Who, indeed, can doubt it after the memorable incidents of the Spanish-American war? That was an unfortunate and sanguinary controversy in which we became embroiled with a semi-barbarous power, but let it be remembered that it was not of our own provoking. After exhausting every resource of pacific diplomacy, the government of the United States was compelled to submit the questions at issue to the arbitrament of the sword. We forbore until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, we delayed until dilatoriness was fast becoming a crime. Yonder on the

little island of Cuba, thousands of innocent women and children were starving at our very threshold. Cruelties and inhumanities beyond description were daily practiced upon inoffensive non-combatants. Robbery, rapine, and murder without example characterized the conduct of Spain toward her impoverished dependencies. We petitioned, and our petitions were ignored with contempt. We remonstrated, and our remonstrances were scorned with defiance. We protested, and our protests were spurned with derision. Finally the good ship Maine was destroyed, and by that last act of infamy two hundred and sixty-six of our gallant seamen, upon a friendly visit to a supposedly friendly port, with no moment's warning of impending danger, were ruthlessly slaughtered, and without a conscious struggle they passed from the repose of sleep to the repose of death. Then came our declaration of war. It was a trumpet call to duty, and it unified this country as no other agency could have accomplished. Party disagreements were forgotten in the national peril. Personal differences were silenced in the presence of insult to the flag. Instantly, a million men were ready to respond to the crisis, and they came from every city, from every town, from every village, from every hamlet in the broad commonwealth. For the first time in generations there was no north, no south, no east, no west; only a common country, whose dignity had been challenged, whose authority had been impeached. Everywhere the old songs, once sung to symbolize antagonistic sections, were now rendered alternately and indiscriminately by the grand orchestra of aroused, enthusiastic, united American patriots. Thus fortified we proceeded from victory to victory, while vengeance was ours, and until we had repaid. That war was doubly holy because it was a concrete defense of humanity in the abstract. It was our supreme privilege to emancipate a beleagured people, to avenge fiendish and brutal assassination, and once again to banish European tyranny from the occidental hemisphere. My countrymen, I do not know what your opinion may be, and I trust that I do not abuse this occasion, but I announce the profound conviction that there is no place in the territory of this western continent for any but American institutions; there is no room in the atmos-

phere of this western world for any but the American flag. And in that brief but brilliant engagement with Spain, when I saw the Federal General Merritt and the Confederate General Wheeler standing side by side and shoulder to shoulder under the stars and stripes of the national Union, achieving a new and illustrious glory for our resplendent Republic, I said to myself again, a thousand times, it is our common country now. From Maine to California, from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, the veterans in blue and the veterans in gray are unanimously committed to the proposition that this is a single commonwealth with a single flag and a single destiny. And thus in harmony of spirit the comrades of Grant and the comrades of Lee are journeying down to the twilight of life together with charity for all, with malice toward none. The old anger, the ancient acrimony, all unfriendly feeling, is rapidly vanishing, aye, we believe it has completely vanished from the recollections of men. Over the graves of the fallen dead the spring has cast its tender violets, the summer its gorgeous field of flowers, the autumn its golden withered leaves, the winter its blanket of crystal snow. All is forgiven, all is forgotten except the glorious results of the combat in which our soldiers were engaged, the reminiscences of it in which they alone have the right to indulge, and the obligation which devolves upon us to establish appropriate memorials to commemorate their heroism. The past, so filled with magnificent achievement, is past. We turn with undiminished confidence to the unexplored future. Today, we are the most important people on earth, today we are the most progressive, today we are the most enlightened. We know more than any other people. We have more books on our shelves, more pictures on our walls, more thought in our brains. We have more pleasant homes in this country, more happy children, more beautiful women, more intellectual men; and the world is higher and grander and nobler than ever before. And the government which the fidelity of the north preserved at Shiloh and on a thousand other fields of carnage, is the best government ever organized by man. No other nation so nearly approaches absolute equality, no other republic ever survived half so long without a successful revolution, and every additional

star that we imprint upon our emblazoned banner is a perpetual evidence that we intend to advance throughout all eternity. And this shall constitute the marvelous future of our country; that it is and shall be for all time, the United States of America. What is he whose heart is not uplifted, whose soul is not enraptured, whose spirit is not transfigured by the mighty magic of those symbolic words—the "United States of America"?

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung."

The United States of America! The immortal principles of justice and equity which underlie it! The incomparable benefits which it secures to its citizenship! The inestimable sacrifices which have been suffered to maintain it! It is our home, our country, our beloved government, bequeathed to us forever by the venerated fathers, the most invaluable inheritance ever bestowed upon the sons of men! And it shall go forward forever, surmounting one obstacle after another in the pathway of its development and of its destiny, until at the last it shall seize and hold and reflect the glory and the grandeur of all the earth. Joaquin Miller, that erratic, eccentric and almost insane genius of the Sierra Nevadas, has written a poem of Columbus and his voyage, of its hope and fear and doubt and

despair, and of its ultimate reward in the discovery of an unsuspected continent. I never read that poem that I do not instinctively feel that its exalted sentiment typifies the irresistible progress of my country:

"Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: 'Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak, what shall I say?'
  "Why say: 'Sail on! Sail on! and on.' "

* * * * * * * *

"They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
'Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say—'
  He said: 'Sail on! Sail on! and on!'

"They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
  'This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
  With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l say but one good word:
  What shall we do when hope is gone?'
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
  'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!'

"Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
  And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! and then a speck—
  A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
  It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
  Its grandest lesson: 'On; Sail on!' "

And so, my countrymen, shall this imperial Republic of ours, proud of yesterday, contented with today, hopeful for tomorrow, sail on and on and on throughout the countless cycles of its shining career, until finally it shall realize the loftiest aspiration of the most devoted patriot who ever offered his best blood to establish it, to maintain it, to defend it. Veterans of the greatest conflict in all history, living and dead, this is your contribution to the happiness of humanity, to the welfare of the world! At the last day, when all men appear to be judged according to the deeds done in the body, surely the approving voice of the great Master will pronounce upon each of you the triumphant benediction: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Music . . . . . Fifty-fifth Iowa Regimental Band
"America"

Benediction . . . . . Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie

"Now be the peace of God upon all the resting places of our myriad dead, and upon the homes of the living, north and south, the peace of God, forevermore. Amen."

Taps

After the close of the dedication exercises, a brief sacred concert was rendered by the Fifty-fifth Iowa regimental band at the National cemetery, a short distance from the monument.

IOWA SHILOH BATTLEFIELD MONUMENT COMMISSION

THE COMMISSION AND ITS WORK.

MEMBERS.

George L. Godfrey, Des Moines, Second Iowa infantry.
George W. Crosley, Webster City, Third Iowa infantry.
Alexander J. Miller, Oxford, Sixth Iowa infantry.
Robert G. Reiniger, Charles City, Seventh Iowa infantry.
William B. Bell, Washington, Eighth Iowa infantry.
George O. Morgridge, Muscatine, Eleventh Iowa infantry.
Erastus B. Soper, Emmetsburg, Twelfth Iowa infantry.
Chas. W. Kepler, Mount Vernon, Thirteenth Iowa infantry.
*Daniel Matson, Kossuth, Fourteenth Iowa infantry.
James W. Carson, Woodburn, Fifteenth Iowa infantry.
John Hayes, Red Oak, Sixteenth Iowa infantry.

Chairman—E. B. Soper, Emmetsburg; William Bell, Washington.

Vice-Chairman—William Bell, Washington; George W. Crosley, Webster City.

Secretary—John Hayes, Red Oak.

The Twenty-eighth General Assembly appropriated the sum of fifty thousand dollars for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of those who participated in the battle of Shiloh and designating by proper monuments and markers of granite the positions of the several commands of Iowa Volunteers there engaged April 6 and 7, 1862.

The act, approved April 6, 1900, provided for the appointment by the Governor of a commission composed of men who were present and participated in the battle—one soldier from each of the eleven Iowa regiments engaged.

The State Monument.

The state monument was designed by F. E. Triebel of New York City and is composed of Barre, Vermont, granite and United States standard bronze. The base is thirty-four feet

*Appointed November 21, 1900, to succeed W. T. Shaw, resigned.

square and rests on a solid foundation of concrete nine feet thick. The monument is seventy-five feet high. Surmounting the main shaft is a bronze capital, globe and eagle fifteen feet ten inches in height—the wings of the eagle are fifteen feet from tip to tip. Ascending the steps at the base of the monument is the symbolical bronze statue of "Fame" inscribing a tribute of homage in the granite. The height of the figure "Fame" is twelve feet six inches. The monument stands upon a commanding eminence overlooking the National Cemetery and the Tennessee River. The cost of the monument was twenty-five thousand dollars.

INSCRIPTIONS ON STATE MONUMENT.

(Front)

This monument is erected by the State of Iowa in commemoration of the loyalty, patriotism and bravery of her sons who, on this battlefield of Shiloh on the 6th and 7th days of April, A. D. 1862, fought to perpetuate the sacred union of the states.

(Reverse)

REGIMENTS ENGAGED.

2nd Infantry, Lt. Col. James Baker.
3rd Infantry, Maj. W. M. Stone.
6th Infantry, Capt. J. W. Williams.
7th Infantry, Lt. Col. J. C. Parrott.
8th Infantry, Col. J. L. Geddes.
11th Infantry, Lt. Col. William Hall.
12th Infantry, Col. J. J. Woods.
13th Infantry, Col. M. M. Crocker.
14th Infantry, Col. W. T. Shaw.
15th Infantry, Col. H. T. Reid.
16th Infantry, Col. Alex. Chambers.

IOWA SOLDIERS COMMANDING BRIGADES.

1st Brig., 1st Div.—Col. A. M. Hare, 11th Iowa, (wounded); Col. M. M. Crocker, 13th Iowa.

1st Brig., 2nd Div.—Col. J. M. Tuttle, 2d Iowa.

1st Brig., 4th Div.—Col. N. G. Williams, 3rd Iowa (wounded).

3rd Brig., 4th Div.—Brig. Gen. J. G. Lauman.

1st Brig., 5th Div.—Col. J. A. McDowell, 6th Iowa.

(Left above finger of figure of "Fame.")

Brave of the brave, the twice five thousand men
Who all that day stood in the battle's shock,
Fame holds them dear, and with immortal pen
Inscribes their names on the enduring rock.

(Right)

"THE WORLD WILL LITTLE NOTE NOR LONG REMEMBER WHAT WE SAY HERE, BUT IT CAN NEVER FORGET WHAT THEY DID HERE."

(Shield and ribbon at top.)

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

(Wreath)

IOWA IN MEMORY OF SHILOH.

The Regimental Monuments.

The eleven regimental monuments are uniform in size and design, differing only in the inscriptions. They, like the state monument, are built of Barre, Vermont, granite and United States standard bronze. A monument is erected to each Iowa regiment engaged in the battle and stands at the point where the regiment fought the longest and suffered its greatest loss. Upon a bronze tablet set in the granite is described the part taken by the regiment in the battle. The commission prepared the design for these monuments. The contract for their erection was let to P. N. Peterson Granite Company of St. Paul, Minnesota, for eighteen thousand and fifty-one dollars.

INSCRIPTIONS ON REGIMENTAL MONUMENTS.

(Front)

IOWA
TO HER 2D INFANTRY
TUTTLE'S (1ST) BRIGADE
W. H. L. WALLACE'S (2D) DIVISION
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

(Back)

IOWA
2D REGIMENT INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS
COMMANDED BY LT. COL. JAMES BAKER

This regiment held this position from about 9 A.M. until 4:30 P.M., April 6, 1862, successfully resisting repeated assaults from the enemy's infantry and the heavy fire of his artillery. Then, being nearly surrounded, it was ordered to fall back, which it did in good order, through a heavy cross fire from both flanks, to a point about one mile from this place where it formed in line and held its position until darkness closed the fighting for that day.

On April 7th, the regiment moved out early in reserve and was at different times under fire. About 2 P.M. it was ordered, by General Nelson, to charge across a field on the enemy in the woods beyond, which was done in most gallant manner, the enemy retiring. This ended the two days' fighting for this regiment.

Number engaged, 490. Its loss was, killed and wounded, 68; missing, 4; total, 72.

(Front)

IOWA
TO HER 3RD INFANTRY
WILLIAMS' (1ST) BRIGADE
HURLBUT'S (4TH) DIVISION
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

(Back)

IOWA
3RD REGIMENT INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS
COMMANDED BY MAJOR WILLIAM M. STONE, (Captured)
LIEUT. GEORGE W. CROSLEY

This regiment went into action Sunday, April 6th, 1862, on the south side of this field at about 9 A.M. It soon fell back to this place which it held against repeated attacks until 2 P.M., when it fell back 200 yards, and one hour later withdrew to the Wicker field. Here it was engaged until 4 P.M., when it retired, fighting to its camp, where it was nearly surrounded, but broke through the ranks of the enemy and joined the command of Col. M. M. Crocker in front of the 2nd Iowa camp where it bivouacked Sunday night.

On Monday it was engaged under Lieut. Crosley, he being senior officer for duty.

Present for duty, including officers, musicians, teamsters, etc., 560.

Its loss was 23 men killed; 6 officers and 128 men wounded; 3 officers and 27 men missing; total 187.

(Front)

IOWA
TO HER 6TH INFANTRY
McDOWELL'S (1ST) BRIGADE
SHERMAN'S (5TH) DIVISION
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

(Back)

IOWA
6TH REGIMENT INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS
COMMANDED BY CAPT. JOHN WILLIAMS, (Wounded)
CAPT. MADISON M. WALDEN

This regiment held a position near its camp on the Purdy road, the extreme right of the army, until 10 A.M., April 6, 1862. Then it moved to the left and rear, and was engaged

in this vicinity, against a strong force of the enemy's infantry and artillery for four hours;—its last position being in Jones field, from which it was ordered to retire about 2:30 P.M. It then fell back to the support of Webster's line of artillery, where it was engaged when the battle closed at sundown.

In detachments, commanded by company officers, the regiment participated in the movements of the army throughout the 7th.

Present for duty, officers 27; men 605; total 632.

Its loss was, killed, 52; wounded, 100; captured, 37; total 189.

(Front)

IOWA
TO HER 7TH INFANTRY
TUTTLE'S (1ST) BRIGADE
W. H. L. WALLACE'S (2ND) DIVISION
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

(Back)

IOWA
7TH REGIMENT INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS
COMMANDED BY LT. COL. J. C. PARROTT

On the morning of April 6, 1862, the regiment, as a part of the brigade formed in line of battle on the left of the 2d Iowa Volunteer Infantry, on a sunken road, the center of the regiment being where this monument stands. It held its position, repelling a number of attacks until late in the afternoon when the brigade was ordered to fall back. In the retreat the regiment was subjected to a severe fire from both sides. It reformed in a new line of battle along a road leading to the Landing and held that position during the night.

On the morning of April 7th, the regiment was assigned to the reserve and, under orders from General Crittenden, charged and captured one of the enemy's batteries.

Present for duty, including officers, musicians, teamsters, etc., 383.

Its loss was, 1 officer and 9 men killed; 17 men wounded; 7 men missing; total, 34.

(Front)

IOWA
IN MEMORY OF HER 8TH INFANTRY
SWEENEY'S (3D) BRIGADE
W. H. L. WALLACE'S (2D) DIVISION
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

(Back)

IOWA
8TH REGIMENT INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS
COMMANDED BY COL. J. L. GEDDES

The regiment held this position from about 11 A.M., April 6, 1862, until about 4 P.M., when it changed front to the left and held this second position until about 5 P.M. When nearly surrounded it attempted to retreat, but finding all avenues of escape cut off, surrendered about 6 P.M.

The regiment entered the engagement with an aggregate of about 600 men.

Its loss was, killed 40; wounded, (18 mortally) 113; missing, 340; total, 493.

(Front)

IOWA
TO HER 11TH INFANTRY
HARE'S (1ST) BRIGADE
MCCLERNAND'S (1ST) DIVISION
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

(Back)

IOWA
11TH REGIMENT INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS
COMMANDED BY LT. COL. WM. HALL, (Wounded)

This regiment, detached from its brigade, was placed in position here by order of General McClernand about 9:30 A.M., April 6, 1862.

It was at once strongly attacked by the enemy, suffering here its most severe loss.

It held this position until 11 A.M., when it retired to its second position 100 yards in front of its camp in Jones field.

It had present for duty, 763. Its loss was, 1 officer and 33 men killed; 5 officers and 155 men wounded; 1 man missing; total 195.

(Front)

IOWA
TO HER 12TH INFANTRY
TUTTLE'S (1ST) BRIGADE
W. H. L. WALLACE'S (2D) DIVISION
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

(Back)

IOWA
12TH REGIMENT INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS
COMMANDED BY COL. J. J. WOODS, (Wounded and Captured)
CAPT. S. R. EDGINGTON, (Captured)

This regiment held this position against repeated attacks, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., April 6, 1862. It was then about-faced to meet an attack coming from the rear, and fought its way back to the camp of the 41st Illinois, where it was surrounded and captured at 5:30 P.M.

Total number reported present for duty, including musicians, teamsters, etc., 489.

Its loss in the battle was: 2 officers and 15 men killed; 1 officer and 42 men wounded and left on the field; 33 men wounded and captured; 20 officers and 366 men missing; total, 479.

Of the wounded, 16 died of their wounds; of the missing 4 were never afterwards heard from, they were doubtless killed; of the missing 71 died in prison.

MAP OF
SHILOH BATTLEFIELD.
POSITIONS ON FIRST DAY, APRIL 6, 1862
PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE SECRETARY OF WAR
BY THE
SHILOH NATIONAL MILITARY PARK COMMISSION.
SURVEYED AND DRAWN BY
ATWELL THOMPSON, B.E.
ENGINEER IN CHARGE
1900.
UNION ARMY
CONFEDERATE ARMY
HEADQUARTERS
CAMPS
WINNINGHAM BRANCH
WIDOW HOWELL FIELD
FRALEY FIELD
SEAY FIELD
RHEA FIELD
BARNES FIELD
REVIEW FIELD
CRESCENT FIELD
JONES FIELD
EASTERN CORINTH ROAD
PITTSBURG LANDING
TENNESSEE RIVER
DIAMOND ISLAND
OWL CREEK
LICK CREEK
BARK ROAD
TRUE NORTH
MAG NORTH
SCALE OF FEET
SCALE OF YARDS
SCALE OF MILES

(Front)

IOWA
TO HER 13TH INFANTRY
HARE'S (1ST) BRIGADE
McCLERNAND'S (1ST) DIVISION
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

(Back)

IOWA
13TH REGIMENT INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS
COMMANDED BY COLONEL MARCELLUS M. CROCKER

This regiment held this position from 9 A.M. to 11 A.M., April 6, 1862. Retired under orders about two hundred yards, and maintained its position until about 2:30 P.M. Moved to a point near the camp of the 15th Illinois Infantry where it repelled a charge of Wharton's Cavalry.

Under orders, moved to a point near and west of, the camp of 3d Iowa Infantry, where it fought its severest engagement and remained until about 4:30 P.M., when both flanks being turned it fell back, by order, to the Corinth road and joined a portion of Colonel Tuttle's Command; advanced towards the enemy; then retired to the last line of the day, its right in front of the camp of the 14th Iowa.

Was in reserve line on the 7th with slight loss.

Present for duty, including officers, musicians, teamsters, etc., 760.

Its loss was, 1 officer and 23 men killed; 1 officer and 15 men died of wounds; 8 officers and 118 men wounded; 5 men missing; total 171.

(Front)

IOWA
TO HER 14TH INFANTRY
TUTTLE'S (1ST) BRIGADE
W. H. L. WALLACE'S (2D) DIVISION
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

(Back)

IOWA
14TH REGIMENT INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS
COMMANDED BY COL. W. T. SHAW

This regiment (seven companies), held this position against repeated attacks from 9 A.M. until 4 P.M., April 6, 1862.

In attempting to follow the rest of the brigade, which was being withdrawn, it became hotly engaged about 200 yards east of this position.

Repulsing this attack it continued to retire towards the Hamburg Road, fighting heavily. Reaching the camp of the 32d Illinois Infantry it found itself entirely surrounded by the junction of the Confederate right and left wings. It was captured about 6 P.M.

Present for duty, including musicians, teamsters, etc., 442.

Its loss was, killed 8 men; wounded 2 officers and 37 men; captured 15 officers and 211 men; total 273.

Of the wounded, 5 died of their wounds; of the captured, 15 died in prison.

(Front)

IOWA
TO HER 15TH INFANTRY
PRENTISS' (6TH) DIVISION
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

(Back)

IOWA
15TH REGIMENT INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS
COMMANDED BY COL. HUGH T. REID, (Wounded)

This regiment arrived at Pittsburg Landing on the morning of April 6, 1862. It disembarked, formed on the bluff, and there received its first ammunition. It remained in this position about an hour, when under the orders of General Grant, and conducted by one of his staff officers, it marched to join McClernand's (1st) Division.

It entered the field to the right of this monument near Oglesby's headquarters and while crossing it was fired upon by artillery and musketry. It formed line of battle and advanced under fire into the woods. Its Colonel commanding officially reported that the regiment held its position from 10 o'clock in the forenoon until 12 o'clock noon, and then under orders retired to a new line. Portions of the regiment fought with other divisions later in the day and on Monday.

Present for duty 760. Its loss was 2 officers and 19 men killed; 7 officers and 149 men wounded; 2 officers and 6 men captured or missing; total 185.

(Front)

IOWA
TO HER 16TH INFANTRY
MILLER'S (2D) BRIGADE
PRENTISS' (6TH) DIVISION
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

(Back)

IOWA
16TH REGIMENT INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS
COMMANDED BY COL. ALEXANDER CHAMBERS, (Wounded)
LIEUT. COL. ADD. H. SANDERS

This regiment early in the morning of April 6, 1862, formed on the bluff at Pittsburg Landing and for the first time received ammunition. It remained in this position an hour, when by orders of General Grant it marched with the 15th Iowa to the support of McClernand's (1st) Division.

It entered the field near Oglesby's headquarters and while passing over it was fired upon by artillery and musketry. Its Colonel commanding officially reported that the regiment formed line of battle here about 10:30 in the forenoon, and advancing to the edge of timber held that position for an hour or more, and then retired under orders. Later in the day

under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Sanders it supported Schwartz's battery. On Monday it was on the reserve line.

Present for duty, 785. Its loss was 2 officers and 15 men killed; 11 officers and 90 men wounded; 13 men captured or missing; total 131.

IN CONCLUSION.

Two days full of intense interest were spent at Pittsburg Landing, under the leadership of Colonel Bell, the members of the Iowa Shiloh commission, and other veterans who helped make history here in this marvellous contest of brave, resolute, and determined men, north and south. A distinguished southerner has said of the battle: "The South never smiled after Shiloh."

The mission of the Governor and the commissions was completed. The boats steamed away down the beautiful Tennessee, reaching Paducah, Kentucky, Saturday morning. The Iowa party spent the day in the city, the guests of the Elks' Club in their beautiful new building. Luncheon was served, and a delightful reception given by officials, prominent citizens, and ladies of Paducah.

Saturday night the Governor's Special started on the homeward journey, reaching Chicago Sunday morning, November twenty-fifth. Here the party left the special train and took separate trains for their homes. Throughout the trip the arrangements had been most perfect and too much credit cannot be bestowed upon those who had the comfort of the party in their keeping. Mr. H. J. Phelps, and F. R. Wheeler represented the Illinois Central Railway, the latter joining the party at Chattanooga; Captain H. M. Pickell of Des Moines, an Iowa soldier, represented the Rock Island System; C. A. Rasmussen of Atlantic was in charge of the band car; Reau Campbell of Chicago, General Manager of the America Tourist Association, was in charge of the dining car and commissary and N. H. Martin had direction of the sleeping car service.

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